

DIVINE and MORAL,
MISCELLANIES,
I N
PROSE and VERSE.

CONTAINING MANY
VALUABLE ORIGINALS,

Communicated by various Correspondents, and other Pieces extracted from different Authors, and antient Manuscripts.

The Whole being such a Collection of Miscellaneous Thoughts, as will tend not only to please, but enlighten and profit the Reader.

Delectare et prodesse.

VOL. the SECOND.



L O N D O N:
Printed for J. FULLER, in Newgate-Street, London; and
T. LUCKMAN, in Coventry.

M,DCC,LXII.

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Printed for J. BURLING, in Warwick-street, near St. Martin's Church,
T. BUCKLAND, in Cornhill.

MDCCLXXI



A Congratulatory

LETTER and POEM,

On finishing the first, and introducing the second Vol. of
DIVINE and MORAL MISCELLANIES.

To the PROPRIETORS of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE:

GENTLEMEN,



ALLUDING to the seven United Provinces, the Dutch Mottò is, *Concordiâ res parvæ crescunt*; that is, by Concord or Agreement, small Things will grow or increase. Job's Friend saith, If thou wilt seek unto God betimes, and make thy Supplication to the ALMIGHTY; though thy Beginning was small, yet thy latter End should greatly increase*. It is with Wonder and peculiar Satisfaction, I observe the Union and Harmony among your numerous and distant Correspondents: They seem to be of the same Mind --- to agree well in Sentiments, concerning the Misery of Man by Sin --- to feel the Being and Effects of it in their own Souls --- to bewail their Depravity, and, with one Accord, to depend upon, and confide in the Lord Jesus Christ for Salvation; they magnify the Riches and Freeness of divine Grace, and lay the Creature in the Dust, where he ought to be: May the same Spirit continue, and you, with all your worthy Contributors and Readers, be helped to call upon God betimes, and, steadily aiming at his Glory, continue to study the plain, easy, clear, and unexceptionable Stile, which will have a manifest Tendency to instruct and edify the Reader. Thus, by mutual Agreement and Harmony, connected

* Job viii. 5, 7.

with

with your earnest Supplications for divine Assistance, in carrying on the same common and glorious Interest, you will not easily be crushed by your Adversaries, who would rejoice to see your Design frustrated, but may be confident that the Work will, not only stand, but yearly increase. Sincerely wishing Success to your Magazine, I am,

Gentlemen,

Your unfeigned Friend and constant Reader,

ANONYMOUS.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

PERMIT me, Friends, to Virtue Sons of Fame,
To add a lasting Trophy to your Name.

Long have I sought Occasion to be kind,
And spell the Meaning of a faithful Mind.

To you, as the best Patrons of our Age,
(Whose Labours end in a religious Page)

A larger Tribute of Esteem I owe
Than my weak Talents ever can bestow.

By your industrious and unwearied Care,
The Ways of Piety, of late so rare,

Begin to smile; now Virtue sheds abroad
(Through your Design) the glories of a God.

What shall I more? Pursue what you regard,

Nor reap my Thanks alone, but Heav'n's Reward.

PHILOMATHES.



PIOUS

P I O U S T H O U G H T S.

*A Morning's Excursion in the Country,
improv'd.*

L E T T E R I I I.

To _____,

DEAR FRIEND,

IT is not my intention to trouble you, at this time, with the least introduction; but to proceed immediately to the prosecution of my subject.

How suddenly is the face of nature changed! The *Sun*, the grand object of my view, which, but a few minutes ago, was all bright and splendid, is now totally eclipsed, (not in respect of its influences, but its visible majestic rays) by an intervening cloud. The Heavens seem to be cloathed in sackcloth, which just now (especially the oriental Heavens) appeared to be wrapt in inextinguishable flame! The pearly drops of dew, pendant on every hedge, and which, in the rays of *Phœbus*, reflected a white and silver hue from many a quivering leaf, these are now almost imperceptible. At intervals indeed, I behold a feeble ray, bursting from some transparent cloud, and longing, as it were, to pour its refulgent influence on the pregnant earth. I expect quickly to see it shine forth again with renewed lustre.

In like manner, how instantaneously (thought I) can the sovereign of universal nature draw a dark and gloomy vail over the dispensations of his providence; and, as in a moment, turn the heights of prosperity into the very depths of adversity.

Who is there in the Heavens above, or on the earth beneath, that dare say unto his adorable self, *what dost thou?* What creature hath the least authority to scrutinize into his procedures? How soon can he, who balances the clouds, and sways his majestic sceptre over the celestial regions, change all the smiles of fortune, and all the affluence of sense, for that unwelcome and low'ring visitant, the deepest poverty and most insupportable distress. All creatures sprang into existence at his all-creating fiat; all are pensioners upon his bounty; and, consequently not an unit of creation's unnumber'd host, but is his undoubted property. Thine are the kingdoms of Heaven and earth, most adorable Lord God! Thou art the Governor among the nations, and to thy matchless name be ascribed power and glory everlasting.

There is not that mighty difference, we are apt to imagine, between the monarch's palace and the peasant's hut. Alas! how near the affinity between the august throne, and the putrid dunghill. He that grasps the turbulent winds in his fist, and contains the abysses of the ocean in the hollow of his hand, can easily remove the crown from the heads of Princes, and place it on the forehead of the meanest subject. Let but a word be spoken by that omnipotent God, whose very nod is fate; and who dare to gainsay, or attempt to resist his sovereign pleasure? With what amazing facility and expedition, can he, who is alone the Author of every enjoyment, change

change the incomparable pleasures of health and ease, into the cheerless and uncomfortable hours of sickness and pain? A single arrow from his quiver, a dash from his pencil, can penetrate the stoutest heart, and, in the twinkling of an eye, turn the most engaging countenance, the glowing cheeks, the rubied lips, the sparkling orbs, into a pale-faced visage, a quite emaciated aspect. With the Almighty God there is terrible Majesty. How often have we known a weak and languishing frame, to be the immediate successor of a healthy and vigorous constitution. Melancholy alteration! how has the bridal room been often made the solemn antechamber to the silent grave! "The voice of fame seldom sounds, but in concert with a knell." Nor is the temper and disposition of the mind less liable to mutation, than the frame of the body. The adorable Jesus is the refulgent morning star, which alone can irradiate our, otherwise benighted spirits.—What are we, my friend, we Christians, unless indulged with his all-enlivening influences? Favoured with his presence, with the light of his matchless countenance, our souls flourish as an *Eden*, and grow as the garden of the LORD: 'Tis his absence that creates the winter and desolation in our poor disconsolate hearts. However infinite and unsearchable sapience may think proper to afflict me in my worldly circumstances, whatever pains and penury may abide me, LORD deprive me not, (this is my most ardent, my very soul's petition) deprive me not of thy smiles, of the

manifestations of thy pardoning love. Other afflictions I can sustain; they are comparatively light and easy; but this, this will be death, and worse than death: What is it but a lively picture of that awful world, where damned souls thy everlasting absence mourn. Without some cheering beams from the glorious and refulgent Sun of Righteousness, the hours of social conversation, I find uncomfortable; the, otherwise pleasant, paths of publick and private duty, tedious and irksome. But touch thou the pinnions of my faith with thy stupendous love, and then shall I run, with alacrity and delight, the ways of thy commandments. It is my desire to shine (taking the pale lamp of night for my exemplar) with delegated rays, with borrowed radiancy, and splendor not my own.

While thus I am roving heedless along, what sweet, symphonious accents salute my ears! The pretty, innocent songsters of the grove, have relinquished their downy habitations, and seem to have assembled, by appointment, to join in universal concert to their adorable Maker's praise. But a very few minutes ago, since I have been walking in this shady bower, my eye glanced upon that excellent warbler, the *Linnet*. I watched several of its motions; saw it hop from spray to spray, and swell its little throat in many a tuneful lay. The *Sky Lark*, clave through the viewless air, and soaring high, higher and higher still, detached the most melodious strains through the vast of Heaven; while the *Thrush*, the *Black-Bird*, and the

* *Hervey's Meditations*, Vol. II. P. 63. This idea seems to be borrowed from the *Night Thoughts*, Night 8th.

"Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but like the knell,

"It brings bad tidings."

Gold-Finch, all cast in their agreeable mite, each attempting to strike the loudest string, to render the harmony compleat.

And, are these puny choristers so pleasing and rapturous to my ears? What then (was the language of reflection) must be the sublime, and everlasting extasies of the Saints in light! What a faint and most depreciating representation, does this vocal miscellany afford me of that august band of Angels and glorified Spirits, which continually surround the almighty *JEHOVAH's* throne? It reminds me indeed of the heavenly world; but, O! how minute and scanty are my conceptions of those supernatural employments, after my most accurate inspections in the volume of nature. Are the exercises of the upper world so delightful to our apprehensions, while at so remote a distance, how expressless the delight then, that must swell our souls, to plunge at once into the unclouded vision, and most consummate fruition of the incomprehensible God! May I, and may you, my friend, be concern'd to attempt somewhat of the songs of the New Jerusalem, while we dwell in this strange land.

"O may we breathe no longer than we breathe

"Our souls in praise to him, who gave our souls,

"With all their infinite of prospects fair *."

Stir up our languishing spirits to constant praise and thanksgiving, thou holy and blessed Agent! May these little Musicians of the grove be our bright and illustrious examples. They praise thee, thou adorable FATHER of all mercies, in ceaseless accents, for thy creative

and providential goodness, and shall not we, we, who profess ourselves heirs of a glorious immortality; we, who trust are interested in the blessings of thy grace, and the riches of thy love; shall not we extol and magnify thy great name, while we inhabit these brittle cottages of dust, as a foretaste and anticipation of the far more exalted and noble services of the celestial world.

"Come, holy spirit, heavenly dove,

"With all thy quick'ning powers;

"Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,

"And that shall kindle ours†."

You may easily perceive, Sir, that I am studious of brevity: It is my province to spread the *side-board*; I shall leave my friend to furnish the more rich and copious table.

But, I must not yet forget my little chorister, the *Sky-lark*. How was I surprised to view his peerless tour! He appeared to aim at nothing short of Heaven. I beheld his aerial flight, till he soared beyond my keenest sight; but, though invisible, I could still hear him in sweetest symphony adding melody to nature's universal choir. And shall man! rational, intelligent, immortal man! Man, the darling of his Maker! the master-piece (may I so speak) of unequal'd wisdom and matchless skill! shall he be the only creature that grovels in the dust, and wallows in the mire of sublunary vanities? Shall he be the only silent string, while all the universe is employed in harping the great Creator's glories? Shall man, possessed of a deathless spirit, and bound to eternity, thus miserably

* Night-Thoughts

† Watt's Hymns, B. 2. H. 34.

mistake; or rather wilfully neglect, the great end of his creation? Stupid, intoxicated creature!

“Whose life’s whole aim is to forget to die. §”

Neglecting crowns, he embraces toys; instead of a sceptre he accepts a straw; and for a throne, a dunghill! what dreadful depravity is that, which is the source of man’s being thus (I had almost said totally) regardless of his truest interest, and makes him trifle with things of the most momentous consequence! Melancholy consideration! what is the most apposite motto for the breast-plate of the generality in our world? What! but this, “God is not in all our thoughts †.” And is there nothing more worthy of thy pursuit and ambition, O man, than the fantastic pageantry and delusive glitter of this terrestrial theatre? Are shadows so alluring as to cause thee to neglect the substance? I pity, I pray for thee, when I consider the weakness of thy choice. Go, go to the *Lark*, thou earthly-minded creature, and learn there thy estimate of this world, and what should be the summit of thy wishes. Let nothing but God and glory be the object of thy supreme regard, and the port to which thou art in desire and preparation tending. Shake off thy natural infatuation; contemplate thy sublime original; reflect upon that for which thou wast primarily designed, and let something grand and noble, something of reality, and worthy of thyself, engage thy attention.

O my soul, what reason is there for lamentation and mourning, that, instead of vying with the *soaring lark*, thou art so near a-kin to the eye-less, subterranean inhabitant, the *groveling mole*. How seldom do I experience myself in a truly spi-

ritual evangelical frame of mind! How few and how formal are my aspirations to the eternal and invisible Majesty! My faith, at seasons, how dead, lifeless and inactive! my zeal, for the glory of God; how spiritless! my love, how chilled, and the flame at periods, almost extinct. O that the *lark*, and all the feathered choir, did but *bear* me on their pinions, to the celestial world; at least, make me, by their elevated stretch, to *long* more ardently for the everlasting fruition of the Heaven of Heavens.

You see, my dear friend, I have now roved from home, and have rambled into nature’s ample field. I here find a great variety of curious and improving objects, whereon to exercise my most penetrating speculation. I wish we each of us were more familiar with this great and unerring Teacher; a Teacher, I may truly say, sent from Heaven, to instruct us in the most interesting lessons. As I profess myself scarce acquainted with the rudiments, much less an adept in the sublime system, you must not expect my delineations to be of the masterly kind. I acknowledge it but an imperfect attempt, and perhaps, I may rather sully than ornament the original.—One observation more shall suffice for the present address.

Since I crossed the last stile, how different the object I behold! instead of a smooth, green area, I find myself in a large field loaded with shocks of yellow grain fully ripe. This is a noble and majestic sight indeed! how stately and perpendicular is every stem! towards the top they are somewhat warped; being loaded with a number of yellow pods, which, like a coy virgin, before some audacious rant, droops the modest head——Yonder in-

deed, a sad sight has caught my eye, which I did not see before ; 'twas occasioned, I apprehend, by some late *turbulent winds*, which, like the hay-makers sharp and crook-weapon, has swept down a considerable spot, and laid it level with the prostrate ground.

No sooner did this scene present itself, but it immediately brought to my mind that memorable excursion which our divine LORD took through the fields of corn on the sabbath-day, with his Disciples *, and I could not forbear taking notice of that (I had almost said, insolent) observation of his pharisaical adherents †. What an exact draught, (said silent, but active thought) is this, of very many in our present day ? And, while we are drawing the lineaments of others, have we not great reason to acknowledge that they have been, nay, that they are at present, too much like our own features ? How often do curious enquiries, superficial observations, and the non-essentials of religion, more attract our attention, than plain and interesting truth ! O ! that we were more concerned about the inward, experimental acquaintance with divine things. This, this alone can yield us solid comfort in life, and permanent satisfaction in an hour of death. Stately and erect as this Co:rn appears, so upright and unblameable may we be in our lives and conversations. Glorifiers of God with our bodies and our spirits which are his. Keeping a conscience void of offence, towards him and all mankind.

And O, that it may be esteemed by us an example well worthy of our *observance and imitation in its pregnant*

and fruitful nature. Our souls are but a barren heath, void of the divine influences. O for the chearing, reviving gales from the everlasting hills ! as we profess to be engrafted into Jesus Christ, the true olive tree, from whom all our fruit is found—So may our fruit be unto holiness, that our end may be everlasting life. Thus, let us waft up an ejaculation to the throne of grace, that our souls may “revive as the corn, grow as “the vine, and that the scent there-“of may be as the wine of Leba-“non ¶.”—I have not yet completed my design. Room and opportunity forbids enlargement. If this should be indulged by you, with a smile of approbation, it will be an encouragement to me to proceed in my periodical method.

I am, Sir, your very sincere affectionate Friend, and Correspondent,

*Tooley-Street,
Southwark.*

J. L.

(To be continued.)

✍ *As these letters are an exact transcription of the original copy, which were never intended by the author to appear in so public a manner ; 'tis hoped the candid reader will forgive every thing that may seem plain and unrefined.*

CONTEMPLATIONS, on the last ingathering by SHILO.

He shall gather the Lambs with his Arms : From the four Winds, from one End of Heaven to the other. Isaiah xl. 11. Matt. xxiv. 31.

IT must be so ; eternal truth hath spoken it : Death shall not always triumph, the trophies of all

* Matt. xii. 1. † *How just, upon this occasion, would have been our Lord's exclamation, Matt. xxiii. 24, 31. ¶ Hosea xiv. 7.*

his victories shall be plucked from his brow, even death shall die,—The direful prison of the grave shall not ever detain the sleeping saints, nor their precious bodies always lie mouldering among the tombs. For he that bought them by his blood and gathers them in time from a state of nature, to a state of grace, will, when time's curtain shall fall, gather them to himself in glory. Behold he comes! the great gatherer of his people comes, riding on the wings of the wind: See! the clouds his chariot, and his raiment glorious; not stained, as when coming from Edom, in blood-dyed garments from Bozrah, for the dazzling lustre of his heavenly drapery fills every beholder with reverence and awe.—Robed as the nation's judge, he comes to shake terribly the earth. Now sink into darkness perpetual the grand luminaries of nature; while the starry lamps, once propitious to man, fall from their orbs, and their huge bodies dash against each other to destruction. Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars give light. All are outshone by the far superior brightness of him who gave them; their being and their order, at his command, flee away and are *no more*. The earth in darkness mourns the irrecoverable loss, and all nature feels the dread destructive convulse: darkness covers the earth and thick darkness the people.—Hopeless immortals! once daring, bold and fearless, now tremble on the brink of death, fearful of the wrath of him, whose love and name till now hath been despised and slighted: Now the strong-hearted fear, and with broken accents faltering on their tongues, call, but call in vain, for rocks and hills to cover them, from the face of Him that sitteth upon the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; while, all glorious, the Judge Om-

potent appears, not as when he rode to Jerusalem, to die for sinners; not with mock honour as to judgment, and to Calvary; not in state militant, but triumphant; with his retinue of spotless, glorified beings, of the highest order. Hark! his thunders roar, it rends the vaulted dome, and fills the hearts of sinners with anguish, not felt till now. See! the red lightening darts from pole to pole; horror and dismay attends its rapid progress, and lo! the blue Æther's in flame. Hark! the trumpet sounds awful, the trump of the Arch-angel sounds, "Time shall be no more." Hark again! 'tis the trump of God; 'tis the voice of power, "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment." Obedient the graves open, and the dreary mansions of death give up their charge; the hard marble, that entombed the great, obeys the general impulse; the small and great here mingle, and the late scattered atoms are collected, nor is there one particle deficient, to make up the frame identic, in this last ingathering. The before scattered tribes of the true Israel now appear, as the gathered of the one shepherd; and now, before the awful judge stand the whole company of the risen, and they ranged, to hear their last sentence awarded. Now the hope of the hypocrite fails, the deceiver's mask drops off, and every heart and countenance appears without disguise; while those of many gather paleness and confusion, those of the righteous shine forth as the sun, under the smiles of the lovely Jesus, and the sweet music of his voice, now heard, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, come, come up hither, enter ye into my joy, into that rest I have prepared for you. You who have suffered affliction, in my kingdom of patience below, shall now
"reign

PIOUS THOUGHTS.

11

“ reign with me, in my kingdom of glory above.” Thankful, the saints bow accepting ; renouncing all claim to mercy, by works by them performed, they cry, “ not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise and glory of our salvation. Through thee we conquered below ; and in thee will we glory above.” Hymned on their way, they thus enter the celestial city ; leaving a burning world, with sin and Satan, death and Hell, behind them, to which they shall no more return. Crowned in the presence of their King, they sit on golden thrones, for them by Immanuel prepared ; and, in concert with the angelic harpers, sing praises to his name, in anthems such as his love inspires : Jars and discord are not found here, they are left below ; every harp’s in tune, every tongue joins to heighten the soul transporting theme : they sing that song, which none but the gathered from among the nations can sing. Loud hosannas, or hallelujah’s, echo through all the heavenly plains. Eternal joys have here taken up their everlasting residence, for the spring of all remains ever the same : now the promise is fulfilled, “ He hath gathered the lambs with his arm,” His elect are, by his angels, all gathered from the four winds, from one end of Heaven to the other ; the Bridegroom and Bride have made their triumphant entry into glory ; the doors of the presence chamber are now shut, by him who keepeth the keys of Heaven and Hell, and he shutteth and none can open : here pain, nor sorrow, sin nor shame, shall ever enter, to trouble or molest ; for the Lamb leads to foun-

tains of living waters, and God hath wiped away all tears from off their eyes.

Ryegate,

Oct. 20, 1761.

T. C.

A diligent Attendance at a Throne of Grace, the Believer’s Duty and Privilege.—A Letter to a Friend.

My DEAR FRIEND,

WHAT a mercy it is that we have a GOD to go to in all our times of need. A GOD that is gracious and merciful, with whom there is forgiveness, that he may be feared. What encouragement have we to draw nigh to him at all times, and to pour out our wants before him, seeing there is a new and a living way, whereby we may approach with an humble boldness to the throne of grace, and find grace to help in time of need. Our LORD JESUS CHRIST, he is the way whereby we have access to the FATHER ; a glorious way indeed ! let us then come boldly to the throne of grace, seeing we have an Intercessor in the court of Heaven, one who ever lives to make intercession for us §.

Should we not banish every slavish fear from our breast, when we consider who it is to whom we make our address ? Were we capable of thinking that JEHOVAH was not possessed of those glorious attributes, that could render him capable of answering our requests, then indeed we should have cause to doubt of the issue of our prayers ; but when we consider the infinite perfections of GOD, we must for ever banish those doubts from our breast.

Do our enemies beset us ? And have we no power to resist them ?

He has all power in Heaven and in earth*. He will save us, and will say unto us, as he did to his servant of old, *there shall not be a man able to stand before thee all the days of thy life*†. Are we in affliction and distress? He hath, and he will deliver not only out of six, but out of seven troubles also. No affliction befalls us but what is common to men, and it is not without an *if* needs be that any are in heaviness through manifold temptations‡. *These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*||, are a means of weaning our affections from the things of the present life, and of causing us to press forward towards a better. When under afflictive dispensations, we have the greatest encouragement to make our supplications to GOD; he hath said, *call upon me in a day of trouble, and I will deliver thee*§. He is a GOD bearing, and a GOD answering prayer. Are we bereaved of earthly friends? Here is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Are any strip'd of near and dear relatives? He is a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow. Do we need spiritual consolation? There is none but in CHRIST JESUS, and in him there is a rich fulness. Here is all that we can want or desire, *He is of God made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption*¶. Are we ignorant? Here is a perfection of knowledge; and *if any man lack wisdom, let him ask it of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not*. Do we stand in need of another and a better righteousness than our own? Are we sensible that ours will not stand us in any stead at the great day of accounts? Here we may come, and by faith lay hold on his

righteousness, *that is compleat*; it is a glorious robe which covereth down to the feet; and it is for such poor, lost, undone, helpless sinners, as we are. A knowledge of our own personal interest in this righteousness, must needs be very desirable by us; shall we then omit crying to the LORD, for the influences of his blessed spirit, that he may take of the things of CHRIST, and shew them unto us; and shew us our interest in them? No, surely.

Sanctification, is a thing very desirable by the children of GOD. They complain of the evil that there is in them, and would get rid of it, were it possible. They find many un sanctified thoughts and actions, and these are matter of sorrow to them; they are very desirous of growing more holy and more righteous. CHRIST is made unto them sanctification, and out of his fulness they receive, therefore they should make application to him, and such may be confident that their prayers will be both heard and answered, for he that hath begun a good work in them, will carry it on until it is compleated.

Redemption, *this* the Saint's stood in need of; they were sold under sin, liable to all the curses of a broken, righteous law; in effectual calling they are made sensible of this, as also of their own inability to make satisfaction to divine justice for their breaches of it; but they are also shewn that they are redeemed, and that *not with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ*††. Indeed a sense of interest in this redemption, does not always continue; the believer often doubts whether he is among the number of these happy ones; but as it is greatly for his

* Matt. xxviii. 18. † Joshua i. 5. ‡ 1 Pet. i. 6. || 2 Cor. iv. 17.
§ Psal. l. 15. ¶ 1 Cor. i. 30. †† 1 Pet. i. 18, 19.

PIOUS THOUGHTS. 13

peace and comfort, to have a knowledge of interest in it, and as this knowledge cannot be had but in a way of receiving, it should excite to a diligent attendance at a throne of grace, and the believer has reason to hope that he shall be heard and answered, for God hath said, *Ask and it shall be given you* †.

Seeing then, my dear friend, as there is such a rich provision made for the supply of all our wants, let it be our constant method to make known all our requests to God, hoping and believing that he will grant us that which is best for us; let us leave all our petitions in his hand, with a desire to be resigned to his will, and at the same time, let

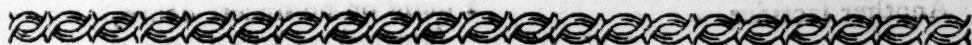
us believe that whatever circumstances attend us, infinite wisdom fees that they are most fit and convenient for us.

I am, my dear friend, with best of wishes for the prosperity of your soul,

Your affectionate Correspondent,

AMARYLLIS.

§§§ It is to be hoped that the worthy Author of the *Serious Address upon religious Conversation*, in No. xiii. P. 164, will be so condescending as to continue his favours of that kind. I trust his labour will not be lost, but well bestowed, under a divine blessing.



P O E T R Y.

Poetic Thoughts on Christmas-Day.

WHAT beauteous Star invites the sight?
There, shining with unborrow'd light:
Tis his, who for our sins must bleed;
The Saviour of mankind decreed.
Amazing love! a God in flesh enshrin'd;
And dread Omnipotence in clay confin'd.
A stable holds the King of Kings,
Shepherds adore while Angels sing:
Draw near, my soul, with rapture see
Thy God upon the Virgin's knee.
Hail Great Emmanuel ALL divine:
Redeemer of the world and mine.

FLAVIAN.

An H Y M N.

On the Passion of CHRIST.

LO! the incarnate God became
A sacrifice for sin;
Dy'd like a traitor in the hands
Of hell-deserving men.

Slain in the councils of the Lord,
Long e'er the hills had birth;
Now he fulfils his sacred word,
And falls a prey to death.

The flaming-sword must now awake,
And pierce the Son of God;
Justice, with an Almighty arm,
Must sheath it in his blood.

He drank the cup of bitter wrath,
And vengeance fill'd it full,
While engines of the sharpest death
Play'd round his dying soul.

† Matt. vii. 7.

Rivers

Rivers of blood flow'd from his sides,
And streams of purple ore:
While the vast hosts of impious Jews
Deny'd his sov'reign pow'r.

The fearful fight made nature reel,
And mourn in bitter shocks;
But harden'd sinners stopt their ears
Against the rending rocks.

The sun asham'd, withheld his rays,
And veil'd his face around;

The temple's vail was rent in twain,
And darkness spread the ground.

Yet nought could soften Jewish rage,
Nor quench infernal flame;

All Hell grew proud, and whet their
swords,

To slay the anointed Lamb.

He conquer'd as he fell a prey,

'Tis finish'd, lo, he cries!

The Father smiles, and never seeks
Another sacrifice.

N. W.

On the Exaltation of CHRIST.

HOW rapt'rous are the mo-
ments when

My soul by faith beholds the man,
Th' exalted man, th' incarnate God
In the pure realms of blest abode.

"High on a throne of dazzling
light,"

Array'd in robes divinely bright;

"Jesus the Father's equal Son,"

Makes all his heav'nly glories
known.

In all the golden streets above,
He spreads the manna of his love;
Each guest partakes the heav'nly
sweet,

And casts his crown at Jesus' feet.

Angels and Cherubs love to sing
The wonders of th' eternal King;
Electing love employ their tongues,
And grateful notes grace all their
songs.

But disembodied Saints proclaim
The highest honours to his name;

They fell from what they first were
made,

Yet liv'd in their redeeming head.

Their lives were hid in Christ with
God,

E'er the blue Heav'ns were spread
abroad;

And, as a token of his care,
His fiery chariots brought 'em there.

N. W.

Poetic Thoughts on John xx. 27, 28.

WHEN Jesus shews his pierced
hands,

I at his feet fall down:

From heights of pride, my soul de-
scends,

And bows before his throne.

No gifts, or graces I admire,

Nor no seraphic flames;

I build on no sincere desire,

Nor rest on holy frames.

'Tis Christ the Devil's work destroys,

He o'er my soul presides,

His presence heightens all my joys,

While unbelief subsides.

FLAVIAN.

The Love of God in all his Persons.

BEhold how matchless is the love

Of Jesus our exalted God,

Who left the realms of glory high,

"And quench'd his Father's flam-
ing sword.

God's angry justice could not spare,
The rebels doom'd by law to die;
Nor blood of bulls, nor heifers slain,
Could e'er have brought a sinner
nigh.

But O th' eternal Father's choice,
His purpose to secure his own!
Jesus the branch, the heav'nly root,
Is laid a sure foundation stone.

Secure in him the chosen stand,
Tho' Devils rage, and Hell oppose;
And sin shall join the combat too,
For Christ hath vanquish'd all their
foes.

Then

P O E T R Y.

15

Then, O my soul, admire the grace,
That screen'd thee from the
depths of woe;

Adore the love that made thee Son,
While millions rush to Hell be-
low.

Hast thou been made by precious
faith,

To build on Sion's corner stone?
To feel the Spirit's heav'nly gales?
Adore the Persons Three in One.

*A SONG of Praise for our late Success
in War.*

SING to the Lord, O Britain,
sing,
Thy Leader, Guardian, and thy
King;

'Tis he that does thy foes confound,
And sinks their honour to the
ground.

Trust in this mighty God, and he
Will make thine enemies to flee;
Nor shall they e'er against us stand,
If God vouchsafe to guard our land.

When, with dread faction we were
torn,

And, of our haughty foes the scorn;
To Britain's God, did Briton's cry,
For Britain's God does rule the sky.

And O! adored be his name,
To our assistance quick he came,
He made our proudest foes submit,
And cast their riches at our feet.

The power of mighty France is fell,
Each quarter of the globe can tell;
Her numerous fleets are now no
more,

Her trade is gone, her people poor.
Britons revere his holy name,

And his high sounding deeds pro-
claim;

That distant worlds may hear and
know,

What wonders Britain's God can do.
Still, Lord, do thou espouse our
cause,

Guard our religion, and our laws;

Our King and Country still defend,
Thee may we always find our friend.

Thy favours, Lord, to us increase,
And may the nations seek for peace;
May peace be speedily restor'd,
And Britain's sons bless Britain's
God.

Hinckley, Leicestershire,

Jan. 7, 1762.

J. S.

PRAYER and PRAISE.

MY soul, call all thy powers to
aid,

My chearful tongue in praise;
Oh! bless the Lord, with joyful
voice,

Who 'ath lengthen'd out thy
days.

The fever rag'd thro' every vein,
And spread distressing smart;
Confus'd ideas rack'd my brain,
And horror seiz'd my heart.

My mourning friends beheld the
scene,

And dropt the pitying tear;
Their tears could not abate the
pain,

Nor my sad spirits chear.

In this distress, I cry'd to God,

And he beheld my grief;
Pity'd the anguish of my soul,
And sent the wish'd relief.

'Twas he, my soul, by sparing
grace,

Renew'd thy fleeting breath;
When, just expiring, in the arms
Of the grim tyrant Death.

May love with tender mercies
crown,

The life thy power preserves;
Help me to offer up the praise,
Thy tender case deserves.

If, by the assistance of thy grace,
Thou wilt enable me;

The life thou hast redeem'd, O
Lord,

I will devote to thee.

Communion

*Communion with God sweet, but often
interrupted by Sin.*

SWEET are the moments, while
my God
Attracts my soul to his abode;
Jesus unites with stronger ties,
Than all the transitory joys.

When the glad star of righteousness,
The Son of God proclaims my
peace;
My soul by faith flies from the
earth,
And claims with God her nobler
birth.

I hear his voice aloud proclaim,
Salvation, thro' his glorious name;
While Saints his noblest praise re-
found,
Where unmolested joys abound.

Pure crystal streams of heavenly
love,
Flow through the Son to Saints
above;
While Saints below admiring stand,
That they are brought from Egypt's
land.

But ah! twixt this and Canaan's
shore,
I fear ten thousand evils more;
Before I pass cold Jordan's stream,
LORD, raise my faith in purest
flame.

N. W.

*On CREATION, PROVIDENCE and
GRACE.*

THOU sovereign God of end-
less years,
Hast made the Heavens, Sun, Moon,
and Stars,
Thy clouds bind up the mighty
Seas,
They shall not pass thy vast decrees.
Thy hand has also form'd the earth,
And brought all nature into birth;
The meanest thing in earth or skies,
Denotes thy power, speaks forth
thy praise.

Infinite goodness spreads the land,
Thy bounties fill th' industrious
hand;

But the sure mercies of a God,
Flow through a dear Redeemer's
blood.

My soul should praise for meaner
things,
As blessings from the King of
Kings;
But when I view redemption-grace,
It opes a wider door for praise.

In ancient days of earliest date,
Th' eternal Three in council sat;
The deep designs to save us men,
Were laid before the worlds began.
Hence the eternal God-head shines,
With brightest beams o'er all the
plains;

From Sea to Sea, from Pole to Pole,
Grace quickens ev'ry ransom'd soul.
The Father draws with loving bands,
The Son holds pardons in his
hands;

The SPIRIT too applies this grace,
The *Eternal Three* have equal praise.

N. W.

A W I S H.

WHether I live in some cool
shade retir'd,
But little known, and still by less
admir'd;

Or if I move, within a higher
sphere,
And fill with mighty acts the roll-
ing year;

Or pass my fleeting days in hum-
ble life,

Amidst contempt, and grief, and
care, and strife;

Still let my Saviour be my Guide,
and guard,

My crown, my glory, and my great
reward.

Confidence under Temptations.

IN Christ, my Lord, I still enjoy,
A peace the Tempter cannot
touch;

A life he never can annoy,
Nor can I hope, nor trust too much.

P I O U S T H O U G H T S. 17

*A Morning's Excursion in the
Country, improv'd.*

L E T T E R I V.

To _____,

DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

I Wish I had now the company of my friend, in this extremely agreeable situation, where I am not terrified with a sight of those rolling, mountainous billows, and gaping, watery graves, the daily, hideous spectacle of those who plough the ungovernable surge; where no tempestuous winds, no destructive sea-monsters, fill my eyes and ears with horror, but a gentle breeze fans over the verdant plain; while universal nature seems to sleep in a calm the most profound. At this early, silent hour, was the artillery of Heaven at once to be discharged; was a peal of tremendous thunders to rend the air, and to detach their volleys to the remotest regions; how awful and startling would be such a phænomena! — Consider then, O my soul! Consider what astonishing and stupendous events are coming upon the universe! What an explosion will that be from the Heaven of Heavens, which will e're long awake each slumbering dust, and summons it into existence! — And O! that poor sinners, such who at present are strangers to God and CHRIST, and their own immortal spirits; O! that they had grace to consider their present dreadful condition, before that thunder-clap, (infinitely more distracting than ten thousand, thousand bellowing voices from these visible Heavens;) meets their affrighted ears; *arise ye dead, and come to judgment!* — Calm and serene as the circumambient air, so

composed and fraught with tranquillity is that mind, whose noblest faculties are devoted to the sublimest purposes of serving and adoring its august Author: Such a soul feels no invenomed stings of remorse; no goads worse than poisoned poniards in his breast; which are the constant, torturing companions of those, who are votaries for carnal and sensual gratifications. — Let sinners, the riotous many, boast, if they please, of their enjoyments, I envy them not; I wish not myself in their circumstances, but interested in the favour of Heaven, would take God, the unchangeable, and eternal God for my portion; then shall I be incomparably, superlatively blessed. How exalted and unequalled are those pleasures, proceeding from a conscience free from the racking agony of self-condemnation, and from a comfortable assurance of covenant interest in God and CHRIST, and in the greatest and best of blessings. Let bellowing thunders roar; let forked lightnings flash; let obscurity envelop the face of nature; let the foundations of the earth totter on their basis, and tremble to their very centre; let the pillars of Heaven crash, and flames consume the sky; nay, let the judgment be set, and the books be opened; — such a soul is still secure. — Secure against every danger, being built upon the impregnable rock of ages, in whom alone is everlasting strength. They may look with joy from their ark of safety, though surges roll and billows dash, and sing the song unknown to all besides. All is serenity and sun-shine within. “*They know whom they have believed;*” true, solid, permanent happiness is all their own*.

* See an excellent Hymn of Dr. Watts's, entitled *The Pleasures of a good Conscience*, H. 57. B. 2.

What was that which but this moment skimmed silently before my face! I heard not the least buzz, though swift to a miracle, the vibrations of the wings *. I feel not the least breath of air; notwithstanding by its surprizing celerity, it appeared to be borne upon the wings of the wind.—I perceive now it was a *gaudy butterfly*, which for a moment has lodged upon yonder *bean blossom*. I am just now at a convenient distance to behold the beautiful enamel upon the little creature's wings: What puny and impertinent resemblances avail the silks and brocades which have struck my eye, and which I have so often admired in my walks through the populous streets of London, compared with these embossings of inimitable skill! Nothing methinks in nature or art, but the divinely stretched *rainbow's* exquisite dyes, or the *peacock's* costly, dazzling plume, can equal them for richness or beauty. They have all the variety and lustre of colours; the whole dress is adorned with an arrangement of the most brilliant gems, and bordered with fringes richer far than the choicest productions of the loom. And yet, was I to grasp that little picture in my fingers, all its beauty would immediately fade, and its colours be entirely lost. Equally empty and unsubstantial, is the appearance of the ambitious many. What is all the gay plumage of the sprightly *Fop*, or the supercilious *Grandee*? How soon it withers and decays, even while it is in quest of augmentation. The root of all this child-like pa-

geantry, ascends up as rottenness, and its blossom goes up as atoms and dust. While we behold, and perhaps admire, its seeming beauties, it vanishes out of our sight. *Vanity of Vanities* is the most suitable of all inscriptions, for every thing short of an unchangeable and everlasting God. What are *all* worldly enjoyments, and every terrene object? they perish in the using, and commonly disappoint our most sanguine expectations.

“ Happy the man, whose hopes rely

“ On Israel's God †.”

If we duly reflect upon the nature of present appearances, we shall find sufficient reason to be astonish'd that they so much engross the attention, and attract the desire of the unthinking multitude.—What is there worthy to infatuate an immortal mind, in the blooming cheek, the rubied lip, the sparkling eye, the chanting voice, or the melodious accent? In a few, alas! very few years, decrepid *old age* will furrow, and *pinning sickness* may possibly, before that period, emaciate the present chearful aspect, and rob it of all its momentary gloss and varnish. The melancholly time is quickly advancing, *when all the daughters of musick will be brought low, and those that look out of the windows be darkened* §.—My friend, let us not catch eagerly at empty shadows, and pretend to grasp the unsubstantial air, which will assuredly mock our wishes, and deceive our hopes. Unhappy indeed the

* The wings of a common fly are supposed to have the *quickest* motion of any material substance which lives. And if, as naturalists imagine, they make some hundreds of vibrations in a second of time; sure, we have the utmost reason to acknowledge, that the adored Maker is—MAXIMUS in MINIMIS: *greatly glorious* even in his *smallest* works. † *Watts*.

§ See *Solomon's* beautiful Sketch of Anatomy, *Ecclesiastes* xii. 3, 4.

person,

person, who attempts to build his only happiness upon these things which are ever fleeting, unsatisfying, nay, which are not. Amidst all the pompous spectacles around us, which generally have that unhappy influence, to win our love, while they command our speculation, there is *one thing* supereminently *needful*. O for grace from above to make delightful choice of that *good part* which shall never be taken away from us *. — What a magnifying glass, (if I may so express myself) is a distinct prospect of this world's enjoyments. The nearer we come to the possession of them, they proportionably dwindle, till at length they appear, even in our own (once enlarged) apprehensions, *less than nothing, and lighter than vanity*. How should we then wish for, and place our affections, upon something permanent and durable; something worthy of our souls, that can make us substantially blessed. Let not outward splendors so dazzle our eyes, as to hinder our discernment of objects really worthy our esteem. Many persons and things in the present state, appear what they are *truly* not, like the fleeting creature just now before me, but now gone beyond my most penetrating ken. The *specious Hypocrite*, all whose theology consisteth only in a long series of external observances, merely to be seen of men; how will such a one abide the day of JEHOVAH'S coming, how will such stand when *he* appeareth, whose eyes are as a flame of fire, whose

knowledge is too accurate to be eluded by the most plausible pretensions.—I must beg leave to submit this solemn scene for my friend's superior contemplations to describe, while I heartily pray we each may be possessed with a spirit of *sincerity*, and rather be better than we appear to be, than appear to be better than we really are †. How often have I beheld the *School-Boy* (though with much sweat and toil) chasing this swift-winged creature from field to field, and often, it may be, after all his anxiety, his attempts have proved totally abortive; and what are the pursuits of great numbers in our world? Are they not equally vain, trifling and fantastic?

“Fantastic chace of shadows
hunting shades.” *Young.*

They are diligently employed in search of *that*, which is not to be enjoyed on this side an unchangeable state. *Solid and permanent happiness*, satisfying felicity, and the Heaven of Heavens are nearly ally'd; and till we arrive at the one, we must not expect to experience the other. Alas! how many with the most unwearied, indefatigable industry, are endeavouring to acquire the characteristic, not of a *true believer* in the blessed JESUS; not of the *humble, constant walker with his God* (no, these are titles among the votaries for merriment and whim, thought only worthy of the contemptible sneer, or the disdainful smile;) but of an *able statesman, a discerning politician* ‡, or the like. Others are

aspiring

* Luke x. 42. † “I had rather (says one) be a Christian, and not appear to be so; than appear to be a Christian, and not so in reality.” ‡ I must beg your patience, while I crave your attention to a passage from an excellent author; who writes with the most amiable spirit of benevolence; with the most unaffected air of humility; and, like the sacred originals, from which he copies, with a majestic simplicity of style. — “How little does God esteem the things that men count great;

aspiring after the chair of *honour*, and though, it may be, they deny or grudge the crumbs of their table, to the sober, industrious, deserving *poor*, they are contented while lavishing away whole loads of yellow dust to attain the desirable vanity. Riches, honours, intellectual capacity; what precarious and uncertain good! How often like the aerial bubble upon the rolling surge, do they burst into proud and pompous nothings. Where are now the trophies of the achievements of a once universally-revered ALEXANDER, CÆSAR, or POMPEY; whose mighty conquests extended, I had almost said, beyond the boundaries of nature? Those wonderful Potentates, that wished for new world's to rise from the ashes of their slain, to become a prey to their bloody ravages †; where are they all now? Buried in dust, and consumed to atoms. Their substance flies in unsubstantial particles across those plains, which once their fury swallowed §. What striking lessons do

the silent *grave*, the damp and gloomy *vault*, the awful repository, the *charnal-house*, teach us of the end of every thing below the sun. 'Tis really a melancholy and affecting sight, (however the practice of it makes it but little noticed) to behold rational and immortal Beings forgetful and regardless of their truest interest; and grasping after pleasures of a moment, which die, either before, or quickly after they are possessed. "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end ¶," that they would chuse those blessings which are unfading and everlasting, and make for their eternal peace.

Where are now all those huge, ravenous monsters, which, but a few hours ago roam'd their nightly rounds, with yelling throats, and jaws athirst for blood! The prowling *Wolf*, the crafty *Fox*, the clumsy *Bear*; they are now all slunk to their subterraneous lodgments, and sleep in ambush till ev'ning again

"the endowments of *wit* and *eloquence*, that *men* admire in some! Alas! How poor are they to him! He respecteth not any who are wise in heart; they are nothing, and less than nothing, in his eyes. Even *wise* men admire, how little it is that men know; how small a matter lies under the sound of these popular wonders, a learned man, a great scholar, a great statesman. How much more doth the all-wise God meanly account of these! He often discovers, even to the world, their meanness. He *befools* them. So valour, or birth, or worldly greatness, these he gives, and gives as things he makes no great reckoning of, to such as shall never see his face; and calls to the inheritance of glory, poor despised creatures, that are looked on as the *off-scourings* and *refuse* of the world."—Archbishop Leighton's *Select Works*, P. 520. —I acknowledge myself obliged to the late Mr. *Hervey* for the preceding quotation, Med. Vol. II. P. 284, 285. † In allusion to a saying of Alexander's, "that when he had conquered one world, he wished for another to conquer."

§ "Where he, who wish'd new world's might rise,
"To die beneath his sword?
"O're the broad lands in dust he flies,
"Which once his rage devour'd."

GIBBONS.

¶ Deuteronomy xxxii. 29.

veils the universe in obscurity. Then will they crawl forth again to satiate their voracious maws, if possible, even with human flesh. O, that these were the only monsters in nature; but alas! there are numerous *savages* ('tis an awful, but a just picture) and that in *human shape* †. But, notwithstanding these my mortal enemies are fled, am I free from dangers? No; are there not millions of invisible substances, of spiritual wickednesses which continually inhabit the trackless paths of air?

“Millions of spiritual creatures walk the air,

“Unseen, both when we wake,
and when we sleep.” *Milton.*

And are not these influential, and powerfully operative upon the minds of men? I read of the LORD's *giving his Angels charge concerning his people, to keep them, lest at any time they dash their feet against a stone* §. And does the great Father of spirits commission those holy intelligencies to guard and protect his precious ones from danger, to pervade their goings, and patrol their most sequester'd paths; and are they the grand medium of holy desires and heavenly motions? May we not then justly conclude, that myriads of the apostate crew have a power over the sons of darkness, both in thought and act; and that they are sometimes permitted to exercise their infernal malice, even over the children of light? In this case then, how unspeakably dreadful is this place! How very awful is now, and at all times my condition: Tho' the God of this world, *reigns only in the children of disobedience*, yet he often *enters*, and sometimes

takes up his *abode* for a considerable season in the heirs of glory. O the numerous, blasphemous suggestions which often proceed from this grand adversary of our souls! He is chief of a prodigious number of opprobrious, diabolical fiends, which no man can number; all which are the implacable enemies of the sons of God. What reason have we then, Sir, to be always upon our guard, ever upon our watch tow'r, ready at all times to go forth into the field of battle. May we be strong in the LORD (however weak in ourselves) and in the power of his might, fighting manfully, as good soldiers of JESUS CHRIST, against every opposition, under his banner, who, as the great Captain of our salvation, hath set us an example that we should follow his steps; hath drank the bitter cup to the very dregs, of which all his followers participate but in a small measure. None of our spiritual adversaries shall have dominion over us, for CHRIST hath died, and dying, vanquished all their power; and though now we see him not, yet believing let us humbly rejoice. He is not unmindful of our truest interest, but will make us conquerors, and more than so, through his adorable Self who hath loved us. He remembers what he hath done for us, and not a drop of his blood that was spilt, will be spilt in vain; for *living* in the court of Heaven, he ever pleads the all-sufficient merit of his precious and invaluable righteousness. Fear not then, O our souls, *He who knows what it is to be tempted, is able also to succour those that are tempted* ||. He is our tender and sympathizing Intercessor; his eyes are full of love, his heart of

† I here curb my invention, and chuse rather to refer you to Mr. Hervey's Meditations, Vol. II. P. 33. § Psalm xci. 11, 12. || Hebrews ii. 18.

pity, and his bowels yearn with the tenderest compassion: He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother, and in the critical moment will make our extremity his opportunity. When our enemies come in upon us like a flood, he, the Almighty Conqueror, will lift up his standard against them; so that though we may peradventure fall, we shall arise again, and we may use the language of hope and confidence, *rejoice not against me, O mine enemy!* If JESUS is for us, who can be against us? Let us go forth in the name of the LORD GOD, making mention of his spotless and consummate righteousness, even of his alone. Clad may we be from head to foot with that armour, provided by Heaven for every spiritual warrior. The greatest and most numerous of our enemies, are those of our own household: Our corruptions are many and potent, our force against them weak and impotent. *Of ourselves we can do nothing. All our sufficiency is of God* ||. May we be concerned then to be accounted as heavenly gladiators with the sword of the spirit, the shield of faith, the helmet of salvation; and above all with that most useful weapon all prayer † with which, assisted from above, we shall fight the good fight of faith, and at length lay hold of everlasting life †.

SURPRISING! about a quarter of an hour ago, as I was musing in a most pensive strain upon the *Butterfly*, I remember I felt a little tingling smart: In examining the cause, I saw the *Gnat* had alighted upon

the back of my hand, disregarding the pain, and thoughtless of the consequence, I suffered it to protrude its amazingly poignant lancet and to probe my flesh. I suppose the inflammatory matter that was then emitted is the cause of the present tumor, which seems to swell and rage the more, the more I look. Thus, while I admired the little creature's dexterity, I purchased a satisfaction to my curiosity at a dear expence. I remember to have read of one, who prying with too eager, and (I may say) unbecoming, intenseness, into that prodigy in nature, the burning mountain *Vesuvius*, plunged unexpectedly into the yawning gulph, and became an immediate prey to its tremendous and resistless ravages. What an argument is it of arrogance and presumption, to inspect too minutely into the secrets of the wonder-working God! As we know it is absolutely impossible for the greatest adept in science, to fathom the mysterious profound of this astonishing transaction, how vain and puerile then is the least attempt. Secret things belong unto the Lord our God. His name is wonderful, and he is jealous of his glory, and will not give it unto another.—Where is the acutest proficient in the *philosophic system*, that can favour me with a satisfying definition respecting the essence, nature and properties, of almost the meanest of all vegetable productions, a single blade of grass? Where is the *anatomist*, though judicious and discerning to a miracle, that

|| 2 Cor. iii. 5. † If you are fond of viewing military preparations, I fancy I can direct you to a repository, where you will see gratis, every part of armoury necessary to complete a *Christian soldier*. Each piece, I acknowledge is of great antiquity, but this augments their value. They are in excellent order, being in constant use. We are obliged to that famous champion the Apostle *Paul*, for the very curious collection. Ephes. vi. 10, 19. † 1 Tim. vi. 12.

can describe perspicuously the cause and nature of those vital movements; the symmetry, proportion, and exact dependance of every part of that minute, organized system, whose smarting effects I still feel? Is not the finger of an all-creating Deity more evidently displayed in every atom? Is there not a far greater degree of infinite wisdom and matchless power, in each imperceptible grain, than in all the majestic elevation, and proud attempts, of mortals here below! who is a God like our God? The worlds of nature, providence and grace, are all submissively obedient to his sovereign and uncontrollable authority. None can stay his hand, or say unto him, what doest thou? Were his works to be developed by finite understanding, they would no longer remain astonishing. How mean and ignoble must that being be! how unworthy the character of the great JEHOVAH, who sinks his operations to the worm-like capacity of a few groveling insects here at his foot-stool. Hath the eternal God been pleased to unfold the august page of creation, in the far more ample volume of his works; I esteem it my duty prostrate to lie before him, and humbly to *admire*, where I cannot *comprehend*. Hath he given me that inestimable treasure, the grand volume of his word? I desire to peruse it, to meditate and converse upon it, to pray over it, and to hear it illustrated; and this with a grateful, humble spirit, and with an ardent desire to improve. May the essential and fundamental truth, it contains, be the subject of my continual contemplation and complacency; I would even admire, every

page and line in those wonderful records,—but this is my desire, this my fervent petition, that I may be preserved from wasting my precious moments in curious enquiries, frothy speculations, and insipid criticisms. There is sufficient (my dear correspondent) revealed in the gospel of our blessed REDEEMER, both for our *Faith* and *Practice*. The scriptures of truth, are, *alone*, able to make us wise unto salvation. That which is our interest to believe and obey, is so evidently made known unto us in this sacred repository, that he that runs may read; and if we submit to the directions of this divine clue, we need not fear of being conducted safe to the city of eternal habitations. Be it our concern then, Sir, to study the volume of revelation, with the greatest seriousness and attention; with unfaltering constancy, and industry indefatigable. The LORD illuminate our benighted understandings, to behold some of those wondrous things contained in his holy law, and let us beware of living upon empty chaff, instead of solid and satisfying grain, for plain is the path that leads to Heaven, if we do not embarrass ourselves by straying out of the ancient track. If we submit not to the prescriptions of unerring wisdom, we shall only betray our folly and ignorance †; it may be, at last miss of our haven of rest. Let us be concerned then, after a more inward, powerful experience of divine things upon our souls, for *heart knowledge* is that alone, that will yield us comfort in a dying hour: Without this our *Faith* is vain, we are yet in our sins. *Heart experience* is an acquirement, or rather a dona-

† It was a quaint saying, but a just observation, of the excellent Mr. Mason, "That to be wise *below* what is written, is to be *poorly wise*; but to be *wise above* what is written, is to be *richly foolish*."

tion of Heaven, not so easy to be obtained, as most, alas ! are apt to imagine. It is easy to record our names in the church of God below ; but are our unworthy names written in the Lamb's book of life ? We may each of us sit down at the Table of the LORD on earth ; but have we any reason to believe we shall sit down another day at the marriage supper of the Lamb ? Let the *one thing needful*, be superlatively in our esteem, for of no avail are superficial enquiries, and speculative knowledge, unless our hearts are sanctified by the spirit of God, and have the stamp of his image upon them.

I hope, Sir, you will readily forgive the unusual prolixity of this letter ; since I can assure you it was not my intention thus to exercise your patience, when I first sat down to write. If any truths I have here inserted should be happily useful to your best interests, you are more than welcome to all my labour. I have not yet compleated my design, must therefore beg to intrude once more upon your good-nature, by presenting you with another epistle upon the same subject. In the interim,

I am, dear Sir,
Tooley-street. Yours, &c. &c.
South-wark. J. L.

[To be continued.]

To the Proprietors of the *Spiritual Magazine*.

Gentlemen,

Be pleased to insert the following extract from an old Manuscript, being the form of a pious soul's covenanting with God, and the review of that covenant ; and you will oblige

Yours, &c.

Y. Z.

O MOST dreadful God, for the passion of thy dear Son, I beseech thee, accept of thy poor prodigal, now prostrating himself at thy door ; I have fallen from thee by mine iniquity, and am by nature a child of death, and a thousand times more the child of Hell by my wicked practice : But as of thy infinite grace, thou hast promised grace to me in CHRIST, if I will but turn to thee with all my heart ; therefore, upon the call of thy gospel, I am now come in, and throwing down my weapons, submit myself to thy mercy ; and because thou requirest that I should put away mine Idols, and be at defiance with all thine enemies, which I acknowledge I have wickedly sinned with against thee, I here, from the bottom of my heart, renounce them all, firmly covenanting with thee, not to allow myself in any known sin, but conscientiously use all the means, that I know thou hast prescribed, for the utter destruction of all my corruptions. And, whereas I have formerly, inordinately and idolatrously, let out my affections upon the world, I do here resign my heart to thee that made it, humbly protesting before thy glorious Majesty, that it is the firm resolution of my heart (and that I unfeignedly desire grace from thee, that, when thou shalt call me here unto, I may practice this my resolution, through thy assistance) to forsake all that is dear to me in this world, rather than to turn from thee to the ways of sin ; and that I will watch against all its temptations, whether of prosperity or adversity, lest they should withdraw my heart from thee ; beseeching thee also to help me against all the temptations of Satan, to whose wicked suggestions I resolve by thy grace never to yield myself a servant ; and because my own rightness

ousness is but as filthy rags, I renounce all confidence therein, and acknowledge that I am of myself a hopeless, helpless, undone creature, without righteousness or strength. And for as much as thou hast, of thy bottomless mercy, offered most graciously to me wretched sinner, to be accepted by God through CHRIST, if I would accept of thee; I call Heaven and Earth to record this day, that I do here solemnly avouch thee for the LORD my God; and with all possible veneration, bowing the neck of my soul under the feet of thy most gloriously sacred Majesty, I do here take thee the LORD JEHOVAH, FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST for my portion and chief good; and so give up myself body and soul to thy service, promising and vowing to serve thee in holiness and righteousness all the days of my life, as far as thou shalt enable me by thy free grace. And, since thou hast appointed the LORD JESUS CHRIST, the only means of coming unto thee, I do here, upon the bended knee of my soul, accept of him, as the only new, and living way, by which sinners may have access to thee, and do hereby solemnly join myself in marriage covenant to him. O blessed Jesus! I come to thee hungry and thirsty, poor and wretched, miserable, blind and naked, a most loathsome polluted wretch, a guilty and condemned malefactor, unworthy for ever to wash the feet of the servants of my LORD, much more to be solemnly married to the King of Glory; but, since such is thy unparalleled love, I do here, with all my powers, accept thee, for my head and husband, to love, honour, and obey thee, and this to death. I embrace thee in all thy offices, I renounce my own worthiness, and do here, avow thee to be the LORD

my righteousness; I renounce my own wisdom, and do here take thee for my only guide; I renounce my own will, and take thy will for my law. And since thou hast told me, that I must suffer if I will reign; I do here covenant with thee to take all hazards for thee; verily supposing that neither life, nor death, shall part between thee and me. And because thou hast been pleased to give me thy holy laws, as a rule of my life, and the way in which I should walk to thy kingdom, I here willingly put my neck in thy yoke, and set my shoulders to thy burden; and subscribing to all thy laws as holy, just, and good, I solemnly take them as the rule of my thoughts, words and actions; promising that, though my flesh contradict and rebel, yet, I will endeavour to order and govern my whole life, according to thy directions, and will not allow myself in the neglect of any thing that I know to be my duty. But as through the frailty of my flesh, I am subject to many failings, I am bold humbly to protest, that unallowed miscarriages, contrary to the settled bent and resolution of my heart, shall not make void this covenant; for so thou hast said. Now Almighty God, searcher of hearts, thou knowest that I make this covenant with thee, this day, without any known guile or reservation, beseeching thee, if thou seest any flaw, or falsehood therein, thou wouldst discover it to me, and help me do it aright. And now glory be to thee, O God the FATHER, whom I shall behold, from this day, as my GOD and FATHER, in that thou hast found out, and led me in the way for the recovery of undone sinners: Glory be to thee, O God the SON, who, I hope, hath loved me, and washed me from my sins, in thine own blood, and art now

become my SAVIOUR and REDEEMER: Glory be to thee O GOD the HOLY GHOST, who, by the finger of thy Almighty Power, hath turned my heart from sin to GOD. O dreadful JEHOVAH! the LORD GOD Omnipotent, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST, thou art now become my covenant friend, and I, through thy infinite grace. am become thy covenant servant.

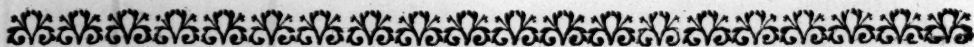
Amen, so be it.

M. S.

O LORD, let this covenant, which I have made on earth, be ratified by thee in Heaven; enable me, O

LORD to perform that which I have vowed.

O most holy LORD, I have been reviewing my covenant engagement to be thine, and, would humbly pray, that thy blood may cleanse my soul from those crimes, I have been guilty of since my first engagement to be the LORD's: Oh! that thou wouldst shed one ray of divine light, on my dark, dismal wounded soul; the grand enemy of souls hath shot his fiery dart: O! gracious God, pour in the balm of thy grace, and heal the ghastly wounds; LORD let not Satan prevail against me.



P O E T R Y.

A P O E M,

*On the Spiritual Reign of CHRIST;
Or, the Glory of the Church in the
latter Day.*

*Psal. lxxxvii. 3. Glorious things are
spoken of thee, O city of God.*

O H blissful Day! when *Christ*
shall come to reign;
When enmity against him, will be
slain,
And he, his peoples cause, will
e'er maintain:
When his dominion, shall appear to
be
From Pole to Pole, from East to
Western Sea,
The *Heathen* giv'n for his inheritance,
And th' utmost parts of earth his
praise advance.

Happy day! when the spirit from
on high,
Is poured down on earth conspicu-
ously:

When *Gentiles*, in their fullness, shall
be brought,

And *Jacob's* tribes from ev'ry quar-
ter fought.

Delightful thought! that I may just-
ly say,

A nation shall be born in that blest
day!

Our great Redeemer, they shall own,
as theirs,

And each of them, appear, as sons,
and heirs:

All prejudice in them, shall be no
no more,

And *Christ*, as *God*, they ever will
adore;

Being grafted in the true olive
tree,

A holy nation, they shall ever be.

When their iniquities, (a num'rous
store!)

And their dread sins, rememb'red
are no more.

Oh, happy day ! when they in
sacred bands,
With lasting joy, are brought to
their own lands ;
And *Gentiles* too, whom they long
time have slighted,
Together, as one soul, shall be u-
nited ;
Into one fold, under one Shepherd
there,
Where they shall feed in pastures
green and fair :
And *David, Christ*, shall be their
glorious King,
And they in triumph shall his praises
sing.

Oh, happy day ! when *Judab*
shall not vex
Ephraim, nor *Ephraim Judab* more
perplex,
When jars shall cease, and banish'd
be all hate,
In that most sweet, *Philadelphian*
state.

Oh, happy day ! thrice happy it
indeed !
When Cow and Bear, together they
shall feed ;
Their young ones, in peace, lie
down together,
Not fearing storms, or any boist-
'rous weather.
The rav'nous wolf shall dwell with
the sweet Lamb,
The Leopard lie with Kid, as its
own dam :
And the fierce Lion, that Majestic
beast,
With straw, like th' Ox, himself
shall sweetly feast.
On th' hole of Asp, shall play the
sucking child,
And th' Cockatrice, to others, be
most mild :
These, shall not hurt, or ever more
destroy,
In all *God's* holy mountain, nor an-
noy.

Great peace shall be among *Christ's*
people dear
By day, and night, none causing
them to fear.
Among themselves, no strife, but
all agree,
And watchmen, too, with eye to eye
shall see.

In that blest day, the root of *Jeſs*
shall stand,
An ensign for the people, and com-
mand,
With love, with gentleness, with
smiles most meek ;
His glorious rest, the *Gentiles* they
shall seek.

Oh, happy day ! when th' wit-
nesses shall arise,
And soar in triumph t'ward the
azure skies,
And that in sight of all their ene-
mies ;
Who long had trampled them,
beneath their feet,
And on them look'd as mire in
the street ;
But with their just reward they
soon shall meet :
As a huge millstone cast into the
sea,
Their end shall come, and never
more they'll be.

Oh, happy day ! when *Babel's*
noxious whore,
Shall not perplex the Christian any
more ;
And men shall hate the *Jade*, and
shall conspire
To lay her waste, and burn her
flesh with fire.

Oh, happy day ! when that de-
lightful sound,
Babel is fallen ! is fallen to the
ground !

And, never, never more, may she
 arise,
 But in the lake, shall utter forth
 her cries,
 Where the false prophet and the
 beast both lies.
 Oh, happy day! when war
 shall be no more,
 Nor nation lift up sword, 'gainst
 nation o'er;
 And lasting peace shall be from
 shore to shore;
 When enmity is gone, and all
 proud looks,
 Swords into plowshares beat, to
 pruning hooks
 Their spears are made, as such,
 are useful crooks.
 No grieving thorn, in all *God's* holy
 hill,
 Nor pricking brier, his peoples
 peace to nill;
 The *Turkish* empire be quite over-
 thrown,
 And Popish cruelty, no more be
 known:
 So no more cause for them to be
 dismay'd,
 Their rights they will enjoy be'ng
 not afraid
 Of any foe, that shall them e'er mo-
 lest,
 But shall for ever dwell, in quiet rest.
 Oh, happy day! when *Christ's*
 fair bride,
 Shall rise and shine, not fraught
 with pride,
 Adorn'd with jewels, raiment not
 her own,
 But what her Lord hath gracious-
 ly bestown
 More white, than the fair lilly
 fully blown:
 She shall be to him, as a princely
 gem,
 And in his hand, a royal diadem:
 A beauty she shall be in great per-
 fection
Jehovah-jireh, will be her protec-
 tion,

Darkness, gross darkness, some peo-
 ple cover shall,
 But unto her, her Lord be all in all!
 He will arise on her with splendid
 rays,
 His glory rest on her, in these blest
 days:
 To *new Jerusalem*, this bride most
 fair,
 None in the earth, shall equal or
 compare?
 Why so? because her *Lord* is ever
 there.
 Her brightness shall allure the re-
 gal crown,
 And at her feet, the scepter will
 lay down;
 With highest praises, Kings they
 will her greet,
 And th' dust with pleasure, lick
 from off her feet.
 And unto her, great numbers they
 shall flow,
 The numbers of her converts, she'll
 not know.
 The *Isles*, shall come in troops, to
 her, and see
 Her glory, and such that dwell
 beyond the sea
 Shall unto her, truly converted be.
 The barb'rous nations, when of
 her they're told,
 To her, they'll bring their flocks,
 also their gold,
Nebaioth's rams, shall come into
 her fold:
 This shall be done by them, with
 one accord,
 And find acceptance on th' altar of
 her Lord.
 The sons of them who did her once
 afflict,
 Shall bend to her, the scriptures do
 predict;
 And bow themselves, e'en down un-
 to her feet
 In humble fort, they ever will her
 greet;
 They shall call her, the city of the
Lord,

The *Zion* of the Lamb, with one accord ;
 She shall be brought to an high station,
 The joy of every generation.
 The sun shall be no more her light by day,
 By night, she shall not need the moon's bright ray ;
 The Lamb shall be to her a lasting light,
 And her own *God*, shall be her glory bright :
 Such glories in this state, she'll plainly see,
 And mourning days, for ever ended be.
 Kings they shall nurse her, as a child most dear,
 And *Queens* as such, whom they themselves did bear :
 Her officers shall be a lasting peace,
 And her exactors perfect righteousness.
 These things, O *Zion*, tho' they're most sublime,
 The *Lord* will hasten them in his due time :
 The Lamb will shine on thee with glorious rays ;
 Oh ! happy, thrice happy, halcyon days.

J. M.

To the Editors of the Spiritual Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

Please to insert the following in your Magazine.

An Evening ODE.

HOW calm, how clear, and how serene,
 No boist'rous winds, no clouds are seen ;
 All nature seemeth to unite,
 To yield the senses sweet delight ;
 See ! Sol withdraw his vivid ray,
 And paints the sky at close of day ;

See ! yonder what a beauteous dye,
 Does checker o'er the western sky ;
 No skill of man, no works of art,
 Can such a beauteous scene impart :
 But all the race of men may see
 The footsteps of a Deity.
 The robin sits on yonder spray,
 And sweetly warbles forth his lay,
 To him that fed it all the day :
 Go on, sweet bird, and strain thy throat,
 To lengthen out thy charming note,
 And may'st thou never cease to be,
 A faithful monitor to me ;
 But may my praise, like incense, rise
 A grateful evening sacrifice.
 How cool the breeze, how sweet the air,
 See ! flocks and herds to rest repair,
 And in sweet sleep to drive away
 The toil and burden of the day.
 While man and beast do seek repose,
 My muse assist me to disclose
 The wonders of the silent night,
 Wonders that must raise high delight,
 To all, that after them enquire,
 And make, their study and desire,
 In them, their maker to descry,
 Thro' this extent of earth and sky.
 Fair Luna, sheds its silver light,
 Welcome, great empress of the night,
 When Phœbus has his heat withdrawn,
 Thou shin'st with brightness o'er the lawn ;
 While zephyrs play in gentle breeze,
 Thou glim'rest thro' the spreading trees.
 See ! yonder opacous planets stray,
 Enlighten'd by the God of day,
 Refulgent sun, how glorious bright,
 To give the moon and planets light :
 O ! may thy grace, all glorious God,
 Thro' all my heart be shed abroad ;
 And may thy precious gospel shine,
 And cheer this darken'd soul of mine.

Now

Now, what an awful silence reigns,
 Despotic, o'er the dreary plains;
 No pleasing sounds the ear to greet,
 Awful, yet welcome, lov'd retreat;
 Blest solitude, that's wholly free
 From slander, envy, flattery,
 From noise and hurry, care and
 strife,
 And all the baits of sinful life.
 Thus, when old age does interpose,
 And life seems drawing near a close,
 May my days pass, serene and clear,
 With no dark clouds to interfere;
 But, peaceful, may I meet my fate,
 Prepared for a better state;
 A state, where night can never
 come,
 But always bright refulgent noon.
 Behold! innumerable stars,
 In Heaven's grand canopy, appears;
 What wond'rous order each ob-
 serves,
 None from his proper station swerves,
 Not one but keeps his proper place,
 Not one that moves out of his space;
 How large their number, large
 their size,
 How plac'd in the Æthereal skies;
 Who! has such subtle flames con-
 fin'd,
 To keep the station them assign'd;
 Who! but a God of endless might,
 Who form'd the darkness, form'd
 the light;
 What! O my soul, but power di-
 vine,
 Could cause such beauteous lamps
 to shine;
 Always to burn, yet ne'er decay,
 And always keep their destin'd way.
 Learn, O my soul, to fear this God,
 Who spread the starry sky abroad,
 That God, who fix'd the stars on
 high,
 And can such worms as men de-
 stroy;
 Against his power, thou can'st not
 stand,
 But soon must sink beneath his
 hand:

Then, humbly fall beneath his feet,
 And his compassion there intreat;
 By love and mercy, he is known,
 For mercy doth surround his throne;
 All nature doth obey its Lord,
 He rules it by his powerful word;
 All gladly do obey his will,
 And the great end assign'd fulfil:
 But man, more favour'd than the
 rest,
 Who by all nature is caress'd;
 Vain and ungrateful man, does
 prove
 False to his Maker's boundless love;
 Regardless of Almighty God,
 He walks in sins destructive road.
 Leave, O my soul, the sinner's way,
 And God's commands with joy
 obey;
 And with the whole creation join,
 To serve Omnipotence divine.
 But, hark! what voice is that I
 hear,
 What pleasing musick strikes my
 ear;
 'Tis thou, melodious Philomel,
 None else can please the ear so
 well;
 Thy voice so clear, so soft, yet
 strong,
 I ne'er could think the moments
 long,
 In list'ning to thy pleasing song;
 Thou mimicks, sure, those heavenly
 strains,
 That warble o'er the Elysian plains;
 When! shall my ravish'd eyes sur-
 vey
 Ten thousand, thousand Angels
 play,
 On golden harps; while thousands
 sing
 The praise of Heaven's eternal
 King:
 When! shall I hear those heavenly
 songs,
 Chanted by their immortal tongues;
 Where, no discord, nor jarring sound,
 Thro' the whole heavenly band is
 found;

But

But all, in sweet harmonious lays,
Do celebrate JEHOVAH's praise.

Now balmy sleep steals o'er my
eyes,
And each alluring object flies;
Thro' visionary scenes I'll stray,
And dream of blis, till dawn of
day.

Hinckley, Dec. 10, 1761. J. S.

The BELIEVER's Ardent Desire.

FIR'D with zeal, I'd now begin
To march the heavenly road;
To slay my every darling sin,
With a fierce flaming sword.

No more I'd lend a list'ning ear
To what the *Tempter* says;
My unbelief, with every fear,
Should vanish from mine eyes.

I'd triumph o'er a frowning world,
Nor dread the spite of Hell;
My inbred sins should all be hurl'd,
Down where the *Devils* dwell.

With prayer of faith I'd hourly ply
The throne of God's free grace;
Descending love and heavenly joy,
Should fire my tongue with
praise.

Thus, while a pilgrim here below,
The chariots of his love,
Should bear me, all the desert
through,
To realms of blis above.

There, 'midst the bright seraphic
hosts,

I'll shout, with every breath;
The grace that brought me from
the coasts
Of Sin, and Hell, and Death.

N. W.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*The following Lines were produced by
the late Declaration of War against
Spain, which, if you think proper,
may be deposited in your Magazine,
in doing which, you'll oblige,*

Your constant Reader,
Macclesfield,

J. S.

BLESS, Lord, our King upon
the throne,
Endow his youthful heart
With grace, and wisdom to discern
Each vile intriguing art.

Tho' France and Spain, who now
are join'd,

Proud haughty aims pursue;
Their councils cross, their schemes
confound,

That we may them subdue.

Tho' war now rages, far and near,
May't ne'er approach our isle,
But, in th' midst of dread alarms,
Rich plenty on us smile.

Our fruitful fields with grain adorn,
Our folds with sheep supply;
Our stalls with oxen do thou fill,
And give us ev'ry joy.

Bless all thy Ministers O Lord,
Enrich with heav'nly grace;
That they may teach their flocks
the way
To everlasting peace.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRI-
TUAL MAGAZINE,

Gentlemen,

*The following was wrote by one
who was bred a Mechanic: If
it merits a Place in your valua-
ble Treasure, your inserting it,
may not only encourage him to
attempt something further, but
will greatly oblige many of your
Readers here, as well as*

*Yours (with the most ardent
Wishes for your Success)*

NOTTINGHAM,
February 2, 1762.

N. P.

A PARAPHRASE on Psalm li.

GREAT God! whose goodness
shines through boundless space,
Whose bounty flows to all our
guilty race;

Low

Low at thy footstool, see! thy sup-
 pl'ant lie,
 And for thy mercy wait, with long-
 ing eye;
 Dreadfully numerous my crimes
 appear,
 But not more num'rous than thy
 mercies are;
 My aggravated faults to thee are
 known,
 For, against thee, these evils have I
 done;
 And should thy vengeance crush me
 to the dust,
 Heav'n, Earth, and Hell, must own
 the sentence just!
 But oh! let mercy cancel ev'ry sin,
 And wash me thoroughly from guilt
 within:
 Soon as the tainted embryo began
 To form, and ripen to the shape of
 man;
 Or e'er the clay partook of vital
 breath,
 The fatal seeds of sin grew up for
 death;
 Through all my life, through all
 my pow'rs diffus'd!
 What a sad harvest has this seed
 produc'd?
 Behold! my agonies, my inward
 smart,
Thou art the Man! has pierc'd me
 to the heart:
 O! from the guilt of blood! that
 dismal stain!
 Wash my polluted, guilty conscience
 clean:
 With gladness let me hear thy
 pardoning voice,
 And make my broken spirit to re-
 joice;
 From all my sins, O! hide thy glo-
 rious face,
 And blot out all my gross iniquities:
 Create in me a new and contrite
 heart,
 And a right spirit in my inward
 part;
 O! from thy presence cast me not
 away,

But let thy spirit guide me, lest I
 stray.
 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall
 be clean,
 Nor let the least corrupted taint re-
 main:
 My God! restore th' unutterable joy,
 Of sins forgiven, and salvation nigh.
 Then will I teach transgressors in
 thy ways,
 And num'rous converts shall adore
 thy grace;
 Then shall my tongue thy righte-
 ousness proclaim,
 And spread the honours of my Sa-
 viour's name;
 My joyful lips shall thy salvation
 sing,
 And all my pow'rs their grateful
 tribute bring.
 No blood of bullocks ever can
 atone,
 For one transgression guilty man has
 done;
 But, whilst they shadow forth the sin-
 ner's due,
 They bring that glorious sacrifice
 to view;
 On which the vilest sinner may rely
 For pardon of his crimes of deepest
 dye:
 'Tis that speaks pardon to my
 guilty soul,
 'Tis that which makes my broken
 spirit whole;
 Strict justice there is wrote in dread-
 ful lines,
 And smiling mercy in full glory
 shines.
 For a full pardon to the Son I'll fly,
 Pleading his merits, he cannot deny;
 With humble spirit and a contrite
 heart,
 I in this sacrifice will claim a part.
 Now, let his praise employ my
 chearful tongue,
 His *great salvation* shall be all my
 song;
 Ye sons of Sion, in the concert join,
 And sing his mercy infinite, his
 grace divine.

PIOUS THOUGHTS.

To the PROPRIETORS of the *Spiritual*
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*The following Epistle transcribed from
the Author's own M. S. S. is trans-
mitted to you with a View to amuse
and edify your Readers, by*

Your constant Reader,

J. T.

The SPIRITUAL STAFF.

*A Letter wrote by Mr. W. H. to a
Young Man who had lately presented
him with a Walking-stick.*

My dear friend Job,

YOU were pleased, not long since, to present me with a staff, of your own making; with which I am pleased and delighted, and take it with me wherever I go. Now, by way of gratitude and acknowledgement, I send you, in return, a few meditations on a staff, which I call, *A Staff Spiritualized*; hoping that mine will be as acceptable to you as your's is to me; that you may take as much delight and pleasure in mine, as I do in yours or more; and that you may be more benefited by it than I possibly can by that which you sent me. Under the similitude of a Walking-stick, I would recommend religion to you in these particulars.

I observe concerning a staff, that it is an implement for the hand, which is an active member. The *Israelites* were commanded to eat the passover, *with their staff in their hand* †. It is not a thing merely to

be looked at, but rather to be used and handled. Such a thing religion is, my friend; it is to be taken in hand and practised, and not to be only looked at or talked of. Religion is real, open, and undisguised, like a staff in the hand. It is to be felt and experienced in the very heart and soul, and not a cloak or disguise for falsehood and hypocrisy. Therefore, my *Job*, do not stand contented with meer looking at religion, or talking of it, but lay hold on it, handle, and embrace it. Again,

A staff is an instrument for travellers. A person takes it with him wherever he goes, as his constant companion; though when going abroad, he leave all his other goods and companions at home. Thus *Jacob* went from his father's house, having neither wealth nor company but his *staff* §. The angel had his staff ||, and so had *Elisha* *. The disciples were commanded to take nothing for their journey, *save a staff only* ¶. So every one that travels towards heaven must take religion with him, to be his constant companion wherever he goes, otherwise he cannot travel towards that better country. We are not ashamed to take our staff with us into any company or place we go: no, we take it to fairs and markets; upon Lord's days and week days; when we go among pious persons or prophane. In like manner, my friend, may you and I never leave our religion at home when we go abroad; nor abroad when we come home; never be ashamed of it in any company; but let it be as open

† Exod. xii. 11.

§ Gen. xxxii. 10.

|| Judg. vi. 21.

* 2 Kings iv. 29.

¶ Mark vi. 8.

and constant, with us, as the staff in our hand, which we carry ever with us. Futhermore,

A staff is a weapon, both offensive and defensive. It serves to defend and protect the owner, as well as to offend and hurt his enemy. Thus it is a military weapon, or a piece of armour. *David* took his staff in his hand, when he went to encounter with *Goliath* *. *Benaiah* took his staff only with him, when he went to engage with the robust *Egyptian* †. In this also religion will answer exceeding well; it will defend the believer and offend his adversary. The grace of faith in particular hath these qualities. It defends the believer by quenching all the fiery darts of the wicked ‡, it overcomes the world and the devil. The glorious exploits and victorious triumphs of faith are recorded in *Hebrews*, chap. xi. See how religion, under the name of wisdom, is applauded by *Solomon*; *get wisdom, get understanding; forget it not, neither decline from the words of my mouth; forsake her not and she shall preserve thee; love her and she shall keep thee. Wisdom is the principal thing* §. Oh may *Job* and I ever carry this excellent and useful weapon with us, until we have entirely gained the victory, and have nothing more to fear, in the field of battle. The church of *Christ* hath no weapon but her *religious staff*; yet she is to her enemies terrible, as an army with banners. Moreover,

A staff serves to support, help, and direct. It supports the weak, helps the lame, and directs the blind: so it serves, in some measure, instead of strength to the weak, aged and infirm; instead of legs to the lame; and of eyes to the blind; *thy staff*

doth comfort me, saith the Psalmist. *Jacob*, in his weakness and old age, worshipped, bearing on the top of his staff §. God promiseth his people length of days in *Jerusalem*, and that every man should be with his staff in his hand for very age ¶. Now the Spiritual Staff will, not only answer to the literal, for these purposes, but exceed it as much as the soul doth the body, and as eternity is more important than time: for it makes the weak strong, the lame to walk uprightly, and the blind to see clearly. It strengthens the weak hands and confirms the feeble knees. It opens the eyes of the blind and brings men from darkness into God's marvellous light. It enables the lame to leap as an hart Oh! happy the owner of this staff! may you and I find much benefit by it. Again,

A staff is a riding and a walking instrument. I make use of it both ways, though more in the former; as I ride much and walk but little. *Balaam* riding on his ass, had his staff in his hand. As a staff will suit both the horseman and the footman; so religion well becomes the rich and the poor, high and low, persons of all ranks and degrees. It is neither beneath the Prince nor above the peasant; but very commodious, nay absolutely necessary for both. The rich man cannot ride safe and bold without his Spiritual staff; neither can the poor man walk well without it. Therefore, my *Job*, whether you be a footman, or a horseman, venture not without this staff; you will find it exceeding useful; for her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, both to the master and servant. But,

A staff adds to the weight of the traveller; yet enables him to go

* 1 Sam. xvii. 40. † 2 Sam. xxiii. 20, 21. ‡ Eph. vi. 16. § Prov. iv. 4. &c.
§ Heb. xi. 21. ¶ Zech. viii. 4.

faster. It makes him heavier and yet nimbler. It might seem to hinder, but really helps. It is a burthen and still an advantage. In this respect it is like shoes to a person on a journey, though they add to his weight, they enable him to walk better. Wings are an additional weight to the bird, but without them he could not fly. Religion is called a yoke and a burthen. In this light you may suppose it to be a weight and trouble; but the burthen is light and the yoke easy, a burthen that helps on the bearer, and a yoke that draws him forward. Some think religion to be perfect slavery, but imagine sin to be the most extensive liberty that can be enjoyed: whereas the persons who have tried both, know by experience, that such, as are under the dominion of sin, are slaves and captives with a witness; but those, who are truly religious, enjoy the best liberty, and are free indeed. Christ appeared to destroy the works, or snares, of the Devil; to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to those that were bound. If the Son make you free, then are you free indeed. Therefore, my dear friend, let not the weight of this staff frighten you. If you make use of it, instead of being a hinderance, you will find it will have a mighty tendency to facilitate and accelerate your journey heavenward. To fear the Lord and depart from evil, shall be health to thy navel, and marrow to thy bones. In short, without this staff you can never enter into glory. I may note further, that,

A staff is both a driving and a drawing instrument, especially such a hooked one as you gave me. It will

drive open gates before me when I ride, and draw others to me. God's heavy and grounded staff of judgment scattered the *Assyrians* *. In *Zech. xi. 7.* we read of a staff called *Bands*, and some tell us that the very term *Religion* (from *religo*) signifies *tying*, or *binding*. Again, Religion doth draw the Saints to God; to love one another; to love the gospel; to love gospel principles and practice, and at last it will draw them to Heaven itself. It directs one what to shun, and what to embrace; what to reject, and what to chuse: It makes one wise unto salvation. Finally,

A staff is used for ornament. A person often takes it in his hand, not so much for its assistance in walking, but because it adorns the traveller. *Judah* adorned himself with his signet, bracelet, and staff. We read of a staff called *Beauty* †. Be it known unto you, my friend, that religion is the greatest ornament in the world, and is, in the sight of God, of great price ‡. Those who are religious indeed are an ornament and credit to the gospel now ||; and they shall be for ever as jewels, in the crown of King JESUS, to adorn even Heaven itself ¶.

That you may be adorned with grace here, and glory hereafter, is the affectionate wish of

Your sincere Friend,

Brecheva, W. HERBERT.

April 8, 1742.

†† Mr. Herbert died in October following, and was the Author of a little Piece, just published, intitled, *Piety the best Portion*, price 4d.

QUERY I. page 199, answered.

Query. "HOW far should the master of a family

"concern himself about the eter-

* *Isaiah xxx. 32.* † *Zech. xi. 11.* ‡ *1 Pet. iii. 4.* || *Tit. ii. 10.* ¶ *Isa. lxii. 3.*
Mal. iii. 17.

“nal salvation of his children, servants, &c. Is it his duty to read a portion of the scripture to them, morning and evening, and pray with them as often? Should he Catechise, or ask them pertinent questions, at proper seasons?”

AN important query, tending to excite, and stir up to a duty much neglected within the pale of the Christian Church, and that by many whose profession runneth pretty high. When vital religion, or the power of Godliness is upon the decline, as it is lamentably so at this day, those branches of practical godliness are almost the first that are neglected. One, who is not very well acquainted with the professing part of mankind, but hath nevertheless, a just sense of the forcible principles of humanity, would be apt to think it impossible for a parent (who is himself acquainted with the heinous nature of sin, the impartial justice of God, and the vanities of bewitching earth) to be careless about the eternal salvation of his children. Yet, with grief we see numbers of professing parents, though in every respect as careful as any man, for the training up of their children in the modish fashions of the times, and the procuring fortunes for them, against the time they shall dispose of them in marriage, who, at the same time, appear to be indolent enough in that great part of a parents duty, “The inculcating moral principles upon the minds of their children.” A practice which ought to be early begun, continued in with prayer, and perseverance; the neglect of which may, perhaps, be one visible reason, why some Christian’s find such intolerable crosses from the conduct of their upgrown children. The laws of nature enforce an obligation upon pa-

rents, to care for the happiness of their children, even as they consult their own. Solomon points man to the diminutive ant, from its conduct to learn instruction, in point of industry and frugality. After his example, I think I may, without prejudice to truth, say, “O ye inhuman parents, who feel little or no concern for the eternal welfare of your children, go to the beasts of the field, and from them learn a lesson of parental care.” Their highest sense of happiness is present sensation, and how careful are they that the happiness of their young be the same, both in specie and measure, with their own? See the maternal hen, she prefers the safety and happiness of her young, to that of herself. Now then I do not intend to act the naturalist with you, yet from the observation before us, a sharp reproof is given to you, who yourselves have tasted the sweetness of religion, and neglected obedience to that natural obligation, to do all that lies in your power, if, by any means, your instructions, under the Lord’s blessing, may be instrumental of rendering the happiness of your children, the same in kind with your own. Now, as we are not meer naturalists, but profess ourselves Christians; we have a sure and certain rule whereby to govern our conduct. To the law, and to the testimony, therefore let us go, for as many as walk according to this rule, peace shall be on them, &c. and herein we find some things are indispensibly required of parents in behalf of their children.

I. Diligently to lead them into the Christian system of morality. There are three means which God hath instituted, and on which his blessings may be expected, in order to the attaining of this.

1. The restraining them from immoral practices. 1 Sam. iii. 12, 13, 14. *In that day, I will perform against Eli, all things which I have spoke concerning his house; when I begin I will also make an end. For I have told him, that I will judge his house for ever; for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn to the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice for ever:* And in chap. iv. we see the awful fulfilling of this denunciation of wrath, *The ark of God was taken; Hophni and Phinehas the sons of Eli were slain; Eli hears the dismal tidings, falls from his seat and breaks his neck; The wife of Phinehas falls into labour, and dies in child-bearing.* Thus swift destruction to an eminent family in Israel was procured by the sinful indulgence of a tender father, who, in other respects was a very good man. This is a warning given for professing parents, in latter times, that they may be aware and avoid the judgements that good man fell under. As to the manner of restraint, its threefold. First, Cautioning of them against every known sin, of which the fore-cited scripture is proof sufficient. Secondly, Reproof of their errors, which is much recommended by the wise Solomon, in a variety of his proverbial texts; especially Prov. xxix. 15, 17. *The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child, left to himself bringeth his mother to shame, &c.* Not such lifeless reproofs as that of Eli, "Nay, my sons for it is no good report I hear of you." A far sharper rebuke may come from as tender a heart as old Eli's. Thirdly, The rod of correction, as Prov. xiii. 24. *He that spareth his rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.* and xix. 18. *Chasten thy son whilst there is hope, and let not thy soul*

spare for his crying. And xxiii. 13, 14. Chap. xxix. 17, &c.

2. The second institution, on which the divine blessing may be expected, is instruction. Psal. lxxviii. from the 1st, to the 9th verse. *I will utter dark sayings of old, which we have heard and known, and such as our fathers have told us: We will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come, the praises of the Lord, &c. &c.* It is doubtless the incumbent duty of parents, as far as possible, to set before their children, what is in itself morally good, or morally evil; and to prohibit the one by threatening, and by precept, enjoin the other. Gen. xviii. 18, 19. *Abraham shall surely become a mighty nation, &c. For I know him that he will command the children of his household after him; and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment.* And Deut. vi. 6, 7. *And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently to thy children.* Nothing I think, appears more rationally to be the parent's duty, therefore I proceed to mention the

3. A holy Example. Neither threatening reproof, nor precept is likely to be of much service, if this is wanting. 1 Tim. iii. 4. *One that well ruleth his own house, having his children in subjection, with all gravity, or holiness.* And Eph. vi. 4. *And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.* Parents may provoke their children to wrath, or ungodliness, by bad example, as well as otherwise, but this I need not to insist of; for none will deny this branch of duty.

II. The second duty of a parent is to enforce upon the minds of their young ones, the literal knowledge of the principles of religion,

as you may see from *Prov. xxii. 6.* *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old, he will not depart from it.* Any one, I presume, will allow, that scriptural and orthodox principles of religion, are not the slightest part of that way spoken of, but rather the principal thing intended. But further, to strengthen the proposition, let me point you to *Deut. xi. 18, 19.* *Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart, and in your soul, and bind them for a sign upon your hand, that they may be as frontlets between your eyes; and ye shall teach them your children; speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, when thou walkest by the way; and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.* That was, doubtless, a well governed family in which Timothy was educated; for he is said to know the scriptures from a child, *2 Tim. iii. 15.* It can hardly be imagined, that the knowledge of the scriptures grew spontaneously in the mind of the child Timothy, without the application of his good mother's diligence in instructing of him. Yea, it is laid down as an express institution, in the above cited, *Deut. xi. 19.* That we teach our children the knowledge of the scriptures, and of the principles of religion, immediately founded upon the word. And, for my own part, I have had great reason to bless God, that my parents knew it to be their duty to observe what is thus divinely appointed: For the knowledge of the scriptures, &c. which I attained by their careful instructions, in my infancy, was the first and principal means of my convictions, both of sin, and my utter danger by it; and of the grace of God, and mine interest therein. And since my first experimental acquaintance with the person, grace and righteousness of

the ever adorable Jesus, the scripture, and knowledge thereof, hath been as bulwarks to defend me against the abounding, grace-depreciating errors of the age, in which it hath pleased God to cast my lot. This knowledge of the principles of divine truth, is best attained by the children, when there is,

1. The word daily read in the family. David delighted in the law, or word of God, and made it his daily study, which could not be done without reading of it; and, if David himself had such veneration for the word, we are well assured he would recommend it to the love, and study of his household; for it would argue a parent worse than a Barbarian, who, having found a goodly treasure himself, will not suffer the children of his loins to partake with him. The neglecting this part of a parent's duty, is a forbidding little children to come to JESUS CHRIST; but because there is no absolute command which, in express terms, enjoins the word to be read evening and morning; people of carnal minds, are too apt to shuffle it off from being a duty. Surely these words, *Thou shalt speak of them when thou risest up, and when thou liest down,* have emphasis enough laid upon them to enforce the practice. What can Paul mean, *Ephes. vi. 4.* by training up our children in the nurture and admonition of the LORD? Surely he must intend an inuring of them to all the means of instruction, to godliness in principle and in practice. Reading of God's word, is a part of instituted worship, and God is to be worshipped in all the families of his people, *Jer. xxxi. 1.* And, if reading the word, is a part of religious worship, consequently it ought to be read daily; for God is to be worshipped daily. The Bereans are said

said to be more noble than those of Thessalonica, because they searched the scriptures daily, *Acts* xvii. 11.

2. Where catechising of the young ones is maintained, which is either stated or occasional, there ought to be certain seasons, inviolably appointed, to that great purpose; without which, the usual reading of the word is not likely to have the same success; and blessed be the LORD, we have many excellent helps published for this purpose, which, with the many occasional opportunities, parents have of putting such pertinent questions to their children, or servants, as best suit their age and capacity, may prove very beneficial. This ought to be much recommended to parents, especially to mothers, who have more of these opportunities than we can expect a father, engaged in business, to have. O! how happy were it for our uprising generation, if less time were spent in decking and adorning the bodies of their children, and more pains taken to impress upon their minds, a sense of the great things of moral and divine religion. I would not have any one to think, that I suppose it in the parent's power to give their children the saving grace of God, without which, all other things are insufficient to bring them to glory; but I am sure that consistent principles taught them, can never be an hindrance of their receiving that grace; and, when received, makes it shine with greater lustre.

III. Praying with, and for our children, is indispensibly necessary; and that in the family as well as in private. *Jer.* x. 25. *Pour out thy fury upon the Heathen, that know thee not, and upon the families that call not on thy name.* Here is a dreadful curse upon prayerless families, and O that it were well understood and

feared. I must acknowledge, it is with difficulty, that I can persuade myself, that any master of a family, who hath tasted that the LORD is gracious, can, upon any account whatever, neglect that natural duty of family worship, which to me appears to be the glory of a family. To be instrumental of bringing children into the world, and not to solicit the Almighty in their behalf, doth argue us worse than infidels. Which way shall children, or servants be taught to know that prayer is a part of natural religion, which all men owe unto God, if parents and masters of families deny them the privilege of joining with them therein. I well know, that human instruction can never teach them, that prayer is the privilege of God's Saints. But, sure we ought to distinguish between the peculiar privilege of Saints, and that which is a moral, and natural obligation upon all men. The latter may well be inculcated, by both example and precept, without infringing upon the liberties of the other. David in *Psal.* lv. 17, tells us, that *evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice.* I would recommend to the Christian reader, the three sermons preached by Mr. Matthew Henry from this text. This resolution of David's, beateth down that asylum which people so often fly to for shelter, against condemnation for the neglect of family prayer; I mean the hurry of business, for any man who knows the world, knoweth very well that no man hath more business on their hand, and less time to spare, for either reading the word, or prayer, than a Prince, who hath the uncommon weight of natural concerns upon him. But the truth is, and I fear not to speak it, that when hurry
of

of business causeth neglect of family worship, it betrayeth a heart, engrossed by the the world, and little, if any love at all to God in it. See *Dan. vi. 10. Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber, towards Jerusalem; he kneeled upon his knees, three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.* By what follows in the succeeding verse, it is evident, that it was verbal family prayer, which he exercised himself in. *Josh. xxiv. 13. But as for me, and my house, we will serve the Lord.* From these texts of scripture, observe first,—David cried aloud, which people seldom do in closet prayer; therefore it appears likely that family prayer was maintained thrice a day, in his house. And Daniel's prayer was such, that people that stood without doors, could hear his supplications; and this was the cause of his being cast into the lion's den. Secondly, Joshua resolves not for himself only, but for his whole house, or family; Abraham-like, he commanded his house to follow his example, and I do not believe any body will venture to say, that Joshua worshipped not God in his family. As masters of families are invested with power sufficient to command children, and servants to attend the worship of God in the family, I know not how parents can justify their neglect of it. There is a remarkable instance of the acceptance of family prayer, in the case of Cornelius the Centurion. *Acts x. 30.* But I proceed

IV. To observe the expedience of habituating children, when yet young, to all the branches of external religion. Nothing, with greater propriety, can be called the way of the LORD than this; this is what Paul means by nurture, and what ought not to be neglected. Hence

we see parents ought to command their children, and servants, to attend on publick worship, where the word of God is powerfully preached, and where the ordinances are regularly administered. Parents ought to make conscience, how either children, or servants, spend the day of the LORD; and lay such necessary restraints, or give such encouragements, as the case requires.

All that hath been said in regard to children, holds good in the case of servants, and, if any should doubt of it, I appeal to that memorable precept given by our LORD, *Do unto others the same things, that you would wish others to do unto you, Matt. vii. 12.* Now let masters lay this rule of equity to heart, and ask themselves; would you be willing that your children should live with masters, who take no care for their souls? I know you would not. Then why should you act in such a manner, careless whether your servants honour God or not, provided they do their business? Doth it not indicate that such masters are mercenary and base? Is it a sign that they love the LORD with all their heart, and delight in his service? Doth it not evidence their disregard to divine precepts? Their love to the world? Their ignorance of the value of immortal souls? Likewise the inconsistency there is betwixt their practice and profession? May not poor Christian parents insert into their litany, — From such masters, good LORD, preserve our children.

Bridgnorth, Feb. 6, 1762. J. M'G.

QUERY, Page 199, answered.

“Is it possible for a person to be
“regenerated, or born again;
“and yet, for many years after,
“fear he is not? And may a per-
“son, no way doubt of his rege-
“neration, and, at the same time,
“be an unconverted person.”

IF we consider the mental circumstances of the person regenerated, that there are yet the remains of sin and unbelief abiding with him, and that the best are much clouded with ignorance, as well as liable to the bewildering temptations of deceitful friends; we need not think it impossible for a regenerate person to be afraid that he never experienced that gracious work upon his mind. It is observable that some of **JEHOVAH's** most eminent Saints, have been left, and that in their last distress, to call in question the truth of their interest in **CHRIST**, and consequently their regeneration. That eminent Saint and Minister of **CHRIST**, the Rev. Mr. Ralph Erskine, late of Dumferling, (of precious memory to the church, whose sonnets and sermons will be dear to the Saints, while both exist on the earth; and notwithstanding some defects, such as attend the best of human compositions, do fully demonstrate his skill in the Spirit's work, in regeneration and sanctification; likewise his doctrinal acquaintance with the person, grace, and righteousness of **CHRIST**; add unto this his eminent usefulness in the work of the ministration of the word) when he came to a death-bed, was left in such deep desertion, that all his friends, who attended on, or visited him, could not persuade him from that melancholly reflection, "That after he had preached to others, he himself was become a castaway," and in this sad and mournful condition he continued, till his friends thought he was past speaking; then, when least expected, he lifted up his withered hands, and clapt them thrice, shouting, Victory, — Victory, — Victory. I also find that other northern worthy, *Samuel Rutherford*, in his letters, expressing his fears,

least he was but half a Christian, or such another as King Agrippa, an almost Christian; but I have never heard these mens christianity called in question, till eagle-eyed *Sandeman* arose, who, I doubt not, would find many faults with Paul, or Peter, were they preachers contemporary with himself. I could name many instances of the like nature, but those two shall suffice, being men esteemed by all the orthodox.

My friend and neighbour *Camillus*, is a good man, of exemplary piety, and good understanding in the mysteries of truth, and zealous for the honour of that God, whose cause he professeth; yet I often find him under down-castings: 'Twas the other day I went to visit him, and found him set alone very pensive in his parlour. After mutual salutation, without using any of the modern formalities, so graceful in the esteem of some, I enquired into the cause of his dejection? To which he told me, that he had been a professor of religion for these twenty years past, and oftentimes thought he had reason to believe, that he was called by grace according to the purpose of God; but that now, he found himself incapable of believing that ever he had any grace at all. I immediately found my soul to fellow-feel with my friend, and offered what advice I thought most proper, intermixed with some portions of sacred writ for the removal of his doubts: I expatiated upon the usefulness of adapting our present frame to some suitable portion of scripture, such as, "Blessed are the poor" in spirit, &c." And, from thence, drawing such rational conclusion as he was best enabled, till the **LORD**, the **SPIRIT**, should be pleased to make his witness more visible. To which he replied, So very manifest

to me, hath been the past changes of both the frame of my mind, or the bent of my inclinations, and the general tenor of my life, that, could I always believe the veracity of the scriptures, I should never doubt of my interest in the promises therein contained; for I very well see the character of CHRIST's sheep, as there described, and see my own spots, to be of the same colour with theirs. But, alas! such is my unbelief, I cannot receive the scriptures as the word of God.

I told him, that I thought it was impossible for any reasonable person, who believed that there is a God exists, to resist the evidence of the divinity of the scriptures of both testaments, and here enumerated proofs thereof. To which he replied, "What you say is true, but "it is a hard matter, sometimes, to "believe that there is any God at "all." I then told him, that I did not think it possible for any man to take a view of the creation, and at the same time to say, that there is no God, our reason itself being a strong advocate for the existence of Deity. Then he bid me to consider that there may be certain seasons in the Christian's life, wherein his reason may be overpowered by temptation and sin, and for a proof thereof, he pointed out *Isaiah* lix. 19. where it is said, "When the enemy shall come in "like a flood, the Spirit of the "LORD shall lift up a standard "against him." Which portion of scripture, added to what I have formerly experienced, in some cloudy days, convinced me of the truth of my friend's doctrine: For if the enemy comes in as a flood, then of necessity he must bear all down before him, our graces, and our evidence of those graces. A flood carries all before it, houses, trees,

&c. and if he, for a season, is permitted to bear down or suppress our graces, why may not his licence reach the understanding, and our reasoning faculties? If this is granted, as I think it cannot be denied, it is very accountable why some Christians, of extensive knowledge and sanctity, find themselves ill set (at certain times) to keep clear of the whirl-pool of atheism; and likewise accounts for a regenerate person being liable to those fears noted in the Query.

One very fruitful nurse to those opposites of faith, is our too much reliance on the Spirit's work within us, and our neglecting his word and testimony, as contained in the bible; here a man may miss his way so far, that the very things which evidence grace in us, may be made a ground for such fears, and I believe frequently are so used.

For instance, a discovery of the secret abominations of the heart, and our helplessness to deliver ourselves from such inbred vermin, for the most part, is what our fears do last spring from; whereas if our eye was fixed on "thus saith the LORD "in his word," Although we could never be joyful, purely, because these abominations dwell in our heart; yet we both could, and would rejoice, that the LORD had discovered them to us. It is a certain proof that God hath been here, when his light shines into our darkness, which only can manifest our darkness unto us; it is his grace alone can shew to us the depravity of our nature. However great the attainments of an hypocrite may be, he can never be capable of mourning over his natural propensity to sin, through the depravity of the whole man; and by the way, I apprehend the regenerated person mourns more over this, than all his
actual

actual transgressions. Now a word to the latter part of the Query, viz. "And may a person no way doubt of their regeneration, and yet be an unconverted man?"

This I would say, he may. There are three distinct classes of men, who doubt not at all of their regeneration; and yet they are all unconverted: There are the Notionalists, the Legalists, and the Profane Rabble.

The Notionalist is, perhaps, at as great a distance from salvation, by the works of the law, as any body; and, it may be, he is as zealous for gospel-truths as any in the neighbourhood; and, having those good qualities, one would be apt to say, what lacks he yet? The answer is, He lacks every thing of value. He is like the man who hath read navigation, but never was at sea; he hath the theory, but not the practical part; yet he who hath got theory of sailing, reckons himself as well skilled, as the man who hath sailed round the world. The notions, alas! float all in the brain, without descending into the heart.

It is now many years, that Sententius hath sat under an orthodox Ministry, that now he hath learned the theory of the gospel by rote, he can pray with great propriety of speech, for half an hour together in company; but not in private, unless he is apprised that somebody is watching him. He will contend vigorously for gospel-truths, providing it do not clash with his interest; he will talk with you for a day, on certain subjects; but if you fall into the work of the Holy Spirit upon the mind, or inward holiness, you tie his tongue at once, and presently may discern an uneasiness attend him. You may talk against sin in general, as long as you will, he will join you; but if

you happen to hit the right nail on the head, and pierce his beloved lust; then you and he differs, otherwise he is silent. He can converse with you, this hour, upon divine subjects; the next hour he is fit company for any body, let their discourse be what it will. If it is profane, he can bear it without affecting his heart; if it is any way tolerable, he will join with them in it. He would not swear an oath upon any account; but he can hear another swear without being over-disturbed. He will not get fuddled neither; but he can sit with drunkards, and drink as much as they upon occasion. And yet this man has no more doubts about his regeneration, than the strongest Christian in Britain. He takes it for granted that the knowledge of the doctrines is regeneration; and indeed, so it is, providing it is a sanctified knowledge; but his knowledge, alas! is barely speculative. The various doctrines dwell in a confused mass, as so many mingled phantoms in his brain; and phantom-like, have no weight at all, either upon his heart or conversation.

Legalism, his next neighbour, is quite opposite to him, in regard to sentiments, so that they can never agree. Sententius takes his speculations for the fruits of regeneration: Legalism takes his goodness for the same thing, and despiseth the notions of Sententius, in the same manner that he despiseth the works of Legalism. For, you must know, Legalism is a constant attender on the word preached, and the sacrament, and is very devout at both: Besides, he maintaineth family worship, and says many long prayers by himself; and to perfect the matter, he feeds the hungry, and sometimes cloaths the naked;

add unto these, his negative holiness, he never wrongs any man, never was drunk, never swore an oath in his life, and all the comfort he desires, when he comes to die, is that he may have nothing to do, but to look back and take a view of his well-spent life. Now, all these good things being summed up together, who would not be blamed for saying, that Legalius is but an almost Christian? It is true he thinks himself a good Christian, and that of a better rank than the most; but I will, at all events, assert that he hath no christianity in him, and prove it from his motives, and proposed ends; and every body may know, that it is the end which crowns the work.

The love of CHRIST constrains Christians to obedience; but it is self-love which constrains Legalius to these his religious acts. If he were sure that he could always live in this world, they might be religious, who would, for him, for he would not, unless with Jehu, he found his account in it: Or, if he were assured that he could escape Hell when he dies, he would not care much whether he get Heaven or not. A separation from the joys of Heaven at death, being inseparably joined with the torments of Hell, Legalius is obliged to stir himself, in order to escape that which he is afraid of: thus the fear of Hell is what oils the wheels of his obedience, and he hath no eye to the glory of God, nor the good of his fellow-creatures, in any of his duties, moral or religious, but merely to save himself from the vengeance of eternal fire: He believes he could not live so holy, as his fancy tells him he does, if he

were not regenerated.

Vitiamor lives in the same street with those two men, and is an utter enemy to both of them. He hates the notions of Sententius, equally as he does the deeds of Legalius. You may meet with Vitiamor in the exercise of every sin, and yet he does not so much as once question the goodness of his heart, nor even his regeneration.

Now let those three men know, that their pretended faith, is no more than a fancy. Their hope is rotten at heart, and will perish in a trying day, however confident they are now, as to all being well with them. To conclude, I cannot but wonder, that any person who denies the Popish doctrine of Christian persecution, should be so inconsistent with themselves, as to tell us, that an uninterrupted assurance of interest in the love of God, is essential to true faith.

The assurance of faith, is either a grace of the Spirit, or it is not; if it is not a grace of the Spirit, it cannot be essential to christianity. If it is a grace of the Spirit, and an uninterrupted degree, essential to christianity, by parity of reason an uninterrupted humility, self-denial, resignation, love, repentance, and heavenly-mindedness (for these are likewise graces of the Spirit) are essential to christianity; and then to talk of growing in grace would be nonsense. For if one grace or virtue, may be perfect, what reason can be assigned why the rest may not? But, whilst you and I are in the body, we shall find our faith interrupted with unbelief; our hope, with fear; our love with carnal enmity; and every other grace with its opposite.

PIOUS THOUGHTS. 45

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*If the following Query and Letter are
inserted soon in your periodical work,
it will oblige,*

your constant Reader,

J. T.

QUERY.

*What advice can be given to a person
that is grievously distressed with fears,
doubts, and unbelief?*

IN perusing the subsequent letter, the query may be more fully understood. The original was wrote very lately by a particular acquaintance of mine, who is very useful and successful in the ministry. After he had finished the substance of what is here inserted, he adds, "If you think proper, you may transmit this to the Authors of the *Spiritual Magazine*, to desire the sentiments of two or three of those that are spiritual, concerning such a person, and what they have to propose to his consideration. Perhaps it may not be unprofitable to others, and even to some that are engaged in the sacred function. If the Lord graciously condescend to guide and instruct those who may give their thoughts, it may rouse the careless, and be a support to the weak; nay, who knows but it may be blessed to me?" Now the case being so interesting, and thus explained, it is to be hoped, that your serious correspondents who are not ignorant of Satan's devices, will give proof of their readiness to assist their fellow soldiers; and, to the utmost of their power, be helpers of their joy.

The LETTER.

Dear Friend,

AS you desired, in your last, to know the particulars of my un-

belief, of which I had complained in my preceding letter; you will find my compliance, with your request, in the following lines.

My unbelief consists chiefly in these things, viz. I am in some doubt, now and then, concerning the Being of God, his nature, attributes, and persons:—concerning Jesus Christ, his excellency and mediatorial capacity, or qualifications:—concerning the Holy Ghost, regarding his immediate energy and operation on man:—concerning the resurrection of dead, the general judgement, and the certainty, that all persons that ever hath been, are, or shall be, will exist in either of two places or states. But my doubts, about these articles are not so abiding as they be regarding the particulars hereafter mentioned; yet even these do grieve and distress my soul, more than a little, and I fear they be the cause of the hardness of my heart; especially when they attack mein prayer, meditation, &c. though when assaulted in my addresses to God, I know they have caused me to pray more earnestly, at some seasons; then I would endeavour to conclude they were darts from Satan, and not the disposition of my mind: yet still dreading myself to be an unbeliever.

But the most settled and general part of my unbelief may appear by the following hints, viz. I cannot view Jesus Christ in that loveliness, excellency, and preheminance, as I find him set forth in the word of truth. I cannot find sufficient ability in my soul to believe in him, wholly, entirely, and unfeignedly; and how can I believe in him, without a right view of him? Sometimes I can set him forth to others, in the words and light of scripture, so that I believe many of the children of God have their very souls nourished and fed by what I say: and upon cer-
tain

46 PIOUS THOUGHTS.

tain times I myself am much delighted in, and with the work; but when I retire into myself, and consider the barrenness of my soul, my strangeness to, and alienation from God, Jesus Christ, &c. I conclude that my good frame and my delight in preaching, proceed from the agreeable frame of the people, rather than from any good wrought in me; that God will endue me with a measure of light in his word, and grant me some delight in the ministration thereof, for the benefit of his people, yet not for any love or regard he has to my person, but that my soul is rejected of him; as a person that is favourable and kind to a nurse, while nursing his children, only for their sake; that thereby she might be a more willing and better qualified nurse; but when her work is done, he turns her off, as one that is not of his family, but only for a time, and for the purpose just mentioned; then it will appear to all that she never was really of his family. Again, Though I set forth Christ to others, yet I question whether Christ be in me and I in him. A person cannot experience true joy except he believes; and because I cannot rejoice at the very thoughts of grace, death, the resurrection, and the like, I am afraid I do not truly and sincerely believe. Believers are exhorted to *rejoice always*; but I cannot rejoice when I ponder upon the most important concerns of my soul; therefore I fear I am not a believer. Alas! I am not able to look steadily upon Christ as my Saviour. At times, when I join with the Saints in divine worship, I am pretty confident of an interest in Christ; but when I retire, I conclude that that proceeds only from a kind of a heavenly gale upon them; or else upon myself, merely to capacitate me for more

use and service among them. I conceive that my heart is not in the least renewed, but in the sense of scripture is still a stone—I do not question God's everlasting love to his people as much as I do his love to ME. What will it avail me to know that God is unchangeable, and that his unchangeableness is a strong hold to his people under all their instabilities and vicissitudes, when at the same time I cannot conclude that he hath loved ME? Are there not some whom he never loved? I fear I am one of those. If he has not loved me, all the things in heaven and on earth; nay, his infinite power cannot prevail with him to love me, seeing he is unchangeable in his nature.—I don't question the ability and capacity of Jesus Christ, to save to the uttermost, even the vilest and chief of sinners, so much as I question whether he will save ME: not because he *cannot*, regarding his capacity, but because he *will not*: not because my sins, though so great and numerous, are more than he can take away; but I fear lest he should leave me to die in them. One sin is enough to condemn, except there be an interest in Christ.—I do not so much call in question, perseverance in grace, as I do the beginning of grace in me. If I were sure that the good work of grace was begun in my soul, I think all my other doubts would flee away and vanish. But while I doubt of the very beginning of the work I cannot be confident in any thing that may profit me. If I did now endeavour to resolve, believe, and conclude myself to be a gracious person, and that it will be well with me at last, notwithstanding all my fears, and so strive to be comfortable, not giving way to doubts any more, such confidence would but vanish

vanish after all, to my endless horror.—I endeavour to perform every secret duty in religion constantly; but fear all my aim is to quiet an uneasy conscience. I diligently observe every public duty, as a professor of the Christian religion, and as a minister of the Gospel; yet often fear the whole terminates in self and vain-glory, so that I have my reward! I am acquainted with many, far and near, who, I believe, are godly persons, and I am of opinion that the greatest part of them, if not all, judge me to be truly a gracious man; nay, I am confident they look upon me as a person eminent in grace: but all that does not amount to a proof of the power of godliness in me, neither does it evidence the least degree of supernatural grace in my heart. I think that pious people who hear me preaching and praying, conclude that I was very comfortable in my soul, and that I enjoy much communion with God in the discharge of duties; but their conjecture is no evidence that I enjoy the least grain of solid comfort: though their favourable judgement should yield me some groundless joy for the present, yet if I am not born again it can yield me no sweet consolation at death and judgement.—I am endued with some measure of light in all the doctrines of grace, which I believe are consistent, according to the scripture, and I am enabled to express, and set them forth according to the consistency of my ideas, against the oppositions made to them, both in private conference, and in a more public manner; but that profiteth me nothing myself, while I imagine that I am an utter stranger to any experience of saving grace in my own soul. Satan knows

very well that all the doctrines of grace are remarkably harmonious, yet he is not, in the least, more happy for that.—I am in the general persuaded that all those who believe in Christ shall be saved: but as I cannot believe, how can I be saved? The word says, that perfect love casteth out fear; I fear greatly;—I cannot be confident, but rather disbelieve: therefore, how can the love of God dwell in me? And if I love not God, what is my state better than that of the most profligate? tho' I understand something of the doctrine of grace, I understand likewise by the same doctrine, and by experience, that nothing can persuade me to believe in Christ, but the Spirit of God; and if I should believe in Christ, I perceive that it is impossible for any to convince me that my faith is of the right kind, except it be by the same spirit. Therefore, Oh! that God would be pleased to make use of some means, some word, some instrument or instruments to resolve my doubts and dissipate my fears, for his own glory and my present and eternal comfort and advantage! Oh! where shall such a *Messenger* be found! An interpreter that would be to me one among a thousand! I am,

Your's, &c.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

As proposing questions, with a view to have any part of the sacred writings cleared up or explained, may be of the greatest use and benefit, I hope you will insert the following Query in your next.

AS I was reading (the other day) in the 22d chapter of Numbers, concerning the message which
Balak

Balak the King of Moab, sent unto Balaam, to desire him to come and curse the Israelites, who were entered into his dominions, I could not assign any reason why the King of Moab, by and with the advice of the elders of Midian, should chuse to seek the assistance, advice, or interposition of a Prophet of the God of Israel (as Balaam certainly was, by the free access he had unto him upon several occasions) and not, as is most common, intreat the assistance and protection of Baal-peor, the God of the Moabites; for it must certainly look like an affront offered to any Deity, not to consult it, and implore its assistance and protection, in any danger or difficulty; especially must it be so, to seek assistance from another quarter: It is natural, I believe, for all nations to imagine that the God whom they worship, is as powerful as any other; at least, that he is capable to protect their respective votaries, otherwise they would not yield divine honours unto him; consequently, they think it their duty to apply themselves with earnestness, for aid and succour, in every time of distress, but, more particularly, in such a national calamity as that of Moab's was. Instances of this, we have many in the sacred writings, especially in one of Balak's successors, who offered up his eldest son, and heir apparent to the crown, as a burnt-offering, to appease the wrath of his God, when he had been overcome, in a very remarkable manner, by the Israelites. I should be glad to see the thoughts of some of your ingenious correspondents upon this passage, which would greatly oblige,

Gentlemen,

Your humble Servant,

Hinchly Feb. 25.
1762.

J. S.

The following Queries are proposed by different Correspondents.

QUERY I. Is the death and sufferings of Christ, or his passive obedience, all that is required for the salvation and justification of a sinner? Hath his active righteousness no part in the work, or must it be imputed? Is the imputation of Christ's active righteousness, an essential point of doctrine, or may a man be safe without it?

PHILOBIBLOS.

QUERY II. What a sight and sense of sin is absolutely necessary to Christian Experience?

QUERY III. Whether to have the terrors of the law working wrath in the conscience, so as almost to drive to despair, is absolutely necessary to salvation?

QUERY IV. Whether only that sight and sense of sin, that leads a person to see that they are lost, and undone for ever, without a compleat salvation in Christ, is only absolutely necessary?

QUERY V. Whether a person may not experience much of the terrors of the law, and yet be a stranger to a work of grace in their heart?

R—a.

QUERY VI. Whether one who doubts of his regeneration, or personal interest in Christ, may approach the table of the Lord, without being guilty of presumption?

QUERY VII. What means must a person use, to attain to greater liveliness in devotional exercises, who is desirous of it, and mourns under a sense of his formality in them?

N. P.

A Morning's Excursion in the Country, improved.

LETTER V.

To ———,

My DEAR FRIEND,

THE condition I was in when I left you in my last letter, reminds me of the circumstances of the great Apostle, after he had been indulged in the most singular and remarkable manner, and had received the most evident tokens of divine approbation.—He had been wrapt up, not like his blessed Redeemer, to a pinnacle of the temple; or to the summit of an exceeding lofty mountain †; but into the sublimest of all elevations, *the third Heavens!* He had there been an extatic Auditor,—not of the debates of Princes, or the consultations of mighty Monarchs; but of such glorious realities, *as are not lawful for man to utter* in this his mean, probationary state. Was ever mortal so amazingly favoured before? Cease my wonder that, in such a visionary representation, he should be totally insensible whether in the body, or out of the body. But, though he was thus richly obliged, while an inhabitant in dust, with a perspective of things celestial, he was but man, vain, mortal man still. By taking a prospect of heavenly objects and enjoyments, he was not clarified from his innate pollution; pride and vanity still lurked within, and distended their snaky crest; so that infinite wisdom thought it necessary to put *a thorn into his flesh*; to probe the rising tumor by the searching instrumentality of the lancet, that the poison he had contracted, might be emitted, and every thought be brought into the obedience of

Christ. *A Messenger of Satan was dispatched to buffet him, lest he should be exalted above measure, by the abundance of the revelations* †. What need is there Sir, for humbling, mortifying, as well as encouraging experiences? There is oftentimes the richest blessings in the bitter cup, as well as in the delicious honeycomb. We may expect to find a choice little treasure in the hive, though we feel the poignant smart of the sting in attaining it. We always experience a difficulty in cropping the blooming rose, to avoid being goaded by its penetrating attendants. Lord!—if thou shouldst be graciously pleased to indulge me with the light of thy reconciled countenance; shouldest thou favour me with prosperous and promising circumstances in life, and cause *Fortune* to shower her bounties all around me; suffer, O suffer me not to be exalted to an unbecoming degree in my own vain imaginations. Preserve me from every, the least spark of self-confidence; crush the Viper while in embryo; blast the corrupt weed in the tender bud; mortify every self-honouring machination, and if I glory, may I glory alone in Thee. Suffer me not so to abuse the manifestations of thy pardoning love, as to forget to be a constant, humble petitioner for them at thy foot-stool. When I have ascended the Mount of Communion with my God, may I be immediately conveyed unto, and take a delightful excursion in the Vale of *true Humility*. When elevated on the pinnacle, help me to take heed to my steps, lest I have the misfortune of a dangerous, headlong downfall. Give me, most blessed God (whose donation alone it is) a broken, and a contrite Spi-

† Matthew iv. 5, 8.

† 2 Corinthians xii. 7.

rit, which, I am persuaded, thou wilt not despise as an unacceptable oblation. Rather than the adversary of my soul should gain an advantage over me, and entice me, through thy gracious indulgencies, to a fool-hardy presumption, bring thou good out of evil, by sending some pricking brier or grieving thorn; by (though the most melancholy and distressing of all circumstances) withdrawing thy presence from me, and making me know the worth by the want thereof; only drop this reviving balsam into my throbbing wound, which will more than support my drooping, languid spirit, *my grace is sufficient for Thee.*

Well for our world were there no other stings known than those which regard our external interests. But, alas! what numbers there are, it may be, who are this moment groaning beneath the heavy, ponderous, insupportable load of *self-condemnation*; who are swooning in the melancholly chambers of *desperation*; or, who are all madness and destruction, at the continual alarms of a *guilty conscience*? O what racking anguish must such persons experience! What is this a resemblance of, but of that worm that never dies? The tortures of the *rack*, the strangling exit of the *gibbet*, the agonies occasioned by *consuming flames*, must, I think, be easy, be pleasant, compared with these dismal and tremendous experiences. But hear, O all ye drooping, despairing souls! with the Lord there is mercy, and with him there is plentiful redemption. Are you desirous, earnestly desirous of an interest in the sublimest blessings? Hear the heart of a Saviour beating; see the compassionate bowels of a once-crucified Jesus yearning over you. His heart speaks

pity for your piteous circumstances, and his bowels melt in softest love. —May you be assisted to look to him with the piercing eye of faith; and he that endured the ignominious cross, and despised the shame; —that felt the fiercely-throbbing pain of cruel thorns; whose spotless side was rent by the barbarous spear; will not suffer you to perish, but will make you the glorious monuments of his all-conquering, victorious grace. However desperate and incurable the wound may appear, it is not so desperate as to baffle the skill of the great Physician of souls. *The precious blood of the blessed Jesus* (the immaculate Son of the eternal God) *cleanseth even from all sin**, nor exempts a crimson and scarlet dye, *There is complete redemption through his all-consummate sacrifice and atonement; even the full forgiveness of the most heinous and aggravating transgressions*†. O the matchless efficacy of that crimson stream which issued from a Redeemer's goaded side! This, this is that pure and exhaustless fountain, *unsealed for the house of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and which cleanseth from sin and uncleanness*‡. Here may I bathe my filthy, contaminated soul; in this sacred laver, wash away every stain, and find relief hereby from every railing accusation. As the brazen serpent was erected and conspicuous to every eye; so is the Son of man exhibited in the gospel, that every wounded Israelite stung by that old, crooked serpent, Satan, and with eyes swimming in the floods of death, may look to him by faith, and find healing for their souls. Deep as the shafts of that infernal spirit may have entered, and given us apparently a mortal wound; the

* 1 John i. 7.

† Ephes. i. 7. Coloss. i. 14.

‡ Zech. xiii. 1.

merits of a dying, interceding Immanuel, are infinitely more prevalent to purge our consciences, and deliver us from the dominion of Sin.

“ High on the cross the Saviour hung,

“ High on the Heav’ns he reigns;

“ Here sinners by th’ old Serpent stung,

“ Look, and forget their pains||.”

And can I forbear, is it possible for me to omit mentioning, on this solemn theme, those knotty whips and ragged thorns, which once my dear Redeemer’s sacred body tore! Can I forget that pungent, lacerating wreath, which, deeply drench’d in the meek Messiah’s forehead, opened a thousand sluices for the crimson current. How does the thought of the barbarous spear impress my mind, which by the hand of cruelty itself, ript up his immaculate side, and cut a wide and deadly passage to his heart. Was there ever such a scene of torture exhibited before or since on this terrestrial theatre! The enormous load of ten thousand, thousand sins, was at once rolled upon his sinless self†. What agonies unspeakable must he endure, who knew not the least sin†, and yet was made the derision of scoundrels, and the object of almost incredible barbarism, by the vilest of miscreants! And behold! amid all these melancholly and affecting circumstances, behold and wonder at the stupendous love, the unparalleled, unprecedented clemency; he prays,—he prays for those very hands which were grasping the bloody weapon, and stained with clotted gore! Behold, what manner

of love was this §! Amiable example, worthy the imitation of all his followers. And O! can the tongue of mortals express; can the more enlarged comprehensions of Arch-Angels reach, that tremendous cloud which louring from the Heaven of Heavens, hung its black and dismal foliage over the adorable surety’s soul! The everlasting Father frowned upon his unchangeable beloved Son, and darted confusion into his very heart!

“ His soul, what agonies it felt,

“ When his own God withdrew;

“ And the large load of all our guilt,

“ Lay heavy on him too ¶.”

The sharpest goads, which mortals can sustain below, how do they dwindle into a diminutive nothing, compared with these heights and depths, lengths and breadths of torture and malevolence, attended with the most awful derelictions. Never, never let me complain that my afflictions are heavy, and more than I am able to sustain; but under every such unbecoming reflection *may my soul back to Calvary fly, and view her groaning Lord**. Never let me grieve at my weight of trial, since Jesus hath died; now lives and intercedes above, and feels the smarts of all his followers.—When will the desirable period commence, that I shall shake off mortality, rid myself of every noxious weed, and tangling brier, and wing my way to regions of endless bliss.

All nature swarms with life. It is like some grand machine, operating with incessant motion. If I look before, or above me, a myriad of almost imperceptible insects crowd

|| Watts.

† He bore our Sins in his own Body on the accursed Tree, 1 Pet. i. 24.

† 1 Pet. ii. 22.

§ Alluding to 1 John iii. 1.

¶ Watts.

* Idem.

the vast vacuity. The very air I momentarily attract, is throng'd with an innumerable multitude of the animalcule race. What a miracle it is that I am not choaked with the prodigious number, or poisoned with the male-influence of those minute prodigies! *They crowd each leaf, and tenant every flower.* They bask in Phebus's silver rays, and float in unsubstantial Ether! If I turn my prospect downwards, the earth appears to be convulsed, to heave, to be in perpetual agitation. *I tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies †.*—How very various and equally wonderful are the operations of thy omnipotent finger, Lord God Almighty! The broad limb'd elephant, and the creeping insect, are each the productions of an all-creating Deity. How great the discovery of thy wisdom and power, even in thy smallest works †. Not a fleeting and almost imperceptible atom, of which we could at once crush ten thousand in our fingers; not a blade of grass, nor a quivering leaf, but proclaim its Maker all divine! Universal nature is the august theatre upon which thou executest these thy wonderful works! Creation's utmost limits, ample as they are, are scarce the boundaries for thy unparallelled operations! O for a heart to praise thee for thy goodness, and for thy wonderful works manifested to the sons of men. How seldom do we contemplate the matchless excellency of thy creative power; how seldom do we praise thee *according to thy excellent greatness!* These minute touches of Deity, because the least visible, how are they almost forgotten by us! But, however the elegance of their structure is not to be inspected by our unaided eye, in a

microscopic view, how should we be startled, and at the same time delighted, at their amazing bulk, and unfaltering symmetry. How should we be then (insensibly almost) led forth in strains of adoration to the all-creating, all-preserving hand. While I am surveying these legions of sportive specks around me, and a variety of creeping creatures under me, I find myself naturally inclined to adopt the interrogation which proceeded from the lips of humble astonishment, Lord, *what is man, that thou shouldest be mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him! Man who is a worm, and the son of man who is but a worm; who dwells in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust, and who is crushed before the moth §! Verily the greatest of men, even in their best estates, are altogether vanity ||.* How near a-kin to sordid dust, and groveling worms! He that was originally created but a little lower than the Angels, hath, by his apostasy, sunk himself to such miserable depths, as have rendered him but a little more exalted than the brutes which perish! How art thou fallen, thou Son of the Morning! Man, even in his sinless state, was a creature liable to mutation, and equally exposed to mortality and punishment. He was but a man, though in the most refined and unadulterated sense. But, alas! what is there in man, in his fallen and lapsed state, that he should be so naturally addicted to entertain such exalted ideas, and conceited apprehensions of himself and his vain attainments. What little cause is there that pride should swell our bosoms, and ambition fire our hearts, when we consider ourselves, not only as creatures, dependants

† Watts,

‡ God is great even in his smallest Works,
Job iv. 19.

|| Psalm xxxix. 5.

§ Psalm viii. 4.

every moment upon a sovereign God; but as sinners, as rebels against the divine, offended Majesty. And O! how vain are the mighty distinctions that are made between a few mortals upon this little mole-hill of earth! The riches, honours and pleasures of this world, what a prevailing tendency have they to make man forgetful of his mean and abject original! What a mortifying suggestion would that be to numbers, did they but observe it with becoming attention, that however elevated they may be in their station and rank in life; they are notwithstanding, upon an equal level, considered as *sinners*, in the sight of an impartial God; that their life, breath, and all are equally in his hands, as the clay in the hands of the Potter; and that they must stand equally before him another day, to receive the decisive sentence either of approbation or condemnation; and that grace, divine grace alone, can make the least distinction. What are *riches*, though amassed to a prodigious collection? *They take them wings, and fly away as an eagle towards Heaven* †. What is *beauty*?

A bright, a dazling, but a changing flow'r,

That blooms, and fades, and withers in an hour.

Honours! What are they, so earnestly to be coveted? They vanish while we admire, before we enjoy them, and thus often disappoint our sanguine expectations; or fade in our arms, and discover themselves to be but vanity. Be nothing then, but God, a durable and all-sufficient good, the centre of my wishes, and the ultimate of every desire. To his adorable Self I desire to

cleave, with full and resolute purpose of heart. All besides this rock of everlasting ages, is empty air, and sinking sand. Our very *lives*, what is there to be depended on in the enjoyment of them? It is an airy bubble that bursts before we are aware, and dispatches our souls to the invisible realms! It is his prerogative that gave us our lives, to demand them again whensoever he pleaseth. *Our breath is in our nostrils, and wherein are we to be accounted of* †. And are we thus the dependants upon infinite goodness; the Pensioners upon sovereign bounty; and (awful thought!) traitors against the majesty of Heaven; what an amazing instance then is it of love and grace, without a bottom or a shore, that he should stoop to pity us, to save us, to redeem us, when almost in the pit of destruction, and in the very jaws of ruin! Wonder, O Heavens unsearchable, be astonished out of measure thou prostrate earth! The incomprehensible God invests himself with bowels of compassion to apostate man, and resigns the darling of his bosom, *in whom was all his delight* †, to sustain the penalty due to sin, to restore the chosen, beloved rebel to the divine likeness, and at length to introduce him to the fulness of joy.

Forgive, Sir, my brevity. You may perceive that room forbids proceeding, I have at present confined myself to (and would not willingly exceed) these limits. You may expect a few more lines upon this subject. In the mean time, permit me to subscribe myself,

Yours, cordially,

Tooley-Street,
Southwark.

J. L.

[To be continued.]

† Proverbs xxiii. 5.

† Isaiah lii. 22.

|| xlii. 1.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

By inserting the following Reflections
in your next will further oblige,

Your Humble Servant,

W. S.

Reflections on the Passion of Christ.

"He weeps!—the falling drop
puts out the sun:

"He sighs!—the sigh, earth's
deep foundation's shake."

Night Thoughts.

WHAT subject can be more
important and interesting,
than the sufferings of that illustri-
ous person, our Lord and Saviour
Jesus Christ, who by his meritorious
life and death hath amply qualified
himself for the office of our Media-
tor and Intercessor, &c. In this
great Work, the pathetic and mar-
vellous unite; and form the grand-
est and most striking catastrophe,
that ever was or shall be exhibited
on the theatre of the universe. A
few of the last hours of this Prince
of life have such an amazing variety
of wonders in them, that it well be-
comes each of his Disciples, fre-
quently to make a pause in the bu-
sy path of life, and spend a few mi-
nutes in reflecting on that momen-
tous conflict, the issue of which was
of no less concern than the happi-
ness or misery of his immortal soul.

Gethsemane, by the Mount of O-
lives, near the holy city, was mark-
ed out for the scene, where this tra-
gedy should commence. A garden,
Eden's flowery walks were privy to
the fatal deed, which gave being to
this stupendous requisite; there the
subtle serpent triumphed over the
innocency and fidelity of our proge-
nitors, and sowed in their natures
that accursed seed, which, thro' suc-

ceeding ages, produced that infinity
of evils which have exercised the
souls, bodies, societies, and nations
of us men, their contaminated off-
spring: and now, by the wise ap-
pointment of God, a garden is made
choice of, in which he would begin
to finish transgression, and make an
end of that wide-spreading sin. Je-
sus knowing that the fatal hour drew
near, instituted the eucharist, sang a
hymn, and pouring from his resign-
ed heart a most affecting prayer, went
forth to the combat, attended with
his dear Eleven, and having entered
the much frequented recess, he ad-
dresses himself to the bloody strife
with all the heroism, which became
the Saviour of the world.

The great Father of Spirits, and
God of all flesh, beheld from on
high the approaching crisis of hu-
man affairs: On the one hand he
saw all men as sheep going astray,
and taking hasty steps to perdition;
on the other was his dear Son, their
great Champion, entered the list,
and challenging all their enemies,
offering to give satisfaction for their
sins, even to the uttermost farthing.
The Father saw and accepted the
surety, and, beyond measure graci-
ous to unworthy man, declared that
it was his pleasure to bruise him,
and to put him (although his dear
Son) to pain: To this end, as the
time drew near in which this *great-
Evening Sacrifice* was to be offered,
he removed the hedge of divine pro-
tection from the holy victim, and
left this dearly beloved of his soul
exposed to all the storms of angry
vengeance, and shafts of infernal
fury.

Now emerged from the dark pro-
found of futurity, that long since
predicted hour, pregnant with all
the evils that will attend infernal
despotism. Immediately the great
Omniscient commands a celestial
herald

herald to explore the obscure gates of Hell, and thunder thro' the gloomy empire this amazing delegation of his power, viz. *Now is your hour and the power of darkness.* Through the horrible concave rung the angelic voice, and carried the desired intelligence to the ear of Lucifer and all his host : Its efficacy burst the bands of the otherwise invincible restraint, and feeling freedom, they meditate mischief, and rise to improve this period, for the most evident display of their unconquerable enmity to their Almighty Superior.

Forth they issue from their dismal prison, join their black associates, those powers of the air ; and, led by Beelzebub their desperate Prince, they hasten to the place which inclosed the Messiah, the single mark of their united and inveterate malice. Their experienced Leader detaches a legion to the Jewish Sanhedrim, to blow up the Pharasaic pride and Sadducean hatred to seven fold rage : Another covetous and traiterous party take firm possession of wretched Judas's breast : Another battalion assault the Eleven, pouring into their weak hearts ten thousand fears, while a chosen cohort sift as wheat the forward son of Jonah, and lodged in his soul, under the covert of his vain confidence, a base and execrating spirit. Satan having taken his measures, advances to wreak on his adversary the quintessence of his diabolical art.

The vast store of vengeance treasured up by sinful men against the day of wrath, was now opened by the hand of divine justice ; down it rushed with remorseless fury on mankind's devoted surety ; and invading his spirit, it filled him with deadly sorrow : The acute sensation burst through his lips in a pathetic complaint to his three favourites, *now is my soul exceeding sorrowful even unto*

death. Tarry ye here and watch, I will go, and in imitation of my royal ancestor, now my heart is in heaviness I will think upon God, and now my soul is vexed I will complain.

He withdraws to single combat : Immersed in the gloom of night, he prostrates himself on the cold ground, and prays with strong cries and tears, and yet with most perfect resignation, to him who was able to save him from death : But alas that could not be ; for this Captain of our salvation must be made perfect through sufferings. Wherefore the grim King of terrors, dressed by Satan's own affrighting hand, appears, and, with a dart that threatened certain and most painful dissolution, confronted our dear Redeemer. The dreadful form tore up the soul of this Son of David, and struck amazement through all his humanity. After the grisly King, stalked angry vengeance with the bitter cup of divine wrath in his hand ; Jesus drank a little, but the excruciating contents so agitated his mental powers, that his labouring body sweat great drops of blood falling down to the ground ; and being in this agony, he prayed more earnestly, when lo ! a celestial being on the wings of joy administered a heavenly cordial to him, whom it was his greatest happiness to adore ; for let all the angels of God worship him, is the command of the great Jehovah.

The dreadful agony being abated, he rises, rouses his drowsy Disciples, and with peculiar fortitude meets his murderers. Treacherous Judas heads the impious rabble, and basely prostitutes the friendly salute to the most execrable purpose. They ask for Jesus, but on his confessing his identity the poor worms give way, and fall to the ground. However, blinded by Satan, they rally again, seize their prey, bind him, and lead

lead him away to the High Priest, while the numerous Eleven forsake him, and betake them to flight.

Affiduous for mischief the Levitical divan sat in judgment at this hour of the night. Behold the great judge of quick and dead stands bound as a criminal at the bar! O how surprizing, to hear this despicable prisoner preach his own Messiahship, his future session at God's right hand, and glorious advent at the last day in the clouds of Heaven! This astonishing confession being construed blasphemy by his malicious judges, they sentence him to death, *and smite this King of Israel with a rod upon the face.* They drag him to Pilate, to scoffing Herod, and back again to Pilate; and having chose a murderer before him, they extort a cruel sentence of death on him, from the judge who found no fault in him. The Roman soldier's assembling their whole band, they bind the blessed victim, lash and tear his sacred body with the scourge, ploughing long and deep furrows on his back; and their infernal tutor prompting them, they made a thorny crown, and surrounding his temples with it, they smote the pungent mischief into the throbbing nerves, and mock the Majesty of Heaven in a most daring manner.

Thus barbarously and contemptibly crowned, tormented all over, and bathed in his own blood, they lead our precious Lamb without the gate to sacrifice him: Altho' scarcely able to sustain his own broken body, yet they impose on the shoulders of this Isaac the accursed tree on which he was to suffer. Who can stand unmoved, when he hears this tender Father of his people forget all that agony and contempt which he laboured under, in his concern for his rebellious Israel? Weep not for me, says he, to the few melted hearts that followed him;

weep not for me, but for yourselves and children, over whose heads the cloud of impending vengeance is gathering, which shall sweep down your temple and city, and make life itself bitter to the wretched survivors.

Having ascended Mount Calvary they distend the illustrious sufferer on the execrable cross, and having transfixed to it his tender hands and feet, they rear him up between the earth and Heavens, a spectacle to angels and men. What a sight was here! well sings the astonished Young,

"There hangs all human hope:
that nail supports

"Our falling universe: that
gone, we drop;

"Horror receives us"——

Notwithstanding it is all our hope, who can think of it without pungent grief and horror! What must be the thoughts of his beloved few at this time! but chiefly what must angels think, who were fully sensible of his divinity! while they wonder at the unfathomable depth of his designs, what resentment must fire them at this affront offered to their Master and God! doubtless they waited round him, not only to pry into the astonishing mystery of this transaction; but also to testify their readiness to revenge him at command. One hint only from the despised Jesus, had been the ruin, not only of those miscreants, but of the whole system of nature. More than ten legions would have appeared to his aid, and declared their abhorrence of this devilish plot, by the most alarming displays of power and vengeance.

The sun from his meridian throne beheld the daring deed, as it were enraged at their insolence towards him for whom he had laboured four thousand years, and in order to hide the shame of his great Creator, he collects his radiant beams, shuts up the

the innumerable sons of light, and calls up darkness, with her gloomy train, to hang his hemisphere with deep mourning at noon-day; thus veiling the divine patient for three hours.

At the ninth hour Jesus drank the dregs of that bitter cup, and the enormous group of our guilt eclipsed his Father's presence; then struck by the keenest arrow of Hell, horrors, unfelt before, invade his soul, he cries with the eloquence of deep woe, after the departed pleasure; *my God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*

Again, having with a loud voice commended his spirit into his Father's hands, he uttered the important word, *it is finished*, and surrendered up his soul a sacrifice for our sins. Immediately a strong angel flies to the temple, seizes the top of the separating vail, and by a mighty rent lays open the Sanctum Sanctorum to the amazed Priests, indicating, that a new and living way into the holiest of all was opened and consecrated through Christ's flesh, and that the shadows must give place to the substance.

The Earth trembled under the impious crime; and the rending rocks, from their gaping chasms, preached the greatness of the sufferer; even death was deprived of some of his captives as reprisals for his late attack on the illustrious Prince of Life.

Thus was the Messiah cut off from the land of the living; and thus in the most legible and striking characters was written on the cross that awful sentence, *curst is every one who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them*. For Christ bare our sins in his body on the tree, and so became a curse for us. O how astonishing is God in his

ways of love to us! let us, therefore, seeing all nature expressing its concern and interest in this bloody scene, let us, with the Centurion cry, *surely this was the Son of God*.

When we contemplate this woful spectacle we must acknowledge that an enemy hath done this: and shall we make any truce, or keep any measures with that enemy? O let all who bear the name of this sacred sufferer, depart from all iniquity! do you not see what sin has done? Can there be any motive wanting to excite your disgust at sin, while the bleeding breathless corpse of your Saviour is before you! O never, never hug that accursed thing, but shew your discipleship by hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.

Neither let any whose hearts have felt the efficacy of converting grace, doubt the sufficiency of Christ's merit to justify, or that he is unwilling to receive them. This is ungrateful to the last degree. His precious blood, his pains, and cries, thunder through the world, to the last moment of time, that *whosoever comes unto him he will in no wise cast out*. Look, therefore, to this Jesus and be saved, even from the ends of the earth. This is the alone sacrifice for sin. Turn yourself from this, O sinner, and you have nothing to expect but a fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation. Here the attributes of God all harmonize, and no where else. No one soul in the last great assize shall have it to say, that he sought this Jesus in vain: *Nor shall any escape who neglect this great salvation*. While, therefore, this crucified Christ is to the Jews a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness, may he be to me, and to all who read this, Christ, the power of God, and the wisdom of God.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*If you think the following Thoughts
worthy of a Place in your useful Ma-
gazine, by inserting them you will
oblige*

Your constant Reader,

J. D.

I Am persuaded that it is the de-
fire of all the children of God,
to be led into every divine and need-
ful truth, and to be kept as much
from sin as from Hell, to be as much
sanctified as glorified; from this de-
fire I am led to give you my
thoughts on the advocateship of
Christ in Heaven, that if I am
wrong, some of your pious and
learned correspondents would bet-
ter inform me. The general no-
tion of Divines, is, that he pleads
with the Father in Heaven, for his
elect. Thus my father (who was a
Minister of the church of Scotland) I
remember, when a child, used to
teach me those questions and an-
swers, *viz.* Where is Christ? He is
in Heaven. What is he doing
there? He is pleading for sinners.
But what idea does this give us of
the blessed Father? Does it not re-
present him as unreconciled to his
people? If God the Father's ever-
lasting love was the first cause of
the contrivance of our salvation; if
the Son has made a full satisfaction
to the law and justice of God, by
testifying from the cross *it is finished*;
I apprehend the whole work of our
redemption was compleated, every
divine attribute was satisfied, and
God the Father well pleased with
the Elect in Christ. When I go by
prayer to a throne of grace, I go to
a God in Christ, well pleased with
me for his righteousness sake; for
God was in Christ reconciling the

world to himself, not imputing their
trespasses to them. I am afraid that
many believers think they are more
beholden to Christ than to the Fa-
ther and blessed Spirit, in the work
of our salvation. This was my
weak thought years ago; but,
blessed be God, I now see that the
blessed Elohim are equally con-
cerned in the oeconomy of our sal-
vation. The gracious Father con-
trived the wonderful method of our
redemption, as the result of his ever-
lasting love. The beloved Son ex-
ecuted the dreadful plan as the con-
sequent of *his* love. And the adora-
ble Spirit applies this salvation to
the hearts of his people, as the effect
of *his* love; so that I apprehend,
equal honour, love and adoration, is
the right of each blessed person.
There must either be, or not be a
necessity for Christ's pleading in
Heaven; if the former, then the
work of our salvation cannot be
compleat until Christ has finished his
pleading, which cannot be until all
the Elect are called, sanctified, and
glorified. But if the latter, then
Christ's pleading in Heaven must be
a figurative expression, in which
both the Old and New Testament
abound. Our Lord says, *I am the
way. I am the door. I am the Vine.
I am the good Shepherd, &c.* these fi-
gures we well understand. The
pious Dr. Watts excellently ex-
presses my sentiments on this sub-
ject, in his hymn on the offices of
Christ. Book I. Hymn 150th.

*Jesus my great High Priest offered
his blood and dy'd;*

*My guilty conscience seeks no sacri-
fice beside.*

*His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the
throne.*

I believe our Advocate with the
Father is the glorified human soul
and

and body of our exalted Immanuel, in which the marks of his sufferings are to be seen, and will be seen by the elect to all eternity : and that we shall never be without such an advocate in Heaven even unto endless ages.

If this my Judgment is either contrary to the word of God, or to the experience of the Saints ; it may be for spiritual edification if some worthy correspondent would answer it ; which I shall with humility attend to, and be glad to receive instruction from, as this was my only design in laying these thoughts before you.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

How far a Believer's Desire for present Comfort may be extended, consistent with a View to the Glory of God considered.

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

My dear Friend,

I Received the favour of yours, and observe the question you propose, and to which you desire I would return you an answer. I would not be so far guilty of a breach of Christian friendship, as not to attend to your request ; but would just beg leave to observe to you, that it is not usual for persons, who are desirous of instruction or information, to propound their questions unto babes, because we are naturally led to conclude that they are incapable of being of any real advantage to us.

I cannot prevail with myself to imagine that the following will be found to answer your expectations ; but if it should be the pleasure of the Lord to attend it with a divine blessing, for your spiritual instructi-

on and edification, ascribe all the glory to him who *out of the mouths of babes and sucklings* is sometimes pleased to *perfect* his own praise *.

The question you have been pleased to propose, is of no small importance. You ask me "How far a Believer's desire for present comfort may be extended, consistent with a view to the glory of God ?" After what I have promised as above, I flatter myself that my friend will not expect from me a *full and complete* answer : this is what I can by no means pretend to give : all that I shall presume to do will be, only to shew you *my opinion*, and which in brief is this, I apprehend that these desires can be no farther consistent with a view to the glory of God, than as they are put forth in *perfect acquiescence with the divine will*.

The ever adorable Jesus hath left us an example that we should follow his steps †. Being just about to finish the work his divine Father had given him to do, by making his soul an offering for sin ; when the sorrows of death compassed him about and the pains of Hell got hold upon him ; when being in an agony, he sweat as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground : I say, then, yea even then were his desires for present comfort and deliverance, put forth in perfect acquiescence with the divine will. O my Father, says he, *if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt* ||. And again, he prayed a second time, saying, O my Father, *if this cup may not pass away from me, except I drink it, thy will be done*.

We are but too frequently ready to imagine, that if we were in more comfortable circumstances respecting

* Matt. xxi. 16.

† 1 Pet. ii. 21.

|| Mat. xxvi. 39, 42.

the frame of our souls, it would certainly redound more to the honour and glory of God; but let us remember, that this is no other than to arraign his infinite wisdom at the bar of our carnal reason, than which, nothing can be more daring and impious. Jehovah is infinitely wise, and therefore we may be well assured, that if it is his pleasure to withhold comfort from us, it is to answer the purposes of his own glory.

It will be readily acknowledged, that to be *strong in faith* is to *give glory to God**: nor is it difficult to believe, when under the special influences of the divine spirit; but when it is the pleasure of Jehovah to hide his face; when clouds and thick darkness are round about our tabernacle; in these circumstances, not to cast away our confidence, but continue to hope, even though it were against hope, is not, perhaps found to be a practicable thing: and yet, even in this case, we find, that it is frequently the pleasure of the Most High, to give in such secret supplies, as to enable the believer, though *walking in darkness* and *seeing no light*, to *trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God*†, which secret supplies, himself makes an humble acknowledgement of to the glory of divine grace, when his heavenly Father is pleased to *bring his soul out of prison, and set his feet in a large place*. ||

Jehovah's ways, are sometimes in the great deep, and his footsteps in the mighty waters, intirely out of sight: and the believer is very often at a loss for a reason, why his heavenly Father deals with him in the manner he does. Let our experiences testify to the truth of this my assertion; but shall we from hence

call in question his love to us, his care over us, or presume to dictate to infinite wisdom, who knows what is best for us? No, my dear Friend, rather let us quietly submit to every of his dispensations towards us, and patiently wait for the happy period, when all the mysteries, both of providence and of grace, will be unfolded: when we shall see *no more through a glass darkly*§; but behold, and contemplate, with wonder and admiration, the consummate wisdom of the eternal Jehovah in the whole of his dealings with us, while guiding and conducting us through this waste howling wilderness, safe to his everlasting kingdom and glory.

Happy, unspeakably happy they, who have entered yonder regions of bliss and immortality! All the difficulties, dangers and distresses of this thorny road with them are at an end. *They rest from their labours*†. They, who while here below, either through the force of temptation, the weight of affliction, or the hidings of the face of their heavenly Father, *made their beds to swim, and watered their couches with their tears*¶, are now safely landed on that blissful shore, where there is *no more sorrow nor crying*††. There the glorious Lord is to them a place of broad rivers and streams; there *the Lamb doth lead them to living fountains of water, and their heavenly Father wipes away all tears from their eyes*‡‡. Their joy is uninterrupted, and will continue so to be throughout the endless ages of a never-ceasing eternity.

Haste, happy moment! when we shall be permitted to join the Grand Chorus of the harmonious sky, in singing that new song, which none but the redeemed of the Lamb can

* Rom. iv. 20.

† Rev. xiv. 13.

† Isa. l. 10.

¶ Psal. vi. 6.

|| Psal. xviii. 19.

†† Rev. xxi. 4.

§ 1 Cor. xiii. 12.

‡‡ Rev. vii. 7.

sing

sing: *Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us Kings and Priests unto God and his Father; to*

him be glory for ever and ever, Amen. Hallelujah †:

I remain, my dear Friend,
Yours inviolably,

Lambeth, Jan. 26,
1762.

J. H.



P O E T R Y.

The COMPLAINT.

To PALEMÓN.

Saw ye him whom my soul loveth? O that I knew where I might find him!

MY lyre's unstrung, oh! ask me
not to sing

The songs of Sion, due to Sion's
King:

Melodious sounds, adieu! I touch
no more

The tuneless cords, harmonious
heretofore:

Musick's best suited to the mind
that's free,

Possessing joys in calm serenity;

To those estrang'd my lonely state
I wail,

One only wish, 'midst sad complaints
prevail.

Musick soothes cares, and dissipates
the gloom

That cares produce, in nature's sons
sure doom;

And helps to bear, how ponderous
oft the load,

The ills we meet with in this
dreary road,

'Bating the anguish of the sharpest
goad.

In musick's charms yet I no com-
fort find,

At best an ill Physician for the mind;

Tho' all its pow'rs unite to grant
relief,

'Twould not prevent, nor ought as-
swage my grief;

My pains, heart-felt, a vulture lies
within,

And there's the source whence all
my sorrows spring;

No colouring false I need to paint
my woe,

My form doth all my inward an-
guish show.

Why dost thou mourning wear?
say, hast thou lost

The faithful part'ner of thy ev'ry
cross?

Or, hath death snatch'd away thy
darling boy?

Thy future comfort hop'd, thy pre-
sent joy?

Or, racks thy body with his run-
ners fore?

Pains, second deaths, that fill the
mind with more

Terrors, than when he like him-
self appears,

Awful in justice, and the guilty
scares,

Filling the wretch with hell-
foreboding fears?

Or, has loud thunders batter'd down
thy walls?

Fell light'ning burnt thy corn? Did
hailstones fall,

And coals of fire, from out th' Al-
mighty's store,

With winds, from prison broke, in
threat'ning roar

Of full destruction to thy labour'd
gains,

The toilsome harvest of thy whole
life's pains?

Did earthquakes swallow what the
 storm had left?
 And art thou of all thy temp'ral
 goods bereft?
 If these, or ills like these, inspire
 thy woe,
 Know, they are the common lot of
 all below:
 He that, exempt from trials, vaunts
 on high,
 Braving the pow'r of Heav'n's high
 Majesty,
 Claims not the equal rank of those
 who bear
 Patient the rod, of him who will
 not spare
 Ev'n those he loves: But as a fa-
 ther does
 His son chastise; so God does those
 he loves.
 Leave thy complaints then, lay thy
 mourning by,
 Bear well thy present lot, nor dare
 defy
 Infinite strength; but resignation
 learn,
 And stifle from thy friends thy sad
 concern:
 So may thy patience be in part thy
 cure,
 And time remove those ills thou
 dost endure.
 Ill thou prescrib'st, as knowing not
 the cause
 Whence rise my woe; know this,
 that nature's laws
 Inverted are, by such that wrest
 their power,
 To cure the torments of one ling'ring
 hour.
 No earthly loss I mourn! no crea-
 ture love
 Draws forth these tears; false heart
 why didst thou rove?
 I mourn the loss of him, whose face
 till now
 Ne'er wore a frown, nor did dis-
 pleasure show!

A Lord I had, Lord of the skies,
 the same
 Who left his glory, and bore sinners
 shame;
 He, before whom sublime Arch-
 Angels fall,
 And all the hosts of light obey his
 call;
 He, amazing love! who did me es-
 pouse,
 Black as I was, and for his bride me
 chose;
 My nakedness he cloath'd with gar-
 ments clean,
 And from a friend I rose a beaute-
 ous Queen:
 Fair in his sight, his beauties all my
 own,
 Of him I boasted, of his victories
 won
 Each day I sang; and vow'd obe-
 dience due,
 To him who's constant, ever loving,
 true.
 My notes how chang'd, and all the
 song I sing
 Is Sion's lamentation for her
 king ||.
 Of him I'll not complain, the fault's
 my own,
 I faithless prov'd to him, the only
 one
 That did me good, and to his bed
 I bore
 A filthy stranger, so deserving
 more
 Than he inflicts; yet long I can't
 survive
 His absence, 'tis his presence makes
 me live:
 I call to mind, but, ah! that time's
 no more
 When, like the lark, my soul aloft
 did soar,
 The world forgot, and all its gay
 delight
 Appear'd as bubbles to my ravish'd
 sight:

One only wish and aim, I after
 preſt,
 To pleaſe, and ſo detain my lovely
 gueſt;
 I charg'd the minutes as they ſwiftly
 flew,
 With over-ſpeed; I nought but
 pleaſure knew:
 Joyful his preſence was, and light
 diffus'd
 Around my tent; but, I this love
 abus'd;
 And him provoking by my foul diſ-
 grace,
 The cauſe I now ſee not his lovely
 face.
 He ſhuns me quite, and treats me
 as a foe;
 And farther ſtill from me he ſeems
 to go.
 With hands uplift, and weeping
 eyes, I cry,
 Oh! ſtay my love, and dont my ſuit
 deny!
 Return, return, and oh! vouchſafe
 the bliſs!
 If not thy lips, yet may thy feet I
 kiſs.
 Then would I clasp thee faſt, nor let
 thee go,
 Till, by thy ſmiles, my joys begin
 to grow;
 Nor then, but follow with unwea-
 ried pace
 Thy track, thro' all the mazes of my
 race;
 I'd mark thy footſteps, they ſhould
 guide my way,
 And I no more from thee, my love,
 ſhould ſtray:
 Then ſhew thy face, nor take me
 for thy foe,
 Left ſtrangers wonder thou art al-
 ter'd ſo.
 Here will I lie expos'd to heat, and
 cold,
 Until thy pitying eye my love be-
 hold.

Say, I've been falſe and broke re-
 peated vows,
 Yet, hear this one petition of thy
 ſpouſe,
 E'er thou award, what juſtice might
 demand,
 Since death, or life, is only in thy
 hand;
 Be thou my judge! the charge I
 can't deny,
 And only on thy ſworn affection lie:
 Lord of my life thou art, and I
 confeſs
 Others uſurpt thy place, I've much
 transgreſs'd;
 My will conſenting to complete my
 ſhame,
 While others cenſure, moſt myſelf
 I blame:
 Then, O return! thy right aſſert
 in me,
 And from thoſe tyrant Lords now
 ſet me free!
 Grant, I again regain my liberty.
 Time lingers, till the wiſh'd-for
 minute come,
 For my releaſe, I mean my Lord's
 return:
 Pleaſures no more, till then my
 lyre's unſtrung,
 Quite out of tune, and on the wil-
 lows hung.

T. C,

*Ryegate, Surry,**Feb. 20. 1762.*

(To be continued.)

The ſerious Admonition, or
 Advice to AMYNIA.

ACcept theſe lines, dear Miſs, I
 to you ſend,
 Who, tho' unknown, am yet your
 real friend;
 'Tis my deſire propitious Heaven
 may bleſs
 Your growing years, with growing
 happineſs,

And,

And, for this end, you must e'en
 now engage,
 To shun the reigning follies of the
 age ;
 In bloom of youth, let reason be
 your guide,
 And, from its dictates, never turn
 aside :
 What we imbibe in youth, we sel-
 dom leave,
 But still, in age, to youthful follies
 cleave.
 Let pride be ever banish'd from your
 sight,
 Oppose its progress with your great-
 est might ;
 But let good nature dwell within
 your breast,
 That pleasing, ever lovely, heaven-
 ly guest :
 Let modesty and truth shine thro'
 your soul,
 And spotless virtue influence the
 whole ;
 Indulge no passion, banish every
 vice,
 Let nought what e'er your soul to
 sin entice :
 Drive vanity and flattery quite a-
 way,
 Nor strive to shine amidst the
 thoughtless gay ;
 Be not o'er nice your person to a-
 dorn,
 Nor vainly piqu'd on your own
 beauteous form :
 Trust not too much to beauty's fad-
 ing flower,
 That short-liv'd phantom, play-
 thing of an hour :
 Let nobler objects your attention
 claim ;
 To cultivate your mind, be't all
 your aim ;

Your tender mind with useful wis-
 dom store,
 'Tis this will shine when beauty is
 no more ;
 'Tis virtue only makes you truly
 fair,
 Therefore let virtue be your chief-
 est care ;
 'Tis this would make you far more
 brighter shine,
 'Tis this would make your form ap-
 pear divine ;
 'Tis this will add a grace when
 youth is fled,
 'Tis this will flourish on a hoary
 head,
 'Tis this would make you lov'd when
 past your prime ;
 'Tis this will flourish, spite of en-
 vious time :
 Nor age, nor time, nor death, itself
 shall e'er,
 Obliterate the lovely character.
 'Tis this will noblest satisfaction
 give,
 This is the end for which we ought
 to live ;
 'Tis this alone will give you inward
 peace,
 This is the way that leads to hea-
 venly bliss :
 This is the way philosophy does
 teach,
 And 'tis for this, that learn'd divines
 do preach,
 In short, this is the way that God
 has given,
 To make us useful here, and fit for
 Heaven.

Hinckley, Leicestershire, J. S.
 Feb. 18, 1762.

*A Morning's Excursion in the
Country, improved.*

LETTER VI.

To _____,

My DEAR FRIEND,

I Cannot but esteem myself most richly obliged when I reflect upon your candid behaviour in the receipt of these poor, very mean attempts of your unworthy friend. Alas ! how impossible is it that such a rude, uncultivated fancy, should be productive of any thing worthy the attention of so accurate an understanding, and discerning an eye. I am conscious, my dear correspondent, of my incapacity ; I feel, hourly feel my insufficiency for every attempt of this nature. It is your repeated and fervent solicitations that excite and encourage me, or I should longe'er this time have dropped my pen, and crushed my thoughts in embryo. How wild and incoherent are the touches in my preceding essays upon this subject ! I have been lost to the least degree of regularity, and while roving in nature's ample field, have been as chaotic in my ideas, as she when emerging into existence from her great anti-mundane ancestor, *Nothing*. I almost blush that the letters I have written should be the spectators of a feeble ray, even in your own hand ; and can scarcely forbear recommending them to your chimney for their urn. What shall I say ? I had almost stiled the whole series of foregoing epistles, *a tedious heap of unmeaning jargon*. And is my friend still importunate, that I would pursue my theme ? Notwithstanding all I urge, are you still impatiently

waiting for further sketches of *pompous ignorance* ? I am astonished at your clemency, and esteem a cheerful compliance my incumbent duty. And O, that I could dig some precious gem out of the barren quarry of my invention, to enrich my own soul, and yours, Sir, for whose spiritual and everlasting welfare, I trust I am most sincerely concerned. As my meditations have been lately much hindered, and my thoughts in no small fluctuation ; I must beg you to forgive my present brevity, which is my best apology for my former prolixity.

Who can forbear admiring the little busy laborious Bee ?

" Yonder she sits on bloom extracting liquid sweet."

MILTON.

Risen with the early dawn, she roves abroad, and with the most indefatigable industry, and like a skillful chymist, probes each opening flower. Universal nature, I perceive, is a school of the sublimest instruction, wherein the noblest lessons are taught, and examples of the most interesting nature are exhibited. We are not sent to the most elaborate pages of human invention ; nor to the greatest adepts in elocution, to be directed in the path of duty ; but to the meanest and most despicable of animals. " Go to the *Ant* thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise *." Attend all ye *drones* in society, attend diligently to the silent, but powerful admonitions of this almost incessantly employed workman !

“ See, how this little busy Bee,
 “ Improves each shining hour;
 “ And gathers honey all the day,
 “ From ev’ry op’ning flow’r.”

WATTS.

Instructive monitor! to whose important lectures I desire seriously to attend; I would transcribe them upon my very heart, and carefully practice them through the whole of my conduct.—Alas! what are my days, though protracted to a length the most remarkable! life, in the most engaging view, is but an airy bubble, a fleeting vapour, a fading, withering flower; a nothing, less than nothing and vanity! and shall I lavish away my precious moments in quest of trifles, and things which perish with the using? Shall I stupidly employ myself in collecting a few baubles on the sea shore, when I have business of the most momentous nature to transact, and know not but the next rolling billow may overwhelm me in the fathomless abyss? Shall I, while dreadfully pendant on the verge of a lofty precipice, cleaving only to a feeble straw, continue gazing on the wonders of the craggy cliff, and the beauties of the humble vale below; and not endeavour, without delay endeavour, to secure my hold, and prevent dislocated limbs and mangled flesh? Yes, my dear friend, there is one thing needful, superlatively needful, in comparison of which, every other pursuit is not worthy of a single thought. We have a race to run, and a prize to win; we have numerous formidable enemies to encounter with, a myriad of infernal corruptions to mortify and subdue, many, very many graces to cultivate and improve.—Who, who can

be indolent, that reflects upon the inestimable value of their precious souls, and the transporting, and tremendous realities of the invisible state! but yet, sad indeed to say! (nature seems to blush at the consideration; the minutest reptile turns preceptor, and reproves the amazing folly) what numbers of immortal beings, instead of being parsimonious of that, which when once lost is never, never to be retrieved, waste their days, their weeks, their months, and years; and O that I had not just reason to say, their *whole lives* also; as tho’ extravagance was the greatest prudence, and to become spendthrifts the noblest attainment. Universal nature is one vast, august, ever-operating machine! Its continual vicissitudes, and incessant motions, in the ear of reason, *whispers*, shall I say, *thunders*, constant industry, and unwearied activity, in every interesting concern. It is with regret I now mention the thoughtless thousands, who at this most charming and delightful hour, are “ stretching themselves upon their “ couches*,” and in the most sluggish accents petitioning, “ a little “ sleep, a little slumber, a little “ folding of the hands to sleep †.” They are wholly strangers to the matchless perfumes of yonder odoriferous spot, which so agreeably salute my nostrils. To these persons, these rich favours of indulgent Heaven, are but as prizes in the hands of fools. They have little thought of the worth of time, or they would seize, eagerly seize, the golden ever-fleeting moments, improve them to the noblest purposes, ere they fly away and are no more!—Happy souls, who in life’s *morning hour* employ themselves in the most interesting of all services; whole

* Alluding to Amos, vi. 4.

† Prov. vi. 10.

meridian is spent in the work of the best of masters, and who are prepared for the shadows of the *evening*, and the long, long *night* of death, "in which no man can work †."

"The *Bee* upon the flow'ry lawn,
"Imbibes the lucid drops of dawn,
"Works them 'in his mysterious mould,
"And turns the common dew to gold."

GIBBONS.

"Industrious workmen, that sweep, with busy wing, the flow'ry garden, and search the blooming heath, and sip the mellifluous dews: strangers to idleness, that ply with incessant assiduity, your pleasing task, and suffer no opening blossom to pass unexplored, no sunny gleam to slip away unimproved: most ingenious artificers, that cling to the fragrant buds, and with your nice incerted tubes, probe them to the very bottom; drain them of their treasured sweets; and extract even the odoriferous souls of herbs, and plants, and flowers.—You, when you have compleated your work; collected, refined, and securely lodged the ambrosial stores, and might reasonably expect the peaceful fruition of your acquisitions; you, alas! are barbarously destroyed, and leave your hoarded delicacies to others; leave

"them to be enjoyed by your very murderers. I cannot but pity your hard destiny!—How, then, should my bowels melt with sympathy, and eyes flow with tears §; when I remember, that *thus, thus* it fared with your and our incarnate Maker! after a life of the most exemplary and useful piety; a life filled with offices of beneficence, and labours of love; He was, by wicked hands, crucified and slain. He left the honey of his toil, the balm of his blood, and the riches of his obedience, to be shared among others: to be shared even among those, who too often crucify him afresh, and put him to open shame ¶"

As no flower, not the most disagreeable and offensive, but yields a treasure for this amazing artifice; by whose matchless manufactures, it becomes not inferior, for utility and richness to the production of the *spicy islands*, or the *Arabian shores*; in like manner, is there not the *honey* of the sublimest improvement, and the purest joy, to be extracted from the most *piercing briers* and *grieving thorns*, which often goad the true Christian in his travels through this inhospitable wilderness? Every thing (says the oracle from Heaven) shall work together for the Believer's good ||." Charming promise! delightful assertion! this is sufficient to sweeten the most bitter cup, to wipe the dewy eye-lid dry,

† John ix. 4.

§ Can Thou, ungrateful Man, his Torments see,
Nor drop a tear for HIM, who pour'd his blood for Thee?

PITT'S Poems, 8vo.

¶ Hervey's Descant upon Creation, Med. vol. I. page 269. As I very fortunately, while writing, recollected this beautiful passage, which is perfectly picturesque and apposite to my present subject; I could not persuade myself from transcribing the whole paragraph. I am proud of enriching my poor performance with so elegant a quotation. But after such a specimen of the true sublime, any thing that I attempt must necessarily appear intolerably flat and jejune.—This is a star inclosed in a clod; a precious gem, among rude gravel stones.

|| Rom. viii. 28.

and to sooth the most afflicted breast. In patience then it becomes us to possess our souls. The scourge is in the hand of a gracious and covenant Father. At the same time that he is probing our wounds, he is able to dispense the oil and wine of divine consolations. He can cause good to spring out of evil, and out of darkness, light. His unerring wisdom, and matchless love, are most intimately concerned in every of his dispensations towards us. If he lays his finger upon us, whether in providence or grace, we may be assured it is to answer the most important purposes, and in subordination to the noblest and most gracious designs. Where is the Christian who hath not reason to make this ingenuous acknowledgement, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted†." Let us then submit, patiently submit, to the heaviest strokes and severest frowns. Remember Jesus "was a man of sorrows and acquainted with griefs||." When our spirits are ready to be overwhelmed within us, let us soar in the rapid car of ardent contemplation, to Calvary's infamous summit, and view a scene of sufferings, in comparison of which, *ours* are less than nothing and lighter than vanity; are chased away and totally disappear, as the twinkling tapers of Heaven are now invisible in the presence of a more august and resplendent luminary. It is the constant office of a truly spiritual mind, to turn the most common and ordinary occurrences in life into an evangelical mould. Universal nature is pregnant with objects to assist the sanctified invention. In this august *museum*, who can be destitute of oil to feed the lamp of sacred meditation? O that in this particular

all the Lord's people were prophets! in this respect it is the duty of every Christian to commence *preacher*. Have we not sometimes, my dear friend, kindled our feeble taper, at some amazing display of creative power in the minutest creatures, and indulged a young contemplation from a providential incident, which have been productive of solid comfort and durable pleasure, while unnoticed and disregarded by the thoughtless many. Permit me to recommend this practice to my correspondent; as an habitual regard hereto, I promise myself will be fruitful of the most sublime improvement. I wish I could urge you to the duty from my own experience of its advantages, arising from an unwearied assiduity in the noble exercise. It is my hearty and unfeigned desire that our affections may be more sanctified, and that we may be assisted in extracting the *boney* of sacred instruction from the *meanest flower*, even from those things which are foolishness to the world; and above all, that our meditations may dwell upon the matchless *Rose of Sharon*, whose *virtues* can never be truly known, its *beauties* never portrayed.

Excuse me, dear Sir, at present from proceeding. I have experienced, I assure you, my harp quite unstrung, and out of tune in the present address. Remote from a harmony of sounds, I am conscious it will make but jarring musick in every sensible ear, which is capable of striking the evangelical chord, is skilful in the notes of Zion, and the rapturous songs of the new Jerusalem.

I would not willingly intrude upon your usual patience, of which I have such constant proof. At present, therefore, I resign my task, and

hope that another letter upon this subject will not be disagreeable, notwithstanding its very numerous imperfections, as it comes from your sincere and very affectionate Friend, &c.

*Tooley-street,
Southwark.*

J. L.

(To be continued.)

A Letter on the State of a happy separate Spirit.

Dear Friend,

YOU say, " I long to know " more of the state of a separate spirit, that is gone to behold " the face of the Lamb. " For the full knowledge of this, you must wait, till *you* likewise, are entered into Heaven's bliss. Embodied spirits, here on earth, know little of the state of a separate spirit in Heaven. But as grace, is glory begun, we may from from a sweet foretaste, and sure earnest, in the light of the word and spirit of God, form some true notions, though but weak and imperfect ones, of that glorious feast, that eternal inheritance, which awaits us.

The state of grace, as to justification, considered as a transient act of God, in and by his written word, which passeth upon believers, at the time of their first act of faith in Christ, consists, in God's non-imputation of their sins unto them; and in the free imputation of the perfect righteousness of Christ, unto their persons, for their full and eternal justification before him. This act of God is perfect in itself, entirely and eternally; and so is their state of justification thereby. And this righteousness of Christ, imputed to believers, is their *title* to glory. But though the state of believers, as to justification, has in it, perfection and permanency; yet even *this*, while

their souls are imperfect, and remain in their mortal bodies, is incomplete, as to apparency, both to themselves and others. Believers, who are perfectly justified before God, have but an imperfect knowledge, and conscience-persuasion, of that their complete justification; and their personal standing in this grace, is not fully known to others. Much less, are the resplendent glories of Christ's righteousness, that God-like dress, with which believer's are richly arrayed, comprehended by themselves, or by others, with whom they converse, in our present state of shortness and darkness.

But when the souls of believers, upon the dissolution of their bodies, are become separate spirits, they are blest at once, with a clear, permanent sight, of their compleat justification, in Christ's righteousness alone; and that this gives them a full and indefeasible title to eternal bliss. They see likewise, to the utmost of their finite capacities, the infinite glories of this royal robe, in which they shall for ever stand, with the highest acceptance, before a God of infinite holiness. And in this glorious dress, they are, and shall be, viewed with complacency, by Saints and Angels.—But having given this hint, of the state of grace, in justification, I come to that of inherent sanctification. And

The state of grace, as to sanctification, consists, in a *begun meetness*, by inherent holiness, produced in our hearts and lives, by the regenerating and sanctifying work of the spirit of grace, for the enjoyment of Christ, and of God in *him*; in some glances of his glory, through the gospel-glass; in a growing conformity to his image; and in an answerable employment in his praise. Now as glory is grace made perfect, we may hence form some true notions,

of

of what glory *is*, in that it differs not from grace in *kind*, but only in *degree*. But as our present conceptions about it, are very imperfect; we must needs be very far, from thinking, or speaking of it, perfectly.—But,

The souls of the saints, at the death of their bodies, by the Almighty energy of the HOLY GHOST, are at once made perfect in holiness. All sin, in its being and working, which remained in them before, is then destroyed utterly, removed out of them, totally and for ever; and their begun-holiness compleated, never more to be defaced. The sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit, in their hearts at first, which was perfect as to kind, and as to parts, as it extended, as a principle of grace, unto all the powers of their souls, every of which, was in part sanctified; shall then be completed in degree, and all the powers of their souls sanctified perfectly, as entire faculties. The infant principle of grace begun, shall then arrive to its full perfection, to the measure of the stature, of the perfect new man. And this perfect holiness is, and will be, their perfect inherent *meetness*, for the state of glory, in the immediate vision of Christ, and of God in him, to a blissful eternity. The souls of the saints, when disjoined from their bodies, are in this respect, “spirits made perfect.”

And upon the accomplishment of this happy work, these separate spirits, having the righteousness of Christ upon them, which gives them a title to glory, and perfect holiness wrought in them, as their meekness for that ineffable bliss; are instantly admitted into glory, and blest with the full, facial, and endless vision of the glorious Lamb, and of the God of glory in him. They

see no more, as before, *darkly*, as through a *glass*; but perfectly, and face to face.—And thus they behold Christ, not in this or that *part* only, of his transcendent excellencies, and infinite glories; but in all his personal, and mediatorial glories at once. They see, to the utmost stretch of their finite capacities, the infinite glories of his divine person, as God the Son; they see him as co-equal, co-essential, and co-eternal with God the Father, in all the infinite perfections and glories of the undivided Godhead. They see him in his infinite condescension, in taking the human nature, the nature of the children, for them, into personal union with *himself*; and so, in the wonderful constitution of his person, as God-man, the great Mediator, and in all his mediatorial fulness. They see him in all his indissoluble relations to them, those full springs of all his communications, in all his offices, and his mediatorial perfections; and particularly, in all the immense glories of his love and grace, his wisdom and power, his truth and faithfulness, his holiness and righteousness, as displayed before them, in his engagements for them, before time; in his performances for them, by his life and death-service, in time; in the glorious achievements wrought thereby, and in his life for them in Heaven, as their life eternally. And they have a perfect love-communication with him, in all his displayed glories, to their ineffable felicity! this is somewhat of the state of separate spirits, that behold the face of the Lamb.

Again, they see God, in him: God in all his persons, Father, Son, and Spirit; and in all his perfections, decrees, acts, and works, as their own God in Christ. They see God, all that is in God, as engag-

ed for them, as their portion, settled upon them antiently and eternally, and as acting and working for their good continually. They see the whole of their salvation, in all its parts, is from God, in all his persons; displaying all his perfections in their eternal election unto life, and full redemption from sin and death, by price and power; and in their exaltation to Heaven's bliss, to possess and enjoy the God of glory there, as their inheritance for ever. They have communion with God in all his persons, in *love*; in all the displays of it, from their first existence in grace, to their admission into glory. They see the infinite *Deity* through Christ's glorified *humanity*, in all his infinite perfections and glories, and in all their various displays in nature, grace, and providence; and all in subservience to God's highest praise, and their highest bliss. They live in God, and dive continually into that boundless, bottomless, endless sea of immense felicity, to the ages of eternity! But the glory of separate spirits at home with Christ, is in this regard, much too great to be conceived, or expressed, by a mortal's thought or word. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard." Dr. Goodwin well says, "When we are taken to Heaven, we shall see God at once, with respect to the simplicity of his being, as all that is *in* God, *is* God; but with respect to the immensity of his being, it will be like sailing over an eternal sea, where every moment's sail we have a new horizon." The fresh displays of Jehovah's infinite glories, will fill our finite capacities, with rising joys, and present new wonders, to our raptured eyes, through the circling ages of a blest eternity! For when we see Christ, and God in *him*, it will not

be a bare speculation, an unaffecting sight, but a soul-attracting display, that sweetly, strongly, perpetually will draw us into him, that broad, deep, and endless ocean of glory, for a soul-filling enjoyment.

And this beatific, facial vision of God and the Lamb, will be transforming. "When we see Christ as *he is*, we shall be like him." And this transformation into his image, by the vision of his face, as I humbly think, respects all those internal, innumerable, various, and endless acts, of our perfected graces, which shall be excited thereby, to a vast eternity.

And consequent hereupon, we shall be externally employed in Jehovah's praise; in ascriptions of glory and blessing, salvation and honour, wisdom and power, unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the worthy Lamb, for ever, and ever! and a specimen of this worship of Heaven, we have thus given, "And every creature which is in Heaven, heard I, saying, blessing and honour, and glory, and power be unto him, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

Again, another part of the bliss of perfect spirits, in a separate state, consists, in a full, free, and eternal communion with Saints and Angels. And as all Jehovah's wonders in grace, towards the heirs of glory, and in their mutual usefulness to each other in their time-state, and in special providence, by the ministry of angels, in all those kind offices, which these heavenly messengers perform, for the heirs of salvation, while in the body; will then be opened to their glorified understandings clearly, and communicated freely and fully; and the

memories

memories of these happy separate spirits, strengthened perfectly, to reflect upon all the Lord's wise and mysterious conduct, in all those windings and turnings, by which they were led through the wilderness, as having been all subservient to their highest bliss, and the right way to the Land of promise : these things, as I humbly conceive, will be matter of their joint-praises ; for the worship of Heaven is *social*. If the communion of Saints on earth is such, much more so, will be their communion in Heaven. They say, " Let us be glad and rejoice, and " give honour to him." And as their love to God, and each other, is fervent and perfect, they mutually and eternally interest themselves in each others bliss, and call one another unto joint praise. And all their innumerable multitude, continually and eternally join in the worship of God and the Lamb, with the triumphant shout of Hallelujah ! to which all the glorious Angels round the throne join a loud Amen ! All the glorified members of Christ's mystical body, from him the head, shall be filled brimful of joy and glory, ineffably and eternally ; and all the streams of bliss, from him the fountain, shall flow down upon all, and by all, into, and through each other, and waste them all, in love's endearment, and joint praises, into God, that vast ocean, from whence they came, that ocean of joy and glory, to a happy eternity ! For all the displays of the glory of God, which shall then be cast upon us through Christ, will be made in the bright form of love ; which will attract our spirits, as so many tongues of fire, in continual ascension, to join with his infinite and eternal flame ! Our communion with God, as the God of *love*, will be full and

immediate, uninterrupted and eternal *above* ! Yea, we shall then love God for himself, first and principally, in all his essential perfections, and infinite glories ; and in all their bright displays, chiefly in that God is glorified thereby. We shall love his glory, in our salvation, above our own happiness therein ; and rejoice in our felicity, as it redounds to Jehovah's glory, his manifestative glory. We shall interest ourselves in God's glory, and rejoice for ever, in his essential, immense, and eternal bliss ! and passing out of our little selves, into the great God, we shall live in him, and bathe in his immense pleasures, that vast and endless ocean of felicity *unknown* ! And full, it must needs be, to fill all the vessels of mercy, to the utmost of their finite capacities, with ineffable and endless joy and glory : since it is full for God himself to a boundless eternity ! we shall then, by glory union, be " *in* the Son, " and in the Father." encompassed round, with a vast ocean of bliss, immense and endless ! and that not simply, as single persons, but as a body collectively, unto social and eternal praise ; in which the innumerable company of holy Angels will join with their eternal adorations and loud acclamations !

But what the joys and glories of Christ's Righteousness upon us, clearly and constantly beheld by us ; of perfect holiness in principle within us ; of immediate vision and full fruition, of God and the Lamb ; of a full conformity to his image, in the internal acts of perfected graces ; of an eternal dedication, to his external praise ; together with a full and eternal communion with Saints and Angels ; will *be*, in their own vast *greatness*, nothing less than the state of glory itself, can inform us.

This

This, my dear Friend, is a weak essay to lifpe out the ineffable felicity of happy fpirits, in a fepa- rate ftate.—But oh, how fmall a part of it can be told ! it is a fubjeft fit for our admiration, but far fupaff- eth all expreffion !—And till *We* alfo are bleffed with a fight, we are called to live by *faith*.—That “ your fel- lowfhip with the Father, and “ with his Son Jefus Chrift, by the “ Holy Ghofl” may more and more increafe, unto a growing con- formity to the divine image, and a more conftant employ in Jehovah’s praife ; until you are called to in- herit eternal blifs, is the hearty de- fire of,

Yours, &c.

A. D.

To the Editors of the Spiritual Maga- zine.

Gentlemen,

If you please to infer in your next the fubfequent answer to the following query, infered in vol. II. page 48. of Pious Thoughts, you will oblige your humble fervant, and con- ftant reader,

E. T.

Q U E R Y.

“ IS the death and fufferings of “ Chrift, or his paffive obedience, “ all that is required for the falva- “ tion and juftification of a finner ? “ Hath his active righteoufnefs no “ part in the work, or muft it be “ imputed ? Is the imputation of “ Chrift’s active righteoufnefs, an “ effential point of doctrine, or “ may a man be fave without it ?

A moft momentous and neceffary query ! as it tends to put the finner upon the moft accurate enquiry, af- ter things of the greateft impor- tance, viz. the matter and caufe of his juftification before God, and ac-

ceptance with him ; things effen- tial to our prefent and future hap- pinefs, and without which none can be faved ; the knowledge of which is both prior and previous to a perfons knowing, either his duty, or privilege, how to worship God, or pray acceptably, or what to be- lieve and rely on the Lord Jefus Chrift for.

To fuppofe the fufferings and death of Chrift, all that is required for the falvation of a finner, is to answer Paul in the affirmative, who asked the Corinthians, *is Chrift di- vided ?* 1 Cor. i. 13. Yea this would not only divide, but reject and caft away part of Chrift, as ufelefs and of no value, a thought to be abhor- red by every pious foul. The Be- liever hath a whole Chrift for his falvation, viz. the life and death, bo- dy and foul of Chrift, all are his and he is Chrift’s, 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23. As the law of God requires perfection and perpetual obedience of the fin- lefs, fo it pronounceth condemna- tion and death on the finful, which fentence juftice will certainly in- flict, unlefs reconciliation be made, and plenary fatisfaction given, which fatisfaction cannot be but by the death of the High Prieft ; for with- out fhedding of blood is no remis- fion, and it is not poffible the blood of beafts fhould take away fins, there- fore Chrift hath done it with his own blood, Gen. ii. 27. Gal. iii 10. Numb. xxxv. 32. Heb. ix. 22. and x. 4. Col. i. 22. Rom. v. 11. Now as the paffive obedience of Chrift is ab- folutely neceffary for the washing and faving the foul from guilt, and all the dreadful effects of fin, Rev. i. 5. fo his active righteoufnefs is as ne- ceffary to constitute the finner righ- tous before God, Zech. iii. 4. For as one delivers from Hell, the other makes ready for, and recommends to, Heaven, Matt. xxii. 11, 13. Rev.

xix. 7, 8. Here Matthew presents to our view a man not having a wedding garment, with his last and miserable end, "bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness." John shews us the bride, the Lamb's wife made ready, and tells us what her wedding garment is, "fine linen, clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints." Let it be observed, this righteousness of Saints is either wrought out by the Saints themselves, or by some other person for them; that it is not wrought out by them is certain, because all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags, *Isa. lxiv. 6.* But Christ's righteousness is clean and white, wrought out for the Saints, given to them, and put upon them; as Paul affirms *Rom. v. 17.* "They which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ." Even as David described the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, *Rom. iv. 6.*

Whatever God doth is essential and right, and as he is declared to impute righteousness to the blessed, it must be essential and right, nor can a man be safe without it; this Paul knew right well, and therefore suffered the loss of all things, and did count them but dung, that he might win Christ, and be found in him, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith, *Phil. iii. 8, 9.* viz. CHRIST'S righteousness imputed, which is wrought out by God the Son, given by God the Father, revealed by God the Spirit, and received by faith as the soul's justifying dress.

Perhaps some may object, and ask,

Is it natural, reasonable, or just, to suppose one man is righteous because another is so? Or that one man is made righteous by the obedience of another?

I answer, between men in common it is not so, nor is it reasonable so to think; but between Christ and his church, it is most natural, reasonable, and just, it should be so, because of that federal union subsisting between them; he the head, and they the body, so as they are no more twain, but one; i. e. one body and one Christ, one spirit and one life, *Col. i. 18. 1 Cor. xii. 16, 17. Col. iii. 4. Heb. ii. 11.* Whatever is done or suffered by any person, whether it be by his head, or any other member of his body, we naturally, reasonably, and very justly, ascribe the same to that person, and the whole man or body bears the shame, or receives the reward, according to the merit or demerit of the thing done, whether good or bad, *1 Cor. xii. 25, 26, 27.* Hence it is that our sins against God fell on Christ, *Rom. xv. 3.* and Christ's righteousness is imputed to us. For as by one man's disobedience, many were made sinners; so by the obedience of one, shall many be made righteous.

Whatever is done by the head is justly imputed to the body; Christ the head, having fulfilled the whole righteousness of the law, therefore it is justly imputed to his body the church, *Rom. viii. 4.* that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in or by us.

*Worstead, Norfolk,
April 15, 1762.*

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

In your eighteenth number, Pious
Thoughts,

Thoughts, page 48. among the several Queries there proposed, the first is respecting the passive and active obedience of Christ. If my brief answer to it may be thought useful to any of God's dear children, it is at your service to insert in your delightful Magazine.

QUERY I. answered.

THAT the active and passive obedience of Christ is absolutely necessary, and imputed to every gracious soul appears evident, as the whole and entire obedience of Christ, is that without which a sinner cannot be saved; besides, Christ having fulfilled all righteousness in every respect, as to what the law commanded and required of us, and having suffered for our sins, the just for the unjust; this plainly demonstrates, that both his active and passive obedience, is that, without which Jehovah the Father never designed the salvation of man. The obedience of Christ, in an active and passive way, was certainly concluded upon in the new covenant settlements, and performed by him (Christ) on the behalf of all God's elect, in the days of his flesh, as God-man mediator; for if either the active or passive obedience of Christ be excluded or left out in the economy of grace, how can it be proved that the satisfaction and suretyship of Christ is perfect and compleat? If the passive obedience of Christ, would alone of itself have answered the strict demands of a holy and righteous law, as the law of God is, which requires both active and passive obedience, certainly Christ had never performed both, when one would have answered the end: Respecting himself, he had no need of either the one or the other, but only as he stood the sinners surety, he had need of both; being

engaged to make payment adequate to, and consistent with, the rigorous demands of justice, which is exceeding broad, *Psal. cxix. 96.* therefore to say that the passive obedience of Christ was sufficient without the active part of it, is not only unscriptural, but to me it appears little less than blasphemy, and reflects dishonour upon that divine and glorious attribute of Jehovah's wisdom. The obedience of Christ as man, distinctly considered, had not efficacy sufficient to make it valid; but his obedience as God-man gave life to, put a beautiful sanction upon the whole; therefore both the active and passive obedience of Christ, is not only requisite, but must be considered as the design of God in the salvation of his people: For instance, if only the passive obedience of Christ is imputed to the elect, which cannot be admitted without a forced explanation of scripture, then to what end and purpose is his active obedience, if it be not imputed to the elect who acknowledge themselves sinners? I would desire to know who can share in the blessing? Can the unregenerate world divide it among themselves, or does it appear as a thing that is useless? Upon the whole, among the many pregnant portions of God's holy word, which plainly exhibit the truth before specified, let the candid reader peruse, *John xvii. 4. 1 Cor. i. 30. Rom. v. 19.* from which a discerning and spiritual person may perceive, that the active, as well as passive obedience of Christ to the commands of God, apprehended by faith, and applied by the spirit, is a doctrine full of comfort and consolation to a child of God; and consequently to be propagated and earnestly contended for, by those that are on the Lord's side, and delight in a whole Christ for their

Salvation, as no man, I think, can be saved without the imputation of the same.

Moorfields,
April 7, 1762.

W. D.

QUERY the Second page 48,

“What a fight and sense of sin,
“is absolutely necessary to Chris-
“tian experience?”

Answered, and by it the third, fourth, and fifth in substance, may be included.

SUCH a fight and sense of sin, as is consistent with the nature and perfections of God, and found recorded in the sacred writings, is absolutely necessary for any person to have a good ground of hope. God’s dealing with some of his children, in this respect, is not always to be a standing rule for others of the same family; nay it is unwarrantable, inasmuch as the Lord, in his first workings upon the souls of his people, deals very differently with them; and often in so gracious a way as is agreeable to their natural frame and disposition: ’Tis not a great degree of sorrow, upon a view of sin, that always proves it to be genuine, but it is the nature of that sorrow, from whence it takes its rise, and what occasions the same, by which we are to judge of it; because terror of conscience is no evidence of spiritual life, as is manifest in the case of Cain, Judas, and others. A man may have a hell in his conscience, cry and roar

on the account of sin, behold himself a sinner, be shook over devouring flames, and never be like to have a Heaven with Christ hereafter; therefore such a fight of sin is absolutely necessary, that is wrought by the spirit of God, and by which the soul sees he is in a helpless state and condition, undone without an interest in Christ, is enabled to fly to him, as a perishing sinner, and receive Christ in the language of the disciples, *Lord save us, we perish*; and by seeing the suitableness of him (which declares that he knows him) and want of him, he ventures his soul upon him, he becomes precious to his soul, he finds he can trust him with his all; and the clearer his fight is of a sense of the pardon of his sins, the more he finds his love to Christ, the more he is humbled, the more he mourns for sin, as he beholds Christ the great atonement: For that sorrow for sin that is of a right kind is wrought by faith’s view of Christ, as well as by looking upon sin, as is confirmed by that absolute promise, they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and shall mourn for him, *Zech. xii. 10.* So that it matters nothing, if the Lord so sees it meet, whether or no the soul has ever such extraordinary terrors of the law, as this is often produced by Satan, a legal heart, and fear of hell, and may be, and often is, where the subjects of it are strangers to Christ.

Moorfields,
April 8, 1762.

W. D.

*All Things nothing, for the Excellency
of the Knowledge of Christ Jesus
our Lord.*

V A S T are the the sums, and
most immense !

Could I all nature's funds dispense ;
That cheerfully my hands should
give,

If free from sin my soul could live.
To have an holy walk,—upright,
Like first-age saints, in all mens
fight,

I'd barter all the wealth I could,
If stones were di'monds, earth was
gold.

Did Kingdoms multiply as days,
And honours swell as hours increase,
Did ev'ry sensual pleasure rise,
That suits my taste, or feasts my
eyes :

Were the rich mountains of Peru,
And golden mines, the wealthiest too,
Mine to dispose of,—all should go,
Might I the King of glory know.
Know him as my sin-pard'ning God,
And feel th' anointings of his blood.

Could every drop that fills the sea,
To brilliant pearls converted be ;
And every sand upon the shore,
Form jewels of the richest ore ;
I'd part with all these little things,
To view, by faith, the King of
Kings ;

To see myself in him compleat,
And bow with rev'rence at his feet.

If all the atoms in the air,
And stars that in the skies appear,
Were gems,—the most transparent
bright,

And huge as that vast orb of light
That rules the day ; with these I'd
part,

Might I receive a contrite heart,
An humble soul for sin, is more
To me,—than both the Indies store.

For fruitfulness and growth in
grace,

'd give each single blade of grass

That cloaths the earth, from seas
to seas,

And all the leaves upon the trees,
If every one were rubies fair,
Nor should I think the bargain dear.

N. W.

An H Y M M.

E T E R N A L God, with sweet
surprize,

Our souls recount the heav'nly joys ;
And while our tongues repeat the
theme,

Diviner Faith grows to a flame.

Kindled with love, we dwell com-
pleat,

On Pisgah's top, the noblest seat ;
And faith assures us, when we die,
Our dwellings are in mansions high.

Sweet are the notes of feeble
praise,

What soft and solemn sounds we
raise ;

But perfect strains of purest love,
Dwell on the tongues of Saints a-
bove.

In those bright regions we shall
view

Eternal wonders ever new ;
Millions of years disclose the scene,
Where everlasting joys are green.

There we shall see the King en-
thron'd,

Who for our sins hath once aton'd ;
And marvel at his sov'reign grace.
Who chose us heirs of righteousness.

There we shall join the heav'n-
ly choir,

Wonder and sing,—sing and admire ;
Adore and bless, with loftiest praise,
Jesus, our King, to endless days.

N. W.

To my Friend the Rev. Mr. ———,
on his late Disappointment, &c.

LET us be still content, and
ever know,
'Tis God's wise providence that
rules below.

View this terrestrial globe in a clear
light,

And still conclude, whatever is, is
right:

That earthly honour, is an idle
flame,

A puff of airy wind, an empty
name.

That seats of Lords, preferments,
crowns of Kings,

Are vain, my friend, are fading,
trifling things.

True happiness alone, consists in
this,

That we're content with what we do
possess;

And not like Alexander, wish for
more,

When he had conquer'd the whole
world before.

The conquest is, our passions to
controul,

That best describes the greatness of
the soul.

Then nothing can a disappointment
prove,

If our best wishes are but fix'd a-
bove.

Our best, our lasting comforts center
there,

We have no more to hope, no more
to fear.

If happiness we chuse, we learn
from hence,

That God's the center, and circum-
ference.

Dec. 19. 1761.

The Riphidim Combat.

Exod. xvii. 8.

WHEN Jacob's tribes through
the deserts came,
Unto Riphidim land,

Then Amalek did them oppose,
And that with sword in hand.

So Christians in this wilderness,
Their foes do them molest;
Both foes without and foes within,
By whom they are oppress'd.

Ver. 11.

Amalek fought with might and main,
And sometimes did prevail,
Which caused him more bold to
grow,
And Israel's heart to fail.

So it is with the Christian now,
When warring with his foes,
Sometimes they gain the victory,
And he on mourning goes.

Ver. 12.

When Israel thus was hard beset,
Nor could his foes withstand,
Moses upon a hill he stood
With the rod of God in hand.
And when his hand was lifted up,
(Aaron and Hurr b'ing by)
Israel against their foes prevail'd,
And slew them valiantly.

So when the Christian is beset,
By all his num'rous foes,
Jesus upon Mount Zion stands,
Who only can oppose
The many foes of the poor soul,
(which truly are not few)
'Tis he alone can them controul,
As well as them subdue.
When he lifts up his mighty hand,
Displays his pow'rful rod,
The flesh, the world, and devils too,
Obey the sov'reign nod.

Ibid.

Moses he sat upon a stone,
Did thence the battle view;
His heavy hand supported was,
By Hurr and Aaron too.

Christ on a sure foundation sits,
By him are seen our foes;
His human nature of itself,
Cannot the same oppose:
But being Priest and God divine,
None can before him stand;

Cor.

Corruptions great, and Devils strong,
Are under his command.

Ver. 13.

Joshua in person did defeat
These foes, and made them run,
From morning fair, until noon day,
And to the setting sun.

So Christ, our King, our *Joshua*
great,

Our Captain, and our Lord,
Our foes also he will defeat,
By's spirit and his word.
What need we then fear any foes,
Or ought that can molest,
Jesus, he still our leader is,
And he will give us rest.

Ver. 16.

Israel he never must agree
With the *Amalekites*,
Perpetual war there needs must be,
Till they are blasted quite.

The true Believer he must war,
Against his num'rous foes,
Perpetually he must resist
Such that his soul oppose.
In his own strength is he to fight ?
Or on the same rely ?
No, Christ alone, must give him
strength,
And cause his foes to fly.

Ver. 14.

Amalek's name should be eras'd,
Jehovah-nissi swore,
No more shall he e'er have a place,
No, not for ever more.
Ev'n so our sins shall be destroy'd,
And never more be found,
Jesus will take them all away,
Let praise to him redound.

Tooly-Street,

J. M.

*Death's Warrant, and the Soul's
Welcome.*

THE King of King's a war-
rant seal'd,
And sent it out by death ;

And charged him to serve the same
Upon my feeble breath.

Death came with speed, and seized
me,

While I in trouble lay,
And with his dart did pierce my
heart,

And took my life away.

Oh ! quickly then, my soul was
loos'd,

Out of this house of clay ;
That with confinement long had
groan'd,

And wish'd for that blest day,

Angels immediately came down,

With power from on high,

To guard my spirit safely home,

Above the starry sky.

Sweet pleasure all the way I went,

I found did multiply ;

From Angels tongues, who found-
ed loud,

Salvation now is nigh.

The gates above stood open wide,

And *Jesus* in the space ;

He welcomes me with words and
smiles,

And joys to see my face.

He loud proclaims the sov'reign
word,

And bids me enter in,

And told me he had dy'd for me,

And blotted out my sin.

Oh ! now my soul with Angels fits,

Amongst that heavenly choir,

My walk and talk with *Jesus* is,

Which was my soul's desire.

When I a tenant was in clay,

How weary was I there,

My sweet, with bitter drops, was
mix'd,

My life was grief and care.

But former things are done away,

My work is now to sing ;

Ten thousand praises are his due,

Who is my Lord and King.

Now,

Now, you my friends, who bear
me hence,

Unto my dusty bed ;
The place where oft you've heard me
say,
I long to lay my head.

Sing praise, sing praise, my loving
friends,

Sing praises all the way ;
It was my will that you should sing,
Upon my burial day.

Sing from my chamber to my grave,
My friends that round me be,
This work I oftentimes thought upon,
When I your face did see.

My work is wholly done with you,
This is your last for me ;
And as you sing so think e'er long
Thus you shall carry'd be.

Farewel! my fellow Saints behind,
Do good the time you live ;
For death e'er long will summons
you,

And give you no reprieve.

Farewel my flesh and blood most dear,
I leave you all behind ;

Unto the God of Israel's care,
Who's merciful and kind.

The day comes hast'ning on with
speed,

When Christ will come again ;
To raise the bodies of his Saints,
That they may with him reign.

My flesh in dust shall rest in hope,
Till that great look'd for day ;

When all the sorrows of the Saints,
Shall vanish quite away.

Bishopgate-street.

W. C.

TO THE EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*If this piece deserves a place, please to
insert it, which will oblige your
constant Reader,*

Doctors Commons.

T. B.

A Poem on the Judgment-Day.

HAIL ! glorious morn to sleep-
ing Saints,

Thy King in glory's come,
To raise thee from th' imprison'd
grave,

With Christ to bring thee home.

O happy ! happy souls are they,
Who rise from mould'ring clay ;
From gloomy prisons, once their
tombs,

And soar to endless day.

The rocks must rend, all nature
shake,

While earth and boundless sea,
Obey the voice of God's com-
mand,

" Give up your dead to me."

How direful then will be the scene,
And awful more the day ;
When on the wicked God shall rest,
And make his anger stay.

The voice of sinners then will cry,
To rocks, and hills, and skies,
Fall on and veil us ever from
Those direful miseries.

How fatal is the dreadful stroke,
How dismal the decree,
For where to go, or where to run,
No refuge they can see.

In vain they call for mercy now,
The day of grace be'ng spent,
The 'ffended Majesty of Heaven,
Alone supports the Saint.

Then those that follow'd Christ be-
low,

Through shame, disgrace, and
pain,

Shall be receiv'd up to his throne,
And sing to Jesus' name.

Then Heaven alone can only tell,
The bliss they feel above,
Where all their mournings turn'd to
joy,

And all their praise is love.

PIOUS THOUGHTS.

81

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*If the following original piece should
be approved of, you may insert it
with your other miscellanies.*

Thoughts on Love and the ge-
nuine Effects of it.

OF all the graces that adorn a Christian, I think, Love is one far more excellent than all others; infused into the soul by the spirit of God, and the most amiable and exalted principle, by which the immortal part of man can possibly be actuated. There is something noble and disinterested in it, as it is nearest allied to God; for it is said, God is love, and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. It is an immortal principle, and will survive all other graces; for when faith shall be turned into vision, and hope into fruition, then love will ever live and reign triumphant, and be the source and foundation of all the happiness and felicity of the blessed above. And how do we find it here below, when this grace operates? What peace and composure of mind, what pleasant sensations do we not feel, when under the power and influence of this evangelical principle of love? This God-like and refined grace, is made the channel through which all spiritual and accepted obedience flows. God never took a motive but from himself, when he fixed his everlasting love upon his people: but it was entirely the result of his own sovereign good will and pleasure; therefore it is reasonable to suppose, that not any thing we ever did, or can do, will be any means of procuring us an interest in the blessings of that everlasting covenant, which is ordered in all things and sure,

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and was so, before we had a being. Therefore believers in Christ are to act from evangelical motives; their services and obedience must flow from a principle of love and gratitude to God, for all the great things he hath done for them: who having loved them with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness hath he drawn them; drawn them from a state of nature to a state of grace, and brought them to the knowledge of Himself, and his Son Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal.

There is a great deal of difference between God's love and ours. His is infinite, ours is finite; his is immutable, ours is changing; we may love a person one day and change our opinion of him the next; by some misunderstanding, or his proving treacherous to us; but this can never be the case with God; for he well knew what misunderstanding would take place between him and his people, and laid his plan accordingly; providing and appointing Christ Jesus to be the one Mediator, between God and Man, who is justly styled the healer of breaches, and the restorer of paths to dwell in. God knew his people would deal very treacherously with him, and they were called transgressors from the womb. But who is a God like unto him that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgressions of the remnant of his heritage? Saying, "I am the Lord, I change not, therefore ye Sons of Jacob are not consumed." I think the everlasting and unchangeable love of God to his people, is highly consistent, and beautifully harmonizes with his infinite nature and perfections. For how reasonable is it to suppose that what a perfect God doth, he should do for ever? That nothing should be added to it, nor any

any thing taken from it ; but that his councils should stand for ever, and the thoughts of his heart to all generations.

Thus have I given a true, though faint sketch, of God's love to his people, and the genuine effects of it. If this then be our inestimable blessing and privilege, to be saved of the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and to have tasted that the Lord is gracious ; what more powerful motives can there possibly be, to engage our hearts to love God, who has so loved us, and to manifest our love to him by keeping his commandments, and doing those things that are well pleasing in his sight ? Love is no inactive principle, for in whomsoever it operates, the genuine fruits and effects of it will certainly appear. For instance, if we heartily love the precious truths of the gospel, and ardently desire, and long to see the prosperity of Zion, certainly we shall use all the means God hath put in our power to bring about so desirable a blessing. Again, the genuine effects of our love to God, will be manifest in acts of kindness and benevolence to his people ; for we are told that he who loveth God, loveth his brother also ; he that hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother hath need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him ? So that whenever this amiable grace of love prevails in any of the godly, if they have it in their power, they certainly will be communicating to the necessities of the Saints, and will be given to hospitality. When this God-like and refined principle, of love is lively in us, and we under its constraining power and influence, how are we then stirred up to make our way through many impediments, and to

surmount many difficulties in order to gratify this restless and noble passion of our souls ? But when any are called upon to exert themselves in favour of Sion, and the good of precious souls, if this grace of love be not in exercise, they will, 'tis likely, be ready to cry out, " there is a lion in the way," or there is this, or that inconvenience that may arise from it ; and so with one accord begin to make excuse. If Christ's love had been as cold and as languid to his church and people, as theirs is to him, and his poor members, he never would have left the realms of bliss and glory, to veil himself in our flesh, when he knew what would be the consequence of it. He saw the waters of affliction, and trouble he was to pass through, and the floods of God's wrath that was to flow in upon him, and as it were overwhelm his righteous soul ; yet many waters could not quench his love, neither could the floods drown it ; but he said, " I have a baptism to be baptised with and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." As if he should have said, I have an emersion of sufferings to pass through, but so great is my love to my people, and so ardently do I desire their salvation, that I long to have it finished : He knew that he should see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied, therefore for such a joy that was set before him he endured the cross, despised the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of the Majesty on high. This, this is love to admiration ! it is the wonder of angels ! which things the angels desire to look into. Should we then, who are interested in, and claim a share in the wonderful mystery of redeeming love and grace, be unconcerned spectators of the same ? Should not rather such a prodigy of
grac

grace and love engage our attention, and most inquisitive thoughts, so as to make us desirous of growing in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. And may this great love of Christ constrain us, not to be living to ourselves, but unto him who died for us. For it is said, Christ came to redeem us from all iniquity, and to purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. And if the living in Jerusalem, be not active for God in their day and generation, who can? We expect that they are the only proper persons to do good works, from right motives, and to right ends; and they are under the strongest obligations to be devoting their time and talents to promote the honour and glory of God, as well as the good both of the bodies and souls of his people. But, alas! it is a truth too much to be lamented, that we now live in a day when iniquity abounds, and the love of many, even of the Lord's people, is waxed very cold. What great reason then is there for us to be petitioning at the throne of grace, that the love of God might be shed abroad in the hearts of his people, and his spirit poured down, that a revival might take place among all his chosen ones; for then will they run the ways of his commandments when he shall enlarge their hearts. But before I conclude, I would just make one observation more, and that is, when ever any of the godly find their hearts affected and drawn out in love to Christ, from a sense of what he is made on to them, and has done for them; he has signified that they cannot express their love to him in stronger terms, nor in a more pleasing way and manner, than to be mindful of the poor members of his mystical body. For so great is his love to them, and so

tenderly is he affected towards them, that he has told us, whatever is done to them, he shall look upon, and acknowledge, as if done to himself; and his poor ministers and faithful dispensers of his word and ordinances, I think, in a more special manner, should be taken notice of by us; for we are taught to count them worthy of double honour; and to be sure they are called to great work, and are engaged in a very important office, and must at times have great conflicts in their minds of a spiritual nature? so that if their circumstances in life be low we ought to contribute, as much as is in our power, to free them from worldly cares, and temporal inconveniences. Therefore to do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

A Letter on the Lord's *Presence* with his People in *Trouble*.

Dear Sir,

I Doubt not but you find the truth of our Lord's words, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." But since in him we have peace, let us not be much distressed at any trouble.—Sin hath brought sorrow, even all those partial deaths, both in soul and body, which attend us in life, the death of the body, and the desert of the second death, eternally.—But Jesus our Lord, in love unknown, hath died the death in our room! and we that have been enabled through grace to believe in him, are for ever delivered from all penal death by him. Jesus our life, by his death, by his dying the accursed death of the cross for us, "hath delivered us from the wrath that is to come," so that the *second death* shall never touch us.—And tho' partial deaths

of various kinds attend us, and the death of the body must shortly come upon us, yet by the death of Christ, the whole of the curse is for ever removed out of *these*, and they do, and shall work *for us*, and be made *blessings* unto us. Having peace with God, and Christ with us, in and through all the trials of life, and in the sorrows of death, we are, and shall be, safe and happy, in our every step through grief and misery; and by these, as God's appointed way, we are now passing from felicity to felicity, and shall shortly pass thereby into ineffable joy and eternal glory.

When God's people of old were "to pass through *Jordan*, the Ark of the Covenant of the Lord, with the Priests bearing it, went before them, to divide the overflowing waters for them, and give them a safe and joyful passage as on dry land through them." This was a type of Christ in his priestly office, with whom God's covenant was made, and is fulfilled; of his going before his people now, into trouble, to divide the overflowing waters of affliction for them, and to give them a safe and joyful passage, as on dry land, through them.—And "in the midst of *Jordan* the Priests stood firm, until all *Israel* were clean passed over." And so wonderfully did the Lord work for them then, that he "commanded twelve men, according to the number of the twelve tribes of the children of *Israel*, to take from the midst of *Jordan* every man a stone, to be a memorial," of that salvation unto ages to come.

This, dear Sir, was to prefigure the Lord's presence with his people now, and to the end of time, in all their troubles of life, and especially in the overflowing waters of death; for the waters of affliction then over-

flow all their former banks, as "*Jordan* overflowed all his banks "in the time of *harvest*." For as literal *Canaan* was typical of the spiritual and eternal privileges of the Lord's spiritual *Israel*, of their time-blessings, and eternal glories; so *Jordan*, between literal *Israel* and *Canaan*, was typical of those great troubles of life, and the overflowing waters of death, through which we must pass to *inherit the promises*. But when the troubles of life are greatest, deliverance is nearest: And when the sorrows of death, overflow our natural life, then instantly the Lord's chosen, redeemed, and called people enter into eternal life. For the time of life's greatest troubles, and of death's overflowing waters, is a time of *harvest* to the Saints, wherein they reap the fruit of all God's promises given them, and the fruit of all their tried graces, and fervent prayers, sent up to him.—When *Jordan* overflowed all his banks, then the Priests bare the Ark before *Israel*, to divide the waters for them; to shew that the Lord will go before his people in life's greatest troubles, and in death's overflowing streams, to divide these mighty waters for them, and to give them a safe and joyful passage, as on dry land, through them.—The Priests stood firm in the midst of *Jordan*, until all *Israel* were clean passed over; to teach us, that the Lord will stand firm in the midst of our troubles, in the greatest of our difficulties, to secure us from all danger, until all his people are clean passed over, from every distress, into the promised land of peace and rest.—And as the Lord commanded twelve men, one of each of the twelve tribes of *Israel* to take up every man a stone, out of the midst of *Jordan*, as a memorial of his wonderful appearance for *Israel* at that time;

by

by this we are taught, that the Lord will so marvellously *preserve* his people, in their greatest dangers, difficulties, and troubles of life, and eminently, in the overflowing waters of death, and so wonderfully work deliverance for them, out of all distress; as to give occasion thereby, to all of them generally, and to every one of them particularly, to take up thence, even from the very deepest of their distress, a *memorial* of his loving kindness; to set up his praise in the celestial land of promise, that land of perfect joy, and eternal bliss!

What encouragement have we then, dear Sir, to go cheerfully on, through all the troubles of life, and the sorrows of death, which we may be called to endure, in our passage from earth to Heaven: Since the Lord our God goeth before us, and will divide the waters for us; his presence shall be with us, and his wonder-working arm made bare for our deliverance, unto his eternal glory, and our everlasting joy! that "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, may keep your heart and mind through Christ Jesus," is the sincere desire of, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.

A Letter on the Joy prepared for Zion's Mourners.

Dear Sir,

I Find that you are a mourner in Zion; that you mourn for your own degeneracy, and for this especially, that you can mourn *no more* for your heart-iniquity, and for that degree of carnal ease, which you too often find in your Lord's absence. And likewise, that you mourn for that awful degeneracy which is sadly seen and felt, in and by the Lord's people generally.

But in the midst of sorrow, this may rejoice your heart, that your dear Lord Jesus is "anointed of God" to comfort all that mourn; to "appoint unto them that mourn" in Zion, to give them beauty for "ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he may be glorified." You shall not always wear your mourning weeds; it is the will of God your Father, that you should be comforted, that you should be anointed with the oil of joy, and clad with the garments of praise: that so you may be called a tree of righteousness, abundant in fruit, and appear by your fruitfulness in every grace, to be the planting of the Lord, of the great Jehovah *merciful and gracious*, that he may be glorified. The glory of God, my dear Brother, and your joy, by eternal love, infinite wisdom, power, truth and faithfulness, are inseparably connected together. God your Father hath immutably resolved to display his own glory in your felicity, both here and hereafter. And that glory shall be ascribed unto him, for all his abundant grace, most freely and richly bestowed on you, and upon all his own. And if God's glory is to rise in your rising felicity, and in the joy and glory of whole Zion, he will see to it, that your heart shall be made exceeding glad, and that among all the vast number of Zion's children there shall not be a mourner left; that there shall be no cause of mourning remain, but matter of great rejoicing given unto every one, and unto all of them particularly and jointly: and to these great ends of grace, he hath anointed his own Son, whose name is *Immanuel*, God with us, wi

immeasurable fulness of the spirit of grace, to be communicated to us, unto our present and eternal bliss. Christ is become the Lord Treasurer of his Father's grace, and out of his treasury-fulness we shall receive according to his own infinite grace and faithfulness, and the infinite grace and faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, a rich supply to our time-joy and eternal glory.

Let spiritual rejoicing then be sweetly mixed with your bitter mourning; for though "weeping may endure for a night, joy will come in the morning." The Lord's frowns in his fatherly anger towards his children, for sin, endure, how long? For a *moment*! the shortest division of time that can be; "but in his *favour* there is life!" the life of our time-joys and eternal glories; the life of renewed joy here, and the life of perfect joy in glory, of an endless perpetuity hereafter. "For a *small moment*, a little little moment, an inconsiderable space, as the twinkling eye, he hides his face from us, and as to his sensible comforting presence, *forfakes us*: But (O glorious *but*) with everlasting kindness will he have mercy upon us." And this is the great *word* of the Lord, of Jehovah, our three-one God, as our *Redeemer* from all sin and misery, and unto all purity, joy and glory.—Here then, in this great promise of God, and in that great God who is the promiser, let our faith rest, till sight shall take faith's place: for from hence we shall be shortly, increasingly, perfectly and eternally blessed! the word is gone out of his mouth in immutable grace, in infinite faithfulness; and he will not, cannot, reverse it. "He is not a man, that he should lie, nor the son of a man that he should repent. Hea-

ven and earth shall pass away, but "not a jot or tittle of Jehovah's word shall ever fail."

And it is worth our notice, that *that* kindness, from whence this great promise shall be fulfilled in his great grace and faithfulness, is *everlasting* kindness! it looks out upon us, one while in smiles, and we are blest with a glance of its native glory, to our exceeding joy. Anon it hides its face, and suspends its influence, which sinks us into sorrow; and yet is the same everlasting kindness in both; smiling and hiding love is the same everlasting love still; that like the sun keeps its constant course, and as a giant rejoiceth to run its race, whether it shines or is clouded; to answer all the various ends of infinite wisdom and grace towards us, as it shall be most for Jehovah's present and eternal praise, and for our present and eternal bliss. Oh for faith to "trust in the Lord, and stay upon him as our own God, when we walk in darkness and have no light!" Then to believe that the darkness which covers us, is fruit of everlasting kindness, to prepare us more fully for the brighter display of its unveiled glory; and for it, in faith, to wait patiently, and earnestly. "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirit." Dear Sir,

I am, &c.

A Letter on the superlative Gain of the Service of Christ.

Honoured and dear Sir,

I Am persuaded that you find, in this present world, "the merchandize of wisdom is better than silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold." Christ is so great, that he makes every thing, even to the very least, done for him, a great service in his esteem. Christ is so sweet,

sweet, that he makes every work, performed for him, as it relates to him, exceeding pleasant to every soul that loves him. His work, in every part of it is a rich reward; "In keeping his commandments, there is great reward." So that a little service done for the Lord of glory here, is better, in itself, as it regards his honour, and as it respects our present pleasure, and that eternal pleasure which we shall have in it, by reflection upon it, ineffably better than choice silver! But oh! in its eternal glory-fruit, when the Prince of grace shall come in all his splendor, to reward his servants according to their works, with crowns and thrones for ever and ever: how much better will wisdom's merchandize appear than choice silver! and its ineffable gain, than much gold, though the most fine! Silver and gold are corruptible things in themselves, and their excellent use will soon be over; but grace and glory are durable riches, incorruptible treasure, and the unspeakable gain of these, in our great Lord's service, will endure, in their super-excellent nature and use, unto time's and eternity's ever!—*Rich towards God, and rich in him; rich indeed is that man beyond expression, beyond conception! It will take a boundless eternity to count up that man's vast treasures, and never, never, by finite beings, can they be searched to the bottom, because of their proper immensity in him, who dwells in his own eternity, and vast infinity.*

How "blessed then is that man whose God is the Lord!" how blessed are his servants! "his servants shall eat when others are hungry, his servants shall drink when others are thirsty, his servants shall sing for joy of heart, when all the slaves of sin and satan shall howl

"for vexation of spirit." With the greatest respect, dear Sir,
I am, &c.

To a Friend in Affliction.

My dear Friend,

YOUR affecting letter came safe to hand; on reading of which, I think, I can say, that in my measure I sustained part of your pain; at least I was pained in concert with you. You say, "you would gladly know the particular sin, which hath involved you in these overwhelming sorrows; for the Lord would not leave you thus distressed and comfortless where it not for your sin." To which I would answer, that nothing can be more certain, than that there would be no affliction of any kind whatever among men, had destructive sin no being in the world; but this monster hath produced a numerous train of corroding evils, which alternately hold dominion over us in this infirm state; yet it doth not from hence follow, that because sin is the general cause of affliction, so every particular sorrow must be occasioned by some particular sin. I well remember, that when Satan obtained licence to afflict righteous Job, Jehovah giveth a character of that good man, chap. i. 8. which sufficiently sheweth that the dreadful series of grief which he passed thro', was not occasioned by any particular sin or sins; for we read in ver. 5. Thus did Job continually. If you please to consider the affliction of young Joseph, of whose holiness there is no room left for doubt, you will find that he began to be afflicted from his youth up. His afflictions, as bitter grapes did grow in pendent clusters, upon the pride, and envy of his brethren; not upon his own personal transgressions.

Joseph

Joseph was not sent into Egypt ; sold as a slave to Potiphar ; tempted by his lustful mistress, and then to feed her revenge, because of her slighted charms, cast into prison, and bound in fetters of iron, as a punishment for any particular sin of his. God was with him, whether he was in the Prince's house, or in the detestable dungeon. But this great end was to bring about Jehovah's grand purposes of good to the chosen seed, in preserving them alive in the time of that terrible famine, which was to follow. If I could believe, that every affliction is the just punishment of some particular sin, I should, in like manner, conclude that the greatest sufferer must needs be the greatest sinner. And does not my Friend, with one glance of his eye, see how ill this conclusion would comport with that precious text, *Heb. xii. 6.* Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth. See the afflictions which our great ancestors in the church did undergo, *Heb. xi. 35 to 38.* and hear what Paul says of their holiness, *ver. 38.* Of whom the world was not worthy. Tell me, my Friend, do you think it reasonable to suppose, that those men endured the like afflictions merely as a punishment for their sins. Is it not evident that God meant great good to us, upon whom the latter days have come, by the afflictions and patience of recorded worthies ? By the indulging of that notion, I am afraid, that as it tendeth greatly to harass our afflicted mind ; should the Lord be pleased to remove his hand ; which presseth you sore at present, the same notion would tend to shut up your bowels of compassion against others, in the like circumstances. When you see or hear of any of your fellow creatures in great dis-

tress, what more naturally can occur to your mind, than that the person hath brought that distress upon himself, and I am persuaded, that nothing hath a more direct tendency to shut up our bowels of compassion against the afflicted, than that consideration. I am far from blaming you, my dear Friend, for being jealous of your own conduct, or for trying it to the utmost, this is a Christian part, which would to God were more in practice ; but I would fain persuade you, that it is possible, for a person to be grievously afflicted, at the same time, when his conscience is clear from the guilt of any known sin, and that, perhaps, there may be real felt-guilt, when there is no affliction follows, remorse of conscience alone excepted. What would I willingly prove to my friend by this ? But, that God is Sovereign in the dispensations of his grace, he is likewise sovereign in the dispensing of afflictions ; tho' sovereign as he is (and all shall one day own it) he never afflicteth his people by divine withdrawals, bodily afflictions, cross dispensations of Providence, or giving Satan liberty to tempt them ; without proposing some valuable ends in their favour. He cast Jonah into the depths of the sea, not with design to drown him, but to wash off that stubbornness of temper which deformed this Prophet. And what did Jonah lose by his remarkable affliction ? You well know, that thereby he was made one of the most remarkable types of the adorable Jesus, of any we read of. He cast the three children into the fiery furnace, but he never intended to burn them ; the smell of fire was not found on their garments. Joseph he providentially threw into prison, though not with design to let him rot there, (as many modern children of cruelty, would gladly

gladly do their poor debtors, did not the laws happily provide better things for them) but with design to raise him next to the throne of Egypt. So tender are his ways towards his feeble flock, that we taste not affliction, but as it is a preparative to future good. By afflictions, the Lord, the spirit, is pleased to teach us, the knowledge of our sinfulness, and that sin lieth in the depths of the heart; our weakness to do any thing towards our own deliverance, and by this means he draweth all our trust to himself; our foolishness, as we look naturally upon afflictions, as Sampson looked upon the lion to be eaters and destroyers of all our good and comfort; but, through afflictions, we are taught to see, that out of the eater may be brought forth meat, and out of the strongest evil God can bring forth much sweetness. Our gracious God may give unto us a thorn in the flesh (some lingering disorder) to keep us in the way of humble holiness: Paul's thorn did him much good after his extraordinary raptures. The knowledge of God is best attained in the school of sorrow. David learned many good lessons in this school. It was here Manasse first learned to know the Lord to be God. If we have no afflictions, we lose many precious opportunities of seeing the handy work of a well ordering God, which the afflicted do enjoy. I have sometimes been almost reconciled to afflictions, not for any thing that ever I saw beautiful in them, no, believe me, I never saw any thing in them, but what was utterly grievous: yet for what I have seen of the goodness and wisdom of God in them, I have often thought, that I have learned more of my Redeemer, in affliction, than by all the sermons I ever heard in my life, I say

not this from any dislike I have to the preached word, God forbid! for I know it to be the power of God to my salvation. By afflictions the Lord weaneth us from the creatures fordid breast, where we are apt to hang, whilst we can extract any sweetness; therefore the Lord imbittereth the world to us by the wormwood and gall of afflictions; and then our teeth being set on edge with the things of the world, we begin to think seriously of those which are eternal: 'tis here likewise we are instructed in obedience. Good David that worthy King and Prophet, went astray before he was brought to this school of discipline, but, when he was afflicted, he learned to keep the law of his God. By afflictions, God is going to bring death, or at least a consumption, which will end in death, upon some lust, perhaps lodging in the breast of my friend. Both you and I have known this, that our prayers are, at least one half, more keen and fervent when we are wading the depths, or when the heavy hand of God doth press us low, than at another time: now I look upon this to be one great end in our afflictions, the Lord loves to hear our voice in prayer, and to behold our suppliant countenance at his throne, and so backward are we to this, that we seldom are fond of the gracious throne, unless we are driven to it. Now here is love to admiration, that God, who is infinitely high and holy, should drive us to his throne, with the rod in his hand, and, at the same time, bend his ear to our every cry.

I am, dear Sir, yours, &c.

J. M.

An *Answer* to the *Query* and *Letter*,
inserted in the *Spiritual Magazine*,
Number XVII. Page 45.

Rev. and dear Sir,

AS you gave your friend leave, to whom you wrote, "to transmit what was written in your query and letter, to the Authors of the *Spiritual Magazine*, to diffuse the sentiments of two or three of them that are spiritual, concerning such a person, as described therein, and what they have to propose to his consideration." Permit me, though the least and last in your Father's house, to attempt somewhat by way of answer to your desire. And first, I begin with the *Query*, viz.

What advice can be given to a person that is grievously distressed with fears, doubts, and unbelief?—To this I reply :

My advice is *this* : That such a person should instantly attempt his duty, to believe on Christ afresh, just as he did at first. When he cannot come to Christ as a believer, let him come, as being in himself, an every way helpless and miserable sinner; and let him do this instantly and repeatedly, as soon, and as often, as he is attacked with fear from his felt and future-dreaded misery. Nothing like a fresh act of faith, to baffle Satan's temptation, and the suggestions of his own unbelieving heart, that he is yet in a state of *unbelief*. If the grand enemy of souls, can but get believers to reason the point with him, whether they have believed, or not, from past experiences in a time of veiled evidences, or from present experience, at a time of suspended influence : He knows he shall lead them at once into an endless maze of sore perplexity, to God's dishonour, and to the wounding of their souls exceeding-

ly. Let such a person then attend the *Saviour's* voice, "look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth : for I am God, and there is none else." Here such a person may see that the words divide themselves naturally into two branches, the first respects duty, *looking*, the second privilege, *salvation*. And the command is given to sinners, at the greatest apprehended distance from God, by sin, at the very ends of the earth. Let such a person then, as a sin-wounded soul, an apprehended law-condemned sinner, a Satan-accused, and a conscience condemned sinner too, instantly cast up his eye to that great *Saviour* who is exalted on high, to save to the uttermost every poor soul that looks unto him for the whole of his salvation. For as *Moses* lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, so once was the Son of Man lifted up on the cross; and now is the Son of Man, as the great ordinance of God, for a sinner's salvation, lifted up to his Father's throne, and in the glorious gospel, to be looked unto by a perishing sinner for his eternal life, as the stung *Israelite* was to look for healing, by God's appointment, to the brazen serpent; and having looked, let such a person instantly attempt his further duty, to believe that he shall be saved in looking. Let him credit the word of truth, the royal grant of the Prince of grace, from his high throne of his everlasting salvation, in his looking unto him; for lo, he says, unto all, and unto every one of them, "Be ye saved." The word is gone out of his mouth in faithfulness, in immutable, omnipotent grace, and he will not, cannot, reverse it : He is God and cannot lie nor repent. Once hath he spoken, and it stands fast for ever. His unchanging word, of all-producing grace and glory, stands

stands engaged for that soul's salvation eternally. And thus, he himself, who is *the faithful and true witness*, tells us, that the inseparable consequent of his being looked unto, as lifted up, is *salvation*; "that whosoever believeth in him (i. e. looks unto him to answer the type) should not perish, but have everlasting life." Now let such a person consider, whether this solemn declaration, of the great Saviour, is not worthy to be *credited by him*, instantly, and constantly for God's glory, and his own joy? Whoever, or whatever, from within, or without him, says to the contrary can he doubt it, if it is but for one moment, without grievous sin, without making the God of truth a *liar*? he must, even in this, either "set to his seal, that God is true," or give his truth the lie! Again, let such a person observe, that his looking unto Christ for salvation, in obedience to the divine command, is faith's *first* and *direct* act, unto which the promise of life, in the sacred word, is annexed. And his persuasion of salvation is an *after* and *reflex* act of faith, that is, and ought to be, founded upon the promise given to him, as a believer in Jesus; the former respects his eternal security, the latter God's glory and his more abundant joy. If he has now put forth the *direct* act, he is, and ever shall be, in God's account, and according to his written word, a *true believer*; and tho' he may not at present make conscience of the reflex act, or may be obstructed in the exercise of it, by Satan and unbelief, this makes no alteration in his *state* as a believer, but only robs God of that glory which he ought to give to his Saviour, and himself of that joy which is his soul's desire, in a full persuasion of God's everlasting favour. Having been so prolix in my answer to

the query, I need say the less to the letter, but

Dear Sir, Take a few hints, and you tell us, "That you still dread yourself to be an unbeliever." As to *this*, if I understand you right, you take believing in Christ, through the main of your letter, to be a believing your *interest*, in the Saviour, unto joy in his infinite favour. This is answered above, as being *that* which do not constitute your *state*, as a believer; it is the *direct* act of faith, in looking, coming, fleeing, &c. unto the Saviour, that puts a specific difference between *you*, and all the *unbelievers* in the world. Indeed, Sir, in this closing part of your sentence, you preface it with your being tempted to doubt of those several articles of faith: You do well, when thus assaulted, to endeavour to conclude that they are darts from Satan; but as to their "not being the disposition of your mind," you must distinguish between your *new* and your *old* mind. Darts from Satan, they are most certainly, to wound your new mind, and to excite in your old, its native infidelity. For in you, though a believer, there dwells and works unbelief; and Satan's temptations, to disbelieve the doctrines of faith, as well as our acts of faith, may more or less draw out the forces of our unbelief with respect to both. And what Satan suggests, is the disposition of your own mind, so far as it is unbelieving; but this remaining unbelief, ought not in any wise to make you doubt of your having the grace of faith in your heart; for if you had not faith in those doctrines, your temptations to doubt them would be to you no affliction. It is your new mind, or your soul, so far as renewed by grace, and blest with the grace of faith, that is grieved and distressed with

temptations to, and the workings of, unbelief. Again, Sir, you say, "I cannot view Jesus Christ in that loveliness, excellency, and preheminance, as I find him set forth in the word of truth. I cannot find sufficient ability in my soul to believe in him, wholly, entirely, and unfeignedly; and how can I believe in him without a right view of him?" Let me ask you, have there been *no moments* in which you have viewed Christ, in that loveliness, excellency, and preheminance, in which he is set forth in the word of truth? If you have ever seen his glory, when presented to your eye of faith by the Holy Ghost in the word of truth, how did you esteem of him then? Did he not then appear, in your view, to be transcendently excellent! a Saviour none like unto him! if he *did*, this was *faith*, in your *understanding*, discerning, or *seeing of the Son*; and how did this work upon your *will*? Did not your will bow to, and choose the Saviour beheld as, and to be, *your Saviour*? If it *did*, this was *faith* in your *will*; and hence did not your affections go out after him? Was not he, *altogether lovely*, or *all desires*, unto you? If so, this was *faith* in your *affections*, or that faith which worketh by *love*, to its all-surpassing, and altogether lovely object! and have there been *no moments*, in which the blood of Christ, in its sin-cleansing, and pardon, and peace-procuring efficacy, has appeared sufficient to your conscience? In which his righteousness, as your desired justifying dress, has appeared all-glorious? In which his fulness of sanctifying grace, unto an increasing, and perfect meetness for eternal glory, appeared to *you*, most precious and soul-satisfactory? If there *have*, this was *faith* in your *conscience*; and so you have been blest

with a spiritual, a supernatural *ability*, to believe in Christ wholly, in a whole Christ, with all the powers of your soul, so far as they are renewed. And whether you refer this faith, to its direct, or reflex act, it is true with respect to both, so far as they are put forth, you *believe wholly* in a whole Christ, with all the powers of your soul, so far as they are sanctified initially; and yet, with regard to the unrenewed, unsanctified part which still remains in your every faculty; you may be said as truly *not* to believe in Christ *wholly*, i. e. with all the powers of your soul, as *entire* faculties; as darkness in your understanding, rebellion in your will, earthliness in your affection, and legality in your conscience still remain; but your regenerate part, being your *leading* principle of action, your acts of faith therein, are in every power of your soul therefrom, on and in Christ; from hence you are denominated, a *believer in him*, and however unbelief, in your unregenerate part, may be permitted to work, this doth not in the least injure *that* your state. You add, Sir, "Sometimes I can set him forth to others, in the words and light of scripture; and upon certain times, I myself am much delighted with the work; but when I retire into myself, and consider the barrenness of my soul, my strangeness to, and alienation from God, Jesus Christ, &c. I conclude that my good frame and delight in preaching proceed from the agreeable frame of the people, rather than from any good wrought in me." To this I reply: That your retiring into yourself, to consider your own *barrenness*, &c. is from the weakness of your faith in its *reflex* act which ought to be strong in, and towards the promise, given you in Christ upon your *first direct*

direct act. "Abraham considered not his own body being dead, nor yet the deadness of Sarah's womb; he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God, believing that what he had promised he was able also to perform." And it is an excellency in Abraham's children, Abraham-like, to be strong in faith, to consider the promise, and God's power and faithfulness, and not their own barrenness. As to your conclusion, Sir, "That your delight in preaching Christ, proceeded rather from the agreeable frame of the people in hearing," I think is ill-founded. As you afterwards say, "At times, when I join with the saints in divine worship, I am pretty confident of an interest in Christ." Now, Sir, as I take it, this your confidence of interest in Christ, while preaching him to others, is the ground of your supreme delight in the work; though from the agreeable frame of the people in hearing, you may have a lower additional pleasure in your being an instrument to exalt your beloved before others, and thereby to win them unto faith in Jesus, and to build up those who have believed thro' grace on their most holy faith; and your faith of interest in Christ, which gives you a supreme delight in the work, is a pregnant proof, that God has wrought in you faith's good and saving work. Once more, and I must have done, as for want of room I cannot go through with an answer to your letter, and you say, Sir, "God will endue me with a measure of light in his word, and give me some delight in the ministration thereof, for the benefit

"of his people, yet not for any love or regard he has to my person; as a person is favourable to a nurse, while nursing his children, but when her work is done, he turns her off, as one that is not of his family." This, Sir, is a temptation, and an affliction that is common to you, with others of your ministering brethren. The grand enemy though he cannot destroy the Lord's servants eternally, by this he strives to destroy their joy in his service temporally; he well knows that what the Lord's servants love supremely, which is himself, and his special favour eternally, they cannot bear a thought that they must part with these without pain of extremity. No, dear Sir, God has adopted you as a believer into his family, and from his love to your person, he calls you to be a servant to some of your dear brethren; and having put you among the children of his infinite favour, you shall abide in his family for ever, and possess, with the rest, his great Self as your vast and eternal Inheritance! I must trespass on my room, and your patience, in giving you a hint as to this: "If you believe the Saviour's ability, and doubt his will, to save you eternally," come and try, come in all your discerned pollution, and misery, and fall down before him and say, "Lord, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean; and Jesus, moved with compassion, will say, I will, be thou clean." That the God of peace may bruise Satan under your feet shortly, so prays, Rev. Sir,

Yours, &c.

A. D.

Reverend

Reverend Gentlemen,

Be pleased to insert the following query, as soon as convenient, and by so doing you will oblige,

Gentlemen,

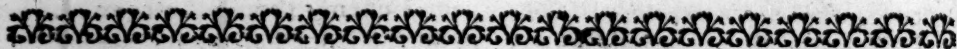
Your constant Reader,

*Barkway,
May 3, 1762.*

E. K.

QUERY.

HOW may a person know that he is justified, pardoned and accepted with God, and how many ways God takes, according to scripture, to give evidence, and comfort of such justification, &c?



P O E T R Y.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

*The regard with which you honoured
my last, emboldens me to trouble you
with the following; which, if it
merits a place in your useful Miscel-
lany, your inserting it will confer an
additional obligation upon*

*Your constant reader,
And sincere well-wisher,*

N. P—t.

*The insufficiency of creature enjoy-
ment; or, happiness not to be found
below.*

A Poetical ESSAY.

WH Y should we fondly place
our hope of bliss,
On ought that's earthly, ought be-
neath the skies.

'Tis all delusion! creatures are but
vain;

From them we can no solid joy ob-
tain.

On sensual pleasures some their
studies bend,

On lust, or luxury, their talents
spend,

And whilst engaged in such low pur-
suits,

Degenerate the man below the brutes;

'Till nature, by repeated shocks o'er-
prest,

Hastens unto the grave to seek for
rest.

Some vainly think that bliss con-
sists in store;

They pant for dust, and sigh for
glittering ore,

With eager eyes they view their
swelling bags,

In plenty starv'd, in affluence cloth'd
with rags,

Until the springs of life are broke
with cares,

And all their treasures left to spend-
thrift heirs.

Others pursue a puff of empty
breath,

In martial combat, boldly challenge
death;

In search of fame, thro' ev'ry dan-
ger fly,

Resolv'd to conquer, or resolv'd to
die:

But ah! the breath that fills the
trump of fame,

Expires e'en while it sounds the
hero's name!

And if in triumph he again return,
How soon the cars exchanged for
an urn!

Honour (if sparate from publick
weal)

Is like the transient spark that's
struck from steel ;
Fond mortals thus ideal bliss pursue,
Grasp at false honours and neglect
the true :

Even the pleasures which we hope
to prove

From generous friendship, or from
virtuous love ;

Loss, disappointments, or denial
shews,

Our highest hopes procure our deep-
est woes.

No more, my soul, such fleeting
joys pursue,

But to the realms above direct thy
view ;

'Tis there alone thy bliss can be
complete,

Where pure desires with proper ob-
jects meet ;

Rivers of pleasures there for ever
flow,

Free and unmixt from the least
dregs of woe:

Thither, my soul, on swifter wings
would move,

To drink full draughts of everlasting
love.

JESUS thou doner of the Father's
grace,

Grant me the quick'ning smiles of
thy dear face,

And whilst I am a sojourner be-
low,

Shew me the path in which I ought
to go.

Whilst I am trav'ling thro' this
wilderness,

My soul with thy sweet influences
blest.

Oh ! let thy spirit guide me all the
way,

Lest from thy paths my wand'ring
feet should stray ;

Correct my passions, form my heart
anew,

Make all within me holy, pure and
true ;

What's wrong amend, what's right
do thou confirm,

With ev'ry pious flame my bosom
warm ;

Let neither earthly grief, nor earth-
ly joy,

Retard my progress to those realms
on high,

Onward with gen'rous ardour I
would press,

Until I reach the prize of happiness ;
Until I am by thy rich grace pre-
par'd

T' enjoy the great, the purchased
reward.

Then shall my soul, redeem'd
from sin and hell,

The wonders of thy love with rap-
ture tell ;

With fellow-heirs of glory then I'll
sing,

Jesus my Priest, my Prophet, and
my King ;

Thro' endless years with triumph
then confess

Thou art my strength, and thou my
righteousness.

Nottingham, April 7th, 1762.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL

MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

If you think the following transcript

worthy of a place in your useful and

profitable Magazine, by inserting it,

you will very much oblige some of

your friends and constant readers.

On Man's Mortality.

LIKE, as the damask rose you see,

Or like the blossom on the tree

Or like the dainty flower in May,

Or like the morning to the day,

Or like the sun, or like the shade,

Or like the gourd that Jonas had ;

E'en such is man, whose thread is
spun,

Drawn out, and cut, and so is done ;
The

The rose withers, the blossom blast-
eth,
The flower fades, the morning hast-
eth,
The sun sets, the shadows flies,
The gourd consumes, and man he
dies.

Like, to the grass that's newly
sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to day,
Or like the pearly dew in May,
Or like an hour, or like a span,
Or like the singing of a swan ;
E'en such is man, who lives by
breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death :
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the dew's as-
cended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan near death, man's life is
done.

Like, to the bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like shuttle in weaver's hand,
Or like the writing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of the stream ;
E'en such is man, who lives by
breath,
Is here, now there, in life and death :
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The shuttle flung, the writing blor,
The thought is past, the dream is
gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Like, to an arrow from the bow,
Or like swift course of waters flow,
Or like the time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the tender spider's web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dole,
E'en such is man, whose brittle state,
Is always subject unto fate :
The arrows shot, the flood soon spent,
The time no time, the webb soon
rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon
won,
The dole soon dealt, man's life soon
done.

Like, to the light'ning from the
sky,
Or like the post that quick doth fly,
Or like a quaver in short song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the pear, or like the plumb,
Or like the snow when summer's
come ;
E'en such is man, who heaps up
sorrow,
Lives but to day and dies tomorrow:
The light'ning's past, the post must
go,
The song is short, the journey so,
The pear doth rot, the plumb doth
fall,
The snow desolves, and so must all.

Kegworth,
April 20, 1762.

* * * *J. L-----'s Seventh Letter is received, and shall be inserted in our
next; and several Answers in our Hands, to Query and Letter
No. 18. Page 45, shall have all the Regard shewn to their
Merit, as soon as possible.*

A Morning's Excursion into the Country, improved.

LETTER VII.

To _____,

My DEAR FRIEND,

MORE than three weeks are elapsed, since you favoured me with your improving company. I have often reviewed your last valuable letter, which not only reached my hand, but, I trust, made some impressions upon my heart. I might inform you what pleasure all your epistles give me, and how highly I esteem them; but I am sensible you desire no such compliments. You rather desire to see me affected with the sentiments, and living under their influence—While perusing your late description of FAITH, my mind was not a little engaged in contemplating that adorable BEING, who, to speak in the language of his own Spirit, *openeth the eyelids of the morning, and commandeth the day-spring to know its place* *.

“ FATHER of light and life, (said my transported mind)

—Thou Good Supreme!

O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself.

Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul

With FAITH, with conscious peace,
and virtue pure,

Sacred, substantial, never-fading
bliss †

While contemplating the matchless excellencies of this *celestial telescope*, I cast my eye upon a beautiful passage in your favourite author, a transcription of which, I persuade myself will be highly

pleasing, as a *supplement* to what you have written upon that very important subject. “ FAITH in the im-
“ puted righteousness of Jesus Christ
“ is a fundamental principle, in
“ that invaluable system of sacred
“ and divine philosophy,—THE
“ GOSPEL. By which the heaven-
“ ly Teacher is continually training
“ up millions of rational and im-
“ mortal creatures, for the true
“ perfection of their nature; for
“ the final fruition of their God;
“ or, in other words, for a state of
“ consummate happiness and ever-
“ lasting exaltation.—In this school
“ may you and I be humble stu-
“ dents, and daily proficient!—
“ while others are ambitious of
“ glittering distinctions, and sound-
“ ing titles, may it be our highest
“ aim, our greatest glory, to an-
“ swer the character—of BELIE-
“ VERS! by this character the su-
“ preme LORD distinguishes his
“ chosen people, and denominates
“ the heirs of salvation. This
“ character stands fairest in the
“ book of life, and brightest in the
“ annals of eternity.—This charac-
“ ter, however neglected or dis-
“ teemed among men, will be re-
“ membered and had in honour,
“ when the pompous names of
“ Statesman and Generalissimo are
“ known no more.—As faith is of
“ such singular and extensive effica-
“ cy in genuine christianity, me-
“ thinks I would have all our medi-
“ tations *terminate* on its glorious
“ object, and be calculated to *invi-
“ gorate* so beneficial a principle. †”

Through the power of FAITH, my dear Friend, we may perform the most magnanimous and heroic acts, overcome the greatest difficul- ties; triumph amidst a multitude of

* Job xxxviii. 12. † Thompson's Winter. ‡ Theron and Aspasio, Vol. 3. page 184.

unfurmoutable obstructions.—By this is wrought what would otherwise be utterly impracticable. This makes us unmoved and inflexible, notwithstanding the most formidable opposition. “Far from enervating it will invigorate every good disposition; and instead of damping, will give life to every religious duty.—Cherish *Faith*, and you will of course cultivate obedience. Water this root, and the branches of universal godliness will assuredly partake the beneficial effects; will spread their honours, and bring forth their fruits *.”—In a word, Sir, this is that *all attracting magnet*, by which we are drawn to the heavenly world.—This is the *golden pinion*, assisted by which, we soar aloft, and scale the ethereal regions;—This is that *august tube*, which presents us with a view of things not seen †; aided hereby, we explore the heaven of heavens, pierce within the vail, and enjoy a perspective of things celestial.—But whither am I led in the wildness of my roving imagination? While thus heedless wandering, I need my friend at my side, as an intelligent, faithful monitor, to clap his hand upon my breast, and chide the fallies of fancy. Willingly I obey, Sir, the imaginary admonition, and observe how highly it becomes us to study indefatigably the inspired volume, the sublime contents of which, are so inexpressibly important and interesting.—A genuine and vigorous faith, in the blessed and adorable Jesus, is one of the most distinguishing peculiarities insisted upon, in that noble collection of truths. Are our conceptions then just and explicit respecting this momentous particular? As the most

efficacious expedient to elucidate our understandings, permit me to recommend *serious examination, and fervent prayer. Search the scriptures* †, was the injunction of him, every of whose words was rich with sense, and pregnant with weighty meaning. Our bibles are treasures of inestimable value; magazines of superlative excellency; *therein are all the stores of wisdom and knowledge* ‖; *pearls they are of great price*; repositories of the sublimest intelligence. The daily contemplation of this divine book, will enoble our ideas, enlarge our expectations, invigorate our hopes—in short, there are a thousand blessings that will be the happy result of a constant excursion amid those flowery walks, and fragrant blooming bowers, where

“ Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue

“ Appear, with gay, enamell'd colours mix'd ¶.

Here then let us employ our noblest speculations. Let us sip sweetly the mellifluous dews exhaling from these delectable mountains, these everlasting hills; and they will be more pleasing to our palates than the choicest manufactures of the BEE §, we shall roll the transparent crystal drops as sweet morsels under our tongues. By constant recourse to these immensely rich *mines*, we shall esteem them infinitely more than heaps of white and yellow ore §; they will be unto us the joy and rejoicing of our souls. This is the *hive* impregnated with sweets, which breathe such a delicious fragrance, which far excels *the powders of the merchant* ††; and all to be possessed, all to be enjoyed without money, and without price. What pity then,

* Theron and Aspacio, vol. iii. page 206.

† Heb. xi. 1. ‡ John v. 39. ‖ Alluding to Col. ii. 3. ¶ Milton, Book 4. § These thoughts are a continuation of the subject of the last letter. †† Sol. Songs, iii. 6.

Sir, that these divinely-inspired volumes should be secluded from our company, and thrown aside (as alas! they too often are) as useless lumber!

—These to the heart inspire
Vernal delight and joy †.

And as the BEE never relinquishes the odorous flower, till he hath extracted its native perfumes, and then departs richly fraught with balmy spoils;—with equal, with far greater assiduity should we probe this fathomless abyss of heavenly truth; then may we reasonably expect that our labours will not be in vain.—When I consider the transcendent excellency of the sacred scriptures, I do not wonder that a taste so refined, and a judgment so correct as *Milton's*, should discern higher attractives, in the volume of inspiration, than in the most celebrated authors of Greece and Rome.

—“ Yet not the more
“ Cease I to wander where the
 muses haunt
“ Clear spring, or shady grove,
 or sunny hill,
“ Smit with the love of sacred
 song, but *Chief*
“ Thee SION, and the flowery
 banks beneath,
“ That wash thy hallowed feet,
 and warbling flow,
“ Nightly I visit.”——

What are all the other books in the world compared with these invaluable volumes? “ Other writings,
“ though polished with the nicest

“ touches of art, only *tinkle* on the
“ ear, or affect us like the shepherd’s
“ reed. But these, even amidst all
“ their noble negligence, *strike*
“ alarm—transport us—somewhat
“ like the voice of thunder, or the
“ Archangel’s trumpet †” —Are the scriptures thus superlatively valuable? “ like apples of gold in
“ pictures of silver ||?” Who then would not gladly receive that gracious exhortation? “ Let the word
“ of Christ dwell in you richly §” Who would not willingly obey that benign command? “ Thou shalt
“ talk of it when thou sittest in thine
“ house, and when thou walkest by
“ the way; when thou liest down,
“ and when thou risest up ¶.”

“ Retire and read your Bible to
 be gay,

“ There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace.”

YOUNG.

The most sublime, and elaborate human compositions, in comparison of this, are *tuneful triflers* |||, and amuse the fancy with empty fiction; the Bible is a teacher sent from God and capable of making every enquiring soul, *wise unto salvation* ††. What can we desire for our accommodation and delight, which this store-house of conveniences does not afford? What can we wish for our edification and improvement, which that fund of knowledge does not supply? Of this we may truly affirm, *that it is profitable unto all things*. The BIBLE is not only the brightest orna-

† Milton, Book 4. ‡ Theron and Aspasio, vol. 1. page 32. This quotation reminds me of an encomium most deservedly given to the BIBLE; which, though quite artless, is, I think, abundantly more expressive, than the most laboured efforts of rhetorick.—It came from the lips of a Martyr, who, being condemned to die, for his inviolable adherence to the doctrines of scripture: When he arrived at the stake, and had composed himself for execution, took his final leave in these affecting words: “ Farewel sun and moon! “ Farewel all the beauties of creation, and comforts of life! Farewel my honoured friends! “ Farewel my beloved relations! And farewel thou precious, precious book of GOD!” || Prov. xxv, 11. § Col. iii, 16, ¶ Deut. vi, 7. ||| Ludit amabiliter. †† 2 Tim. iii, 15.

ornament, but the most invaluable depositum. On a right, a practical knowledge of these *lively oracles*, depends the present comfort, and the endless felicity of mankind. Whatever, therefore, in study or conversation, has, no connection with their divine contents, may be reckoned among the toys of literature, or the cyphers of discourse. “Here are the most sage lessons of instruction, adapted to every circumstance of life; formed upon the experience of all preceding ages, and perfected by the unerring spirit of inspiration.—These delivered with such remarkable conciseness, that one might venture to say, every word is a sentence, at least every sentence may be called an *apophthegm*, sparkling with brightness of thought, or weighty with solidity of sense; the whole like a profusion of pearls—each containing in a very small compass, a value almost immense—all heaped up with a confused magnificence, above the little niceties of order.*” Since then the scriptures open such a spacious field of delightful speculation, and furnish us with such ample materials for the most refined discourse;—since—ineestimable book! it heals the maladies of life, and subdues the fear of death; since it strikes a lightsome vista, through the gloom of the grave, and opens a charming, a glorious prospect of immortality in the Heavens; these, with many other excellencies peculiar to the sacred writings, methinks are more than sufficient to engage every sensible heart in their favour, and introduce them, with the *highest esteem*,

into every improving conversation. Such is the effect they had upon the *finest* genius, and *most accomplished* person that former or latter ages can boast, insomuch that he made, while living, this public declaration, and left it, when he died, upon everlasting record.—*How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea sweeter than honey unto my mouth* ||. O! how love I thy law! It is my meditation all the day †. Mine eyes prevent the night watches, that I may be occupied in thy precepts; and I will speak of thy testimonies even before Kings ‡ Here then, my very dear friend, at these waters of life, these breasts of divine consolations, let us suck and be satisfied. This is a fountain whose springs fail not; let us every day enter the field of scripture, where we tread—on enchanted, shall I say? Rather on consecrated ground, where astonishment and awe are awakened at every turn, where is all, more than all, the marvellous of romances, connected with all the precision and sanctity of truth.—How copiously may our——But I recollect, myself; and if I rightly remember, intended to have closed my subject with this letter; but finding it much more difficult to contract than to enlarge, must beg your patience still to persevere.—Just before I began to write, a few lines in rhyme arose spontaneously in my mind, which I then designed to subjoin to this epistle; but as I have since recollected a few stanzas, by a sweet finger in our Israel, which will make a much nobler finishing to my poor performance, I esteem it my duty to forget my own.

* Theron and Aspasio, vol. 1. page 21.

‡ Psal. cxix. 46.

|| Psal. cxix. 103. † Psal. cxix. 97.

§ ————— Heroum Fabula veris
Vincitur Historiis.

*The word of God is the Saint's portion;
or, the excellency and variety of scrip-
ture.*

Lord I have made thy word my
choice,

My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest pow'rs re-
joice,

My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the hist'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While thro' the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth un-
known,

Where springs of life arise,
Seeds of immortal blis are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest *.

My time at present fails, and my
hand is weary. The next post, (if
nothing unexpected intervenes) shall,
if not compleat, produce a few more
thoughts upon this subject. In the
mean time, or rather all times, I re-
main, dear Sir, cordially and invio-
lably yours,

J. L.

Tooley-Street, Southwark.

(To be continued)

*The compleat righteousness of Christ
briefly considered: being an answer to
the following*

Q U E R Y.

" Is the death and sufferings of
" Christ, or his passive obedience,
" all that is required for the salva-
" tion, and justification of a sinner?
" Hath his active righteousness no
" part in the work, or must it be
" imputed? Is the imputation of

" Christ's active righteousness, an
" essential point of doctrine, or
" may a man be safe without it?"
See Pious Thoughts, page 48, vol. 2.

The Answer.

TH E subject is very impor-
tant and copious; yet I ap-
prehend that a plain answer may be
given to the Query, without prolix-
ity or tediousness. However as it is
one of the chief articles of my
faith, I am willing to give my opi-
nion of it. I apprehend the law of
God was given to, or enjoined upon
man, as the amiable rule of his whole
conduct, while he was yet in a holy
and perfect state. That law requir-
ed, and man was able and willing to
yield compleat and perfect obedi-
ence. This obedience consisted of
two parts, negative and positive.
The negative was, refraining from
every thing forbidden by the law;
the positive was, doing whatever
the law commanded. The law was
to be observed in this two-fold man-
ner, by every power of the soul, and
every member of the body. As
soon as man disobeyed, or neglect-
ed to observe this just and holy law,
he became unrighteous or sinful, *for
sin is the transgression of the law* †; and *all unrighteousness is sin* ‡. When
once man became sinful, he lost en-
tirely both his ability of spirit and
willingness of mind to obey; his ele-
ment then was, and of his offspring
still, by nature, is to rebel §: but
notwithstanding all this, the law
did neither lose its holiness, nor its
authority to demand the same obe-
dience as before. Now man fell
under a double debt; that is, com-
pleat obedience, as in his former
state both negative and positive,
and penalty for sin committed. The
fallen creature was so disabled, he
could pay neither; the law was so

* Watts's Psalms cxixth, 8th Part, paraphrased. † 1 John iii. 4. ‡ 1 John v. 17.
H. xlviii. 8.

invariably just and holy, it could not make any abatement in the one or the other. It is evident that the unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God * : and as evident that *all our own righteousnesses are as filthy rags* † : then we must perish for ever except we are interested in the righteousness of another, that is, of Jesus Christ, and so *made* righteous ‡. Blessed for ever be God, that one may now surely and safely say, *in the Lord have I Righteousness and Strength* ||. Let us a little consider the matter of the poor sinner's justification before God ; or that, for the sake of which he is justified, or made righteous. Man was subject to the law in his pure state, whatever the law saith, it says to those who are under it §. It requireth perfect obedience, from a perfect human nature ; but it curseth without distinction, *every one that continueth not in all things* contained it ¶. Man being entirely disabled, as observed above, so that he could not yield the obedience required, nor sustain the curse and escape eternal ruin, by all that he could do ; it was necessary that the WORD, or second person in the adorable Trinity, who was our surety and covenant-head, that he should be made flesh **. A body was prepared for him ††, and he took the nature of his people into union with himself, and was made under the law. But this nature must be *holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners* ‡‡. All this Christ was, and that in order to purify and justify his people, (*Heb. ii. 14, 16. Gal. iv. 4, 5. John xvii. 19. 1 Pet. iii. 18.*) that he might be in a proper capacity to fulfil the law |||, and to suffer the penalty threatened by divine justice

for the transgression of the law, and all this for his people, in their stead, and for their benefit. As the *surety* of his beloved ones, Jesus Christ was to pay the double debt above noted. He obeyed the law punctually, in affections, thoughts, words, actions and conduct. He further suffered, in soul and body, all that the law could inflict upon the transgressors for whom he was engaged. Our blessed Redeemer, was made sin and a curse, and therefore bore them and suffered from devils, from men, and from the vindictive justice of God §§. All this was that he might bring many sons to glory ***, in a glorious way. Let it be noted here, that the majesty and dignity of the person doing, and suffering, did more honour to the law, than all the obedience of man before the fall, or all the penalty suffered by man, even to all eternity, after the fall, could have done, because this person was both God and Man.

These things being premised, I now declare solemnly upon what foundation I depend for justification before a holy God ; namely, complete conformity to the divine law, doing exactly whatever it required, and suffering willingly whatever, in justice, can be inflicted for the transgression of it by the principal ; and all this by a human, but holy and spotless nature, so nearly related to me, that, by a divine, glorious, and unparalleled constitution, what he has done and suffered is imputed to me ; so then I reckon that the active obedience of Jesus Christ hath as great a share in my justification as what is generally called his *passive* obedience, and both founded upon the unblemished holiness of his nature, and the glory and dignity

* 1 Cor. vi. 9. † Isa. lxiv. 6. ‡ Rom. v. 19. || Isa. xlv. 24. § Rom. iii. 19. ¶ Gal. iii. 10. ** John i. 14. †† Heb. x. 5, 10. ‡‡ Heb. vii. 26. ||| Matt. v. 17. §§ Gal. iii. 13. 2 Cor. v. 21. *** Heb. ii. 10, 11.

of his person. He came to do the will of God†, as well as to lay down his life for his sheep. By his obedience all his seed are made righteous. He became obedient unto death, and learned obedience by the things which he suffered‡: I apprehend then, that his active obedience and his sufferings should never be separated. He obeyed and suffered, in some measure, from the very assumption of human nature until the great work was finished. The purity of Christ's nature and his active righteousness are, to me, points of salvation as essential as his intense sufferings: without the two former the latter could not be valuable enough. The purity of his nature, the transcendent glory of his person rendered his obedience and death so precious, that the law was abundantly magnified and made honourable§, and the Father well pleased||, when the divine perfections kissed each other¶, shining forth in the most glorious and inef-
fable manner.

Oh! how happy those who are interested in, *The Lord our Righteousness*! their clothing is of wrought gold, and of needle work; they are arrayed in fine linen clean and white. The glory of Jesus upon the mount was an emblem of the glory of Saints in Heaven; and all that glory they shall enjoy, by virtue of their relation to, and union with Jesus: it will be his comeliness which he shall put upon them. May my soul, while in the wilderness, delight continually in this righteousness, and my view of it, by faith, daily increase; so that I may be transformed in my inner man, and be more and more conformed to the image of Christ, till at length I come to

him, behold his glory, and see him as he is, be like him, and with him for ever. Amen.

He that nameth the name of Christ, and depends upon his compleat righteousness, let him depart from iniquity, love holiness, follow after it, and long for the full perfection of it.

TO the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

The following lines, respecting the distressed case I met with in your Magazine, for March, 1762, page 45, 46, 47, and addressed to the disconsolate gentleman, are at your service to be inserted in your next.

Your well-wisher,

A Wiltshire Correspondent:

April 24, 1762.

Dear Sir,

YOUR representation of your distressing circumstance, not in body, but in mind, calls aloud for commiseration from all your fellow pilgrims, who do know, or may have the knowledge of it. But, alas! what can fellow pilgrims do, to help their distressed brother? Surely, nothing: nothing of themselves, that can alleviate, and remove your sorrow; and indeed, it is not fit they should. This work is peculiar to him, who said, let there be light and there was light, and from him only we can expect relief. Now, dear Sir, perhaps you have been, and still are seeking to extricate yourself, by meer natural reason, out of your present labyrinth; however, you cannot but know that faith, and reason are two things, and conse-

† Heb. x. 7, 9. ‡ Heb. v. 8. § Isa. xlii. 21. || 2 Pet. i. 17. ¶ Psal. lxxxv. 10, 11.

quently to endeavour to reason ourselves out of a distress, will prove abortive, while faith gives the victory, and a sole confidence in God is our deliverance. Give me leave to subjoin a few words of a writer of the highest class. "It is an unknown something that operates more than all reasoning: we see a truth, we love it, we repose in it, it fortifies the heart, it disengages us from ourselves." And now, dear Sir, may you be helped to wait only on the Lord, as knowing that he is waiting for a proper season, or opportunity to be gracious. Oh! 'tis the highest honour we can do our mighty Saviour, to depend on nothing in ourselves, nothing at all in that which he has peculiarly assigned to himself. 'Tis, I humbly apprehend, our attempting to do what doth not belong to us, and neglecting that which doth, which leads us into distress, and keeps us there. Our God is the God of all consolation, and shall we endeavour to comfort ourselves? No! let us wait only on him, that he may fulfil in us the whole good pleasure of his goodness, and carry on the work of faith, which was begun in power, with power: Ponder a little at least, on *Eph. i. 17, 18, 19, 20.* and remember they were believers the Apostle prayed for. Accept my poor hint, and excuse my brevity, and give me leave to tell you, what God has done for me, one of his vilest creatures; but blessed be his name, one of his Saints, though less than the least of all Saints. After many years profession, and rich experience of divine consolations, which, I doubt not, you have been well acquainted with, I was left to call all religion in question; was constantly attended and harassed with the blackest of blasphemy; and with such violence was I at-

tacked, that I have bit my tongue to prevent the hellish flame from flying out; at the same time walking in my chamber, such was the anguish of my mind, as to provoke sweat in my poor weak body, and no longer than I was chattering in prayer, or reading, did I find any respite, except when dead sleep overpowered me. Thus it was with me for many months together, with great disorders in my body, and a gloomy aspect, as to my outward circumstances, and my poor family; but, was our God, your God, and my God, unmindful of his covenant? No, surely! he was not: for before I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Aminadab: one morning, opening my bible, the 54th chapter of *Isaiah* fell under my view, and as I began the chapter, the very entrance of it gave new light and life; I began to taste, to see, to hear, and to feel, as I had done in time past; and as I went on, it increased till I came to the last verse. But, oh! what an amazing scene of joy, rapturous joy, was I swallowed up in, and with! no tongue can express, especially under the energy of the last words, "and their righteousness is of me saith the Lord. Oh, my dear brother, is not such joy worth travailling in birth for? Wait I say on the Lord; and may I be kept in a waiting posture at all times, and be favoured to hear of your rejoicing in the Lord, in our covenant keeping God. I know that sometimes a broken hint has done much more than a long train of the most nervous reasoning, and therefore have thus shot an arrow at a venture, not knowing how to get acquaintance with your past experience, which might have been an help to me, in thinking of your case; but as our compassionate Jesus, and Great High Priest is touch-

ed with a feeling of all our infirmities, and our covenant keeping God knows, and is thoroughly acquainted with all our weaknesses, temptations, and heart grievances, to him

I would commit you, with myself, and this small token of my sincere, and sympathising kindness, and remain, dear Sir, (tho' unknown) Your wellwisher.

P O E T R Y.

The COMPLAINT,
To PALEMON.

Continued from Page 63.

OF winter past, and summer's gladsome day,
With all its fair attendants, blithe and gay,
Once sang the muse:—the happy state, I mean,
When no dark threatening clouds e'er came between
My ravish'd fight; but, I with wonder gaz'd
On Jesus, Lord of life; my voice I rais'd
To him, and of him sung; each fleeting hour
I well employ'd to tell abroad his power,
That power divine, by which yon starry arch
Is firm upheld, while in their order march
Those silver worlds, around yon golden ball,
Above which sits the first great cause of all.
Just tribute due! the hand that made my frame,
Demanded all my powers to proclaim
His matchless love; that love by which I stand,
The confest care of his delivering hand,
From foes insulting, and the gaping wave
Of fell destruction, and impris'ning grave;

Ransom'd by love divine, my soul set free,
From bondage brought to glorious liberty.
This love, by right, demands my highest praise,
But languid all and low the notes I raise;
Drawn here and there, my mind no center knows,
Save in the contemplation of her woes;
Hence I complain, and shall till once I see
The cause remov'd, that hides my love from me.
Yon cloud, whose sable hue o'er-spreads the west,
Hides from the world the ever welcome guest;
The orient pearl hangs pendant on the blade,
How dark and dusky is yon cypress shade?
The swain complains, and fear has hous'd his flock,
The lightning darts, he feels the threat'ning shock,
His fears subside, he sees the genial rays,
His oaten pipe now swells in grateful lays.
Oh! had I cause like this, Oh! might I see,
Thy shining face, thou God of Majesty!
Vouchsafe a vision of thy glorious form,

O

To

To me a worthless, poor, and help-
less worm.
Oh ! could I see thine ever-smiling
face,
And thy kind arms, my fainting
soul embrace ;
Then, with my songs, I'd make the
arches ring,
Angels should gaze, and listen while
I sing,
And learn to praise ; while I the tri-
bute bring,
Of thankfulness to thee my God and
King.

Clouds hide from me that sun, whose
beams are grace,
Beneath whose radiant wings, dwell
righteousness ;
Its influence how divine ! I know
its power
Can chase my fears, and so prevent
the shower
Of tears that fall, and all obstructi-
ons move,
And me restore to see my Lord, my
love.
Oh ! might that sun once shine : oh !
might I taste
Again those joys, of which I said in
haste,
These shall endure, and I shall ne-
ver know
Sorrow again, while sojourning be-
low,
Nor ground for fear, where night's
exchang'd for day,
And all the foes to joy drove far a-
way.
Thus when the banner of my Lord
was love,
Above my head, then fear'd I no
remove ;
Hee'er nigh, I triumph'd in his name,
The most illustrious of the sons of
fame,
Immanuel, my God ! my God with
me !
Who from my foes did set me free.

I sang destruction then to every foe,
Of lust led captive, and of pride laid
low ;
The happy freedom of the Lord's
my theme,
The liberty of those, he does redeem
From sin, from death and hell, each
baneful ill ;
I sang deliverance with an hearty
will :
I sang the triumphs of my Jesu's
cross,
Satan's destruction, Hell's eternal
loss,
An Altar to his victories I rais'd,
And morn and eve the conqueror I
prais'd ;
I saw his garments stain'd, yea, dy'd
in blood.
Blood of his foes, as thro' the swell-
ing flood
He march'd triumphant, mighty still
to save,
And snatcht the falling from the
gaping grave.
Thus sweetly pass'd the time, the
happy hours,
And well employ'd were all my no-
ble powers,
My Lord was present, all around
was light,
He hides his face,—my day's now
turn'd to night,
'Tis darkness all, and hope, the
staff that bore
My spirits up, from sinking hereto-
fore,
Here fails me now ! and nought re-
mains for me,
But sad completion of my misery.
Oh could I hope 'gainst hope ! thy
work revive,
Thou God of pow'r ! grant that
again I live,
That life of grace, that issued in
thy praise,
The best employment of my for-
mer days :

Fain would I strive to make his
 goodness known,
 Who hath to me such love and pi-
 ty shown,
 Nor shall my tongue dare speak a-
 gainst my Lord,
 Nor thought conceive he's faithless
 to his word ;
 Myself of faithlessness I charge, and
 own
 The justice of the heart-tormenting
 doom,
 That ends in death ; yet let thy pi-
 tying eye
 In mercy look, before thy throne I
 lie.
 The morn's shrill trumpet sounds,
 I hear its call,
 From slumber rais'd, on bended
 knees I fall,
 And early tribute to the God I pay,
 Who mercy spares, and I behold
 the day :
 Much cause for thanks, much more
 than I can give,
 His care demands ; in him alone I
 live,
 And have my being ; to his care I
 owe
 My safety, and protection, from my
 foe,
 Satan, the grand deceiver of man-
 kind,
 And irksome bondage of the carnal
 mind :
 I'll call on every power within to
 join,
 In thankfulness for goodness so di-
 vine,
 That far exceeds, not only my de-
 sert,
 But oft the best petition of my heart:
 His mercy spares, and love does me
 constrain
 To own his goodness, yet I must
 complain,
 Because he absent is, whom most I
 love,
 The light and glory of the worlds a-
 bove.

Light of my soul, to seek whose face
 alone
 I wander, till my feet are weary
 grown,
 How many are the lonely ways I've
 trod !
 I seek in vain to find my Husband
 God.
 Beneath this dusky state I sit me
 down,
 And strive in tears my bitter grief
 to drown ;
 My widow'd state I wail no more, I
 see
 My Lord, my love, who liv'd and
 dy'd for me.

So mourns the pensive turtle for
 her mate,
 In solitude laments her lonely state,
 Hides, in the clefted rock, her
 mournful head,
 Like one forgotten, free among the
 dead,
 Till his return ; then leave her pri-
 son'd cell,
 With him in *more* than fellowship
 to dwell.

*Ryegate, Surry,
 May 29, 1762.*

T. C.

*The Language of a Backslider, on com-
 paring former Times with the present.*

ONCE to thy temple Lord with
 sacred flame,
 My willing feet went to proclaim
 thy name ;
 To praise the God of Jacob with a
 song,
 And undissembled notes fill'd all my
 tongue ;
 Drop'd sweetly from my lips,—my
 heart inspir'd,
 With ardent love to God, none else
 desir'd.
 All earthly riches seem'd but glit-
 tering toys,
 All worldly pleasures but evanid joys ;
 Deceptive in their aspect—fleeing
 190,

And

And unsubstantial as the morning
 dew
 That vanishes, when Sol begins to
 rise,
 And take his circuit from the eastern
 skies.
 My soul, unus'd to trials, firmly
 stood,
 And all her noblest powers rever'd
 her God.
 The *Will*, the leading passion of
 the mind,
 Was flexible ; to holiness inclin'd ;
 Its enmity, in good degree was slain,
 And what remain'd, was op'rative
 of pain.
 The *Thoughts*, with the velocity
 of light,
 To Canaan's happy shores, oft bent
 their flight,
 And, speedier than the wheels of
 nature roll,
 My warm *desires* climb'd to the hea-
 venly pole ;
 Enjoy'd such prelibations of the place
 As made me wonder at the heights
 of grace,
 The depths profound, the lengths
 and breadths thereof,
 Once made me say, " thy servant
 has enough,
 Lord," stay thine hand, one spark
 of heavenly flame,
 One drop of *Glory's* weight breaks
 nature's frame.
 Is this thy case ? Once happy
 man ! but where's
 Thy former peace, thy confidence
 and prayers ;
 Thy zeal for faith, thy fervent love
 to God,
 That clear as light were manifest
 abroad ?
 Ah ! dismal scene ! the finest gold is
 chang'd,
 And thou, my soul, to all that's good
 estrang'd.
 Thou liv'st on vapours rising from
 the earth,
 To the debasing of thy heavenly
 birth.

Thou feed'st on husks the swine
 refus'd to eat,
 And countest them the choicest of
 thy meat.
 Thy sins, as hugest mountains,
 point the skies,
 And num'rous are as drops that fill
 the seas :
 Their aggravation's of the deepest
 dye,
 Enough to wound the heart and
 pierce the eye ;
 And still thou dar'st that most im-
 perial name,
 That in a moment dooms thee to the
 flame
 Of endless wrath,—if wrath is not
 appeas'd,
 And if it should, thou can'st but
 stand amaz'd,
 And say,—Salvation's broader than
 the seas,
 And deeper than the earth from
 loftiest skies ;
 Exceeds all nature's bounds,—the
 unknown space
 Of bounded worlds, is nought to
 boundless grace.
 So great the cause ! th' effects can
 never cease,
 To show thee that th' Almighty
 hides his face.
 Thy God, with just dislike, may
 moved be
 To hate thy sins, altho' he hates not
 thee :
 To give thee constant stripes upon
 thy fore,
 'Till thou his pard'ning mercy shall
 implore.
 Thy dire deserts, sin's just demerits,
 claim,
 As well eternal wrath, as present
 shame ;
 That thou should'st go in mourning
 all thy days,
 And never strike the joyful harp of
 praise ;
 That thou should'st be as miserable
 made

As

As thou art sinful in thy fallen head ;
And by thy actual transgressions too,
That multiply as drops of new-born
dew ;

Then where's the wretch would
share diviner wrath,
Or feel the tortures more of never
dying death ?

N. D.

(To be continued)

A Paradoxical ÆNIGMA.

I Am nearly as old as the sun or
the moon,
And existed with Adam, but not
quite so soon,
The records of Eden my origin shew,
And speaks of the wonders I con-
stantly do.

Methinks I excel ev'ry mortal on
earth,
Though a monster made way for my
excellent birth ;
For my nature is holy, and almost
divine,
And comes of a holy illustrious line.
I've a body by far more transpa-
rent than glass,
And porous all o'er, yet more solid
than brass,
And brighter than Sol, in meridian
flight,
Though ne'er seen by man unassisted
with light ;
But when e'er he sees me, he's fill'd
with surprize,
And as sure as he feels me, there's
tears in his eyes.
I'm often oppos'd, tho' so great is
my power,
That thousands I've made to submit
in an hour.

To the great and the good I am
seldom inclin'd,
But am always a friend to the poor
and the blind ;
For I'm laden with goodness, as few
will deny,

Though not many receive any good-
ness from me,
Yet, strange as it is, to a wonder
I'm free ;

For I'm giving for ever, yet full to
the brim,

Hold ! I must make a pause, or half
tell you my name.

Great men, 'tis well known, will
scarce ever stand by me,
But yet 'tis the great and the good
that supply me,

Some serve me for interest, as others
declare,

Perhaps more than ever my benefits
share ;

Even Kings oft defend me, without
any love,

Let the world, if it can, this asser-
tion disprove.

I've travell'd the globe, by a spe-
cial command,

And in many large kingdoms found
no place to stand,

But have frequently stopt in a vil-
lage or town,

And to unpolish'd countrymen made
myself known :

With them to the fields and the
meadows I go,

And to shew I'm industrious I fol-
low the plough

Till the swains, working by me,
burst into a song,

Surpriz'd at my talking without e'er
a tongue !

I'm sought where I am not, 'tis
easy to prove,

Though from those that still love
me I never can rove ;

Yet I frequently go where I am not
invited,

And enter by force, where I'm free-
ly admitted.

In England and Scotland I'm
pretty well known,

But, in Rome, or in France, scarce
a favour am shown,

Yea

Yea, in Britain, by many I'm of-
 ten conceal'd,
 Or by foes, or by friends, to be
 wounded and heal'd,
 While thousands more furious
 would fain have me kill'd.
 But ah! 'tis in vain, for though ear-
 ly my birth,
 I must live while a mortal remains
 on the earth :
 Unalterable, always abiding the
 same :
 Am greatly renown'd in the re-
 cords of fame,
 Where, Sirs, if ye look, you may
 soon find my name.

C. A.

*The solution of the above is earnestly
 requested.*

To the Editors of the Spiritual
 Magazine.

Gentlemen,

*By inserting the following lines you will
 oblige yours, &c.*

Moorfields,

Jan. 11, 1762.

W. D.

*Serious Thoughts on walking through a
 burying ground.*

TH E mansions of the dead I
 view, and smile,
 And cross the caverns of the dusky
 isle,
 To view the numerous champions
 there that lie,
 That fought, and overcome, and
 fought to die :
 Whose swords with skill was us'd,
 their foes to thrust,
 But now conceal'd and in oblivion
 rust.
 Lodg'd in the territories of the dead,
 Their strength, and skill, and love
 is ever fled ;
 In dreary darkness stretch'd, its re-
 gions pale,

A putrid lump, amidst the gloomy
 vale ;
 The grisly monarch, equip'd with
 darts,
 Augments his trophies, striking con-
 querors hearts ;
 Wrapt round in silence, without
 sword or shield,
 No more to lead, no more to take
 the field ;
 All their renown is lost, in shades of
 night,
 No more a safe retreat when put to
 flight :
 Here their remains, who oft had vic-
 tors been,
 Lie low interr'd—as the effects of sin :
 No knell within this lonely desert
 sounds,
 Since time has ran the utmost of her
 bounds ;
 These subterraneous arches mourn-
 ful spread,
 And speak the awful thought of be-
 ing dead.
 Here to be rang'd within these aw-
 ful urns,
 Let sinners dread, and saints rejoice
 in turns
 This bed is fenced round, tho' dark
 and cold,
 A house secure that all its prisoners
 hold.
 Here did my Jesus lie within the
 earth,
 But like a conqueror broke the bands
 of death,
 Is now ascended, and enthron'd on
 on high,
 Suffer'd for sins, and lives, no more
 to die ;
 He slept a time within the awful
 place,
 Perfum'd the grave for every child
 of grace,
 The path he trod, and did its ter-
 rors meet,
 By which its clods, are fragrant and
 sweet.

Whence

Whence then my soul, should come
 a shuddering thought?
 Christ dy'd—and here I've peace
 and pardon brought;
 My way to Heaven may through
 this passage lead,
 Haste then, my Lord, thy chariot
 wheels with speed.

*The ambitious Saint ; or, Reflections on
 the joys of a future state.*

A Rise my soul, from earth retire,
 See Heaven's glories!—see
 and sing,
 But grace, free grace, must tune the
 lyre,
 To hail the great eternal King,
 High on a throne, and lifted high,
 Reigns nature's universal Lord;
 Prais'd by legions in the sky,
 By every Saint on earth ador'd.
 There Jesus beauties strike amaze,
 In the admiring tribes above,
 Blest victims of victorious grace,
 Or conquests of all conquering
 love.
 [We own thee worthy, thousands cry,
 To wear the great imperial
 crown;
 Amen, seraphic hosts reply,
 'Till Hallelujahs shake the throne]
 [In his divine refulgent rays,
 Old Israel bask.—O, endless joy!
 And Jacob's sons unite to praise,
 In songs eternal as the day.]
 There early love in brilliant drefs,
 Flows like a lavish boundless sea,
 O'er all her sons of early choice,
 And still renews the sacred lay.
 There grace with all her healing
 powers,
 In peaceful orb resplendant shines,
 With laurels crown'd in ærial bowers,
 Where like an Empress she reigns.
 Oh! what a glorious state my soul,
 Prepar'd for pilgrims here below;
 Oh! may I reach the heavenly goal,
 And taste celestial pleasures too.

There will I wing the lofty flight,
 Around Jehovah's blissful throne,
 And loud proclaim Immanuel's right,
 To blessings, honours, and the
 crown.

A Morning HYMN.

Great God command my morn-
 ing's praise,
 To join with seraph's noblest songs,
 Assist me in divinest lays,
 To thrill the notes of heavenly
 tongues.

What! though the verdant spring
 appears,
 And splendid nature decks the
 earth,

They're all but things of lower
 spheres,

But I am form'd of nobler birth.

The wide creation speaks a God,
 And nature boasts the morning
 light;

And shan't my tongue his praise re-
 cord,

Whose sov'reign power restores
 my sight?

Early the warbling tribes resound
 Their maker's praise in yonder
 grove;

And shall mine eyes in sleep be found,
 While nature sings the God above?

What! shall the lark mount up and
 sing,

Welcome the dawn, and hail the
 day?

And shan't I chide thy lazy wing,
 "My soul, that sleeps in duller
 clay."

Scarce should the sun the morn pro-
 claim,

Nor eastern skies their twilight
 give;

But my best pow'rs should praise
 his name,

Who makes my soul in Jesus live.

N. D.

To the Editors of the Spiritual Magazine.

Gentlemen,

If you think the following lines worthy of your notice, by inserting them you will much oblige your constant reader and well-wisher,

June 22, 1762. J. P.

On the death of the Rev. Mr. Thomas Jones, late Chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark.

WHile tow'ring pyramids of ancient date,
Or modern tomb, with sacred awe, relate
The acts renown'd of those, whose laurel'd name,
The marble fair, or polish'd brass proclaim,
Whereon the mould'ring Christian's graces live,
And in persuasive strains kind counsel give.
Ah! can I view the mirrors of the dead,
And not one sigh, one friendly tear be shed!
Can I the monumental lays attend,
And not regret my dear departed friend!
Though no gay tomb or tablet do express
The grace, which reign'd in him thro' righteousness;
Yet his much honoured name, shall he carest,
And live within my sympathizing breast,
My heart shall be both tomb, and tablet too,
To store his precepts, and his worth to show;
Blest Jones! the much belov'd, the much bewail'd,

Who oft with feeble, languid frame assail'd

To rouse the dead, to cheer the abject mind;

Just his reproofs, his arguments how kind,

With sweet persuasive eloquence he fought

The lasting welfare of the flock he taught.

His aspect was expressive, of the care,

And tender love he did to sinners bear;

Humble, yet zealous for Christ's cause he stood,

Pleasantly grave, and exemplary good.

But such the vileness of the graceless breast,

He (like his suffering master) was oppress'd

With dire reproach, which he with patience bore,

And meekly preach'd, 'till he could preach no more,

Hewrestled, not alone with flesh and blood,

But principalities and powers withstood,

And, by the blood of the atoning lamb*,

And word of truth, he boldly overcame,

Spent strength and life in the blest gospel sound,

And living bore the cross, but now is crown'd:

Sweet prayer and praise perfume'd his latest breath,

And smiling met the friendly stroke of death,

Which wafts his soul to immortality:
Reader, example take, and learn to die.

* Rev. Chap. xii. Ver. 11. The text from which the Rev. Mr. Madan preached his funeral sermon.

A Letter on the Importance of Diligence, or Remissness in the Lord's Service.

Dear Friend,

YO U have but a little time to serve Christ in, the short space of your present life. We are now called to glorify God on the earth: we shall soon be glorified with him in Heaven. And how sad will it be, if sin and Satan should hinder you in running the race set before you, and so rob you of your crown! I mean not your eternal salvation; I trust that is in the hands of Christ; but of that reward which he, of the freest grace, will give to those who have served him fully and faithfully at the approaching day of his glorious kingdom. You know what our Lord says, "Hold that fast which thou hast, let no man take thy crown." There is a day hastens, when "we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, whether they be good or bad." A day wherein "every man's work shall be made manifest; for the day shall declare it, because it shall be revealed by fire, and the fire shall try every man's work, of what sort it is. If any man's work abide, which he hath built thereupon, (i. e. on Christ the foundation, after his profession of this chief corner-stone) he shall receive a reward. If any man's work shall be burnt, he shall suffer loss, but he himself shall be saved; yet so as by fire." Oh! the awfulness of that day, when every of our works must be tried by God's fire; as the goldsmith seeks for his precious metal, by casting it into the furnace, and burning up the dross: Oh how much dross will then appear to have been mixed with our purest religious performan-

P

ces! and oh, how many evil works are we daily guilty of, in thought, word and deed, which that fierce day will burn up! how happy will those be, in that day, whose works will be found to have the least dross! abiding the fire, they shall receive a reward, even Christ's "well done good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful in a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou in to the joy of thy Lord." How bright will be grace's display, and how ineffable our joy, to hear the King of glory own and commend our poor weak endeavours in his service, before men and Angels! how great, how condescending will his grace appear herein! while he will not lose the least act of our obedience, that has been done in faith and love for him, but take notice of the meanest service, if it be no more than the giving a cup of cold water! Our great Lord will call *that* service, which we think not worth the *name*, and quite beneath his notice; not a thought, word, or deed, for *him*, or *his*, shall lose its reward. And oh! what heart can conceive the glory of that immortal crown, which overcomers shall then wear, who have been enabled to fight it out on the side of Christ, against sin and Satan here! I beseech you to read what glories the Lord hath prepared, and promised to those that love him and keep his commandments, as recorded in the three first chapters of the *Revelations*.

Oh, how should this grace constrain us to be "always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as we know that our labour is not in vain in the Lord!" Well might our Lord say, "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light." For how do they im-

"prove

prove every opportunity to get gain? But as for us, through the whole of our lives, and every dispensation of providence that passeth over us, are put into our hands, so many opportunities to glorify the God of our mercies; yet how seldom have we a heart for this? Altho' "in keeping his commandments there is such great reward" here, and such unspeakable gain hereafter! Has Christ "a few names in Sardis, that have not defiled their garments; they shall walk with him in white?" With him here in love-communion, clad with the white robes of increasing purity, honour and joy. And with him in future felicity, arrayed with the white robes of immortal glory. Has he in Sardis some, that are enabled to overcome? "He will confess their names before his Father, and his holy Angels." Oh, the praise, honour, and glory, which Christ has reserved for his favourites, eminent in their present obedience, at his bright kingdom day! In a degenerate age, when most professors practically say, "what profit is there in the Lord's service?" Has he then a few "that fear him, that think upon his name, and speak often one to another: for them a book of remembrance is written before him; and they shall be mine, saith the Lord, in the day when I make up my jewels."

And as it will be an ineffable bliss, in the day of Christ, to have our works abide the fire, and be found unto praise, glory and honour, so, on the other hand, how sad will it be then, to have "our works burnt up, to be ashamed before him at his coming!" yea, tho' our persons should be saved, upon the bottom of sovereign grace: how sad will it be to suffer the loss of all our works, as it were, by that day's

fire, and so, of all that honour, glory, and praise, which we should have had otherwise! to have lost our time of glorifying God before men, for which we shall have no more opportunity then! What Saint, in his right mind, could be content to be saved *hereafter*, and to do nothing to glorify that grace which hath saved him, while he remains here?

Is it not then "high time to awake out of sleep? The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Be not discouraged, though at present you may be cast behind; but "return unto the Lord, and he will abundantly pardon." And if you should, "think on your ways, and turn your feet to his testimonies:" Who knows, but even now you may get before *those*, who are now before *you*? "there are first, which shall be last, and last, which shall be first. So run that you may obtain." Have you lost much time? Bless God that it is not all gone. Redeem the rest; double your diligence; set about your work in good earnest, and make holiness your business. "First seek the kingdom of God, and other things shall be added." Conscientiously read God's word; be frequent in meditation; keep up secret prayer; neglect not family-worship, and bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. "I know *Abraham*, says God, that he will command his household after him." And, "as for me and my house, said *Joshua*, we will serve the Lord. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." Prize public ordinances; bless God for the gospel, and bring out your little ones to hear the glad tidings of salvation. Suffer not your children to be brought up like the *Indians*, who never heard of Jesus. Oh! had you a due sense of the worth of their souls,

souls, surely the least thing you could do for them, is to bring them under the sound of gospel grace. Can you be content that they should perish, without doing your utmost to pluck them as fire-brands out of the burning? There are no circumstances that can excuse us, from serving the Lord with our houses, whatever carnal reason may suggest. Again, love the company of the Saints, the excellent of the earth, and theirs most, who are most spiritual in converse; in them let your delights be placed. In a word, follow hard after daily communion with God in Christ, and a growing conformity to his image, "in all manner of holy conversation and godliness;" and then your way will be pleasant, your end peace, and weighty will be your crown of immortal bliss—I commit you to "Him, who is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless, before the presence of his, and of his Father's glory, with exceeding joy!"

And very affectionately, I am, &c.

A. D.

A Letter to Mr. J. D. on his Thoughts concerning the Advocateship of Christ in Heaven, as inserted in Number 19. Page 58, of the Spiritual Magazine.

Dear Sir,

I AM glad that you are led into the love of God in all his persons, as each of the three divine persons, in Jehovah's undivided essence, hath gloriously displayed his own infinite love, in that part which each person hath took in the great salvation of the elect and so that equal honour, salvation, glory, and blessing is to be ascribed to each of them distinctly, and to all of them jointly, in the Godhead's unity.

P 2

You will say, Sir, "The gracious Father contrived the wonderful method of our redemption, as the result of his everlasting love. The beloved Son executed the dreadful plan, as the consequent of his love; and the adorable spirit applies this salvation to the hearts of his people." And doubtless the blood of Christ hath a voice in it. If the blood of Abel cried for vengeance, much more doth the blood of Christ cry for pardon and peace; thus far we agree. But, dear Sir, permit me to give you my humble thoughts, that besides the voice of Christ's blood, he himself doth plead for his people in Heaven. You know the Apostle says, by the Holy Ghost, "if any man sin (i.e. if any of us believe, that have fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, if any of us sin) we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." This word *advocate*, as it refers to Jesus Christ, plainly denotes an office, that personal office which he executes for us in Heaven. And is it not a rule among divines in the interpretation of scripture, "not to depart from the literal to a figurative sense of a text, unless necessity obliges?" Now I humbly think, Sir, we are under no necessity for a figure here; I look upon the intercession, and advocacy of Jesus Christ, to be both branches of his priestly office, or rather, one branch of it thus diversified, which he executes for us in Heaven. Intercession more generally regards the communication of favour, or of all grace, unto all glory. Advocacy more strictly respects Christ's pleading the merits of his own blood, for the forgiveness of our sins, and for the nullifying of all those charges, which Satan brings against us, that we may not be de-

frauded

frauded of that right of our inheritance, which was confirmed unto us by his blood ; and if intercession is vocal, why not advocacy ? That Christ's intercession is such plainly appears, in that he says, " I will *pray* the Father, and he shall give *you* another comforter." When God exalted his once humbled Son, to his high throne in Heaven, he bade him *ask* : " *Ask* of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for *thine* inheritance." Christ's great work in Heaven, is to *ask*, what the Father has promised, and to plead what he has purchased. What our Lord did for his people of old, when they were to be returned from captivity, in pleading for pardoning mercy, as their advocate, in covenant capacity, he does for us now in his glorified humanity ; and he said, " How long, O Lord of hosts, wilt thou not have mercy, &c." An advocate amongst men, is an authorized attorney, whose office it is, to plead his client's cause, against those who would invade his right, and to nonsuit all those allegations, which are brought against him in courts of judicature, that so his client may enjoy his inheritance, with honour, safety and peace. And as the Holy Ghost alludes to this *personal* office, and applies it to the *person of Christ*, I humbly think we ought not to *disrobe* his person of this office, which he is faithful in the execution of, and *allow no more* than the voice of his blood. When he that died, lives to plead his speaking blood, are not both conjoined, a *double* motive with God ? And may not both be a *double* comfort to a believer ? A client puts his cause into his advocates hands ; and don't believers, or should they not, put their cause into the hands of Christ, though it be ever so bad, and they themselves quite unable to plead ? Since his

name is Jesus Christ the righteous, And so he is able to save them to the uttermost, and has a sufficient, a redundant ground, to plead for their discharge, from his all-perfect, infinite righteousness, in their worst of causes, and to bring them off clear in open court with honour.

It is true, Sir, " The whole work of our redemption was completed by Christ on the cross : " when our dying Lord, with respect to the sufferings of his soul, cried out in triumph, " It is finished ! " And then God's law and justice was fully satisfied, when he bowed the head and died in our stead, and an everlasting peace was made between God and us, when the blood of the everlasting covenant was shed. But this noway militates against Christ's interceding and pleading for us in Heaven, for the communication of all promised and purchased blessings, but for both lays the strongest basis. I would just hint, Sir, that we are to distinguish between redemption by price, and by power. The former was finished by Christ on the cross, he then obtained eternal redemption for us. The latter will not be completed till the whole election of grace are redeemed from all iniquity and misery in their souls, or from their being and working of sin, and mortality, in that respect, swallowed up of life, of perfect purity, and full joy, in eternal glory. Nor yet, till we are redeemed in our bodies, from all the miseries of life, of death, and of the power of the grave, or till we receive the redemption of our bodies, and they are raised spiritual, powerful, incorruptible, immortal, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of Christ. And thus we are to distinguish between salvation by price and by power, or between the imputation, the working out of sal-

vation,

vation, and application. The former was completed, when the passive obedience of our Jesus was finished. The latter will not be completed, till all the elect are called, sanctified, and glorified. For it is in this respect that our Lord will appear the second time without sin unto salvation. And though, dear Sir, against Christ's pleading for us sinners in Heaven, you object thus :

" But what idea doth this give us of the blessed Father ? Does it not represent him as unreconciled to his people ? " I answer,

No, in no wise.—And please to observe, That Christ doth not plead with God, as an angry Judge, but as a Father, a loving, gracious Father. " We have an advocate with the Father : " with Christ's Father; who can deny his Son, his first, his well-beloved Son, in whom he is well-pleased, nothing that he asks, no suit that he pleads, and especially as he pleads for us his *own* righteousness; and so pleads righteously; that not only free grace, but also strict justice, grants his plea. And with our Father, whose heart is so full of love towards us, that as I may say, it wants to vent itself upon us, with honour to his infinite Majesty, through Christ's advocacy. Christ's plea is not to move an unreconciled God; not to pacify unsatisfied justice, but to move a reconciled God, to communicate according to the strong propense of his own heart, the natural fruits of a perfect reconciliation made, and to sue out our pardon and peace, from infinite grace, and satisfied justice, for God's glory and our joy. If you should ask me, Sir,

What necessity can there be, for Christ's pleading in Heaven, if justice by him was fully satisfied, and God perfectly reconciled to us sin-

ners, when he died on earth ? I answer,

God the Father's infinite wisdom, saw a necessity for this, and his infinite grace called his own Son to engage as an advocate for us : and God the Son, in his infinite wisdom and grace, approved and accepted of this office for us; and was it not necessary, that he, having accepted it, should fulfil his engagement ? And was it not necessary, that the Holy Ghost's descent, for application-grace, should be at Christ's request, through his prevalent plea, in advocacy, as for the Father's, and the Son's, so also, for his own glory ? The truth is, Sir, every thing is managed in Heaven for us sinners by Christ our Mediator, as is most for the glory of God in all his persons, and as is most for our security and joy, present and eternal.

And if *some* believers should conceive, from Christ's pleading for them in Heaven, that God is an angry Judge, and not reconciled, but by the advocacy of Christ; this truth affords not the least ground for their misconceit; but their misapprehension ought to be rectified, by its due explication; and such should be exhorted to consider, that Christ's advocacy for them in Heaven, was founded in the Father's love of immensity. It was he, in *his* love, that anointed Christ to be their advocate; his name, as such, is Christ; and in the call to, and execution of this office, he is Jesus, that can, and will serve them to the uttermost. As it was from the Father's boundless love, that he anointed his own co-equal Son, as constituted *Mediator*, in the everlasting covenant, and as our *Immanuel*, when incarnate, with an immeasurable fulness of the Holy Spirit, unto the great office of Saviour in general, and

and to that part of his work which he was to perform, in his state of humiliation: so likewise, it was from this source, that he was appointed unto this office of *Advocate*, in particular, which he was to execute in his state of exaltation. The infinite love of the Father, Son, and Spirit, shines gloriously, with equal splendor, with illustrious rays, in Christ's office of advocacy! the Father's, in calling him to it, and appointing him for it; the Son's, in accepting and executing of it, and the Holy Spirit's, in becoming the anointing, for the Saviour's pleading. Let this comfort us then, under all our griefs by sin: That "we have an Advocate with the Father; Jesus Christ the righteous."

Dear Sir, I am, &c.

A. D.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

I apprehend that all the queries in your Magazine are proposed with a desire to have the pleasure and satisfaction of a serious and pious answer. I should be sorry to see any past over without some notice taken of them. That apprehension induced me to attempt something by way of answer to the two following, as the others, that are not answered, are, I think, all of a later date; and I hope some of your worthy correspondents will not think their time and labour lost in resolving the rest.

QUERY I. Vol. I. No. XIV.
Page 179.

"IS it possible for a person, who is enabled to bewail his own vileness, to be assured of an interest in Christ, with eternal joy; and yet not have an astonishing view of the glory, fulness, and suita-

bleness of the Mediator, engaging and constraining him to love his Saviour, and delight in his ways? And is it possible to have such an affecting view of Christ before regeneration?"

IN all our researches of this nature, we should sincerely aim at the glory of God, our own growth in grace, and the edification of others. When this is the case, we may and ought to pray earnestly that we may be directed in the right way; neither should we despair of a blessing. With regard to the Query, I believe that God is often pleased to condescend so far as to indulge his people with a comfortable view of their interest in Christ, and consequently of their eternal glory and joy. I mean a view so clear and evident that they may say, *my Lord and my God; I am my beloved's and my beloved is mine; who shall separate, &c.* and at the same time the believer may have a very distressing view of his own vileness. I do not think there is a child of God upon earth without the rebellious warring law in his members. How necessary, and yet how humbling and self-abasing it is, to see the depravity of our nature! upon some seasons the blackness and comeliness may appear at the same time. I am of opinion that the comeliness seldom or never appears, but the blackness is also in view. A very instructive contrast to a follower of Jesus Christ. I suppose Job had a clear evidence of the favour of God, as well as the Majesty of Jehovah, when he cried out, *I abhor myself!* when the Apostle breaks forth in that mournful manner, *O wretched man, &c.* he could thank God for the victory through Jesus Christ. When he talks of the *incorruptible* glory above, he points at the *corruptible* here: and

and when he mentions the *glorious* body of Christ in Heaven, and the Saints likeness to him there, he does not forget the *vile* body here. These observations appear to me very evident, viz.

The clearer any one doth see his relation to, and interest in Christ, the more he will see and bewail his own depravity.

A person may sometimes have a very oppressing sense of the prevalence of sin, and at that time his interest in Christ much clouded and called in question; yet at those very seasons he may be under the saving and sanctifying influence of the Holy Spirit.

It is possible, and perhaps too common, for true believers to be in so stupid a frame, that they are but little affected with a sense of sin, or of the beauty of Christ and true holiness. These are sad seasons, and much to be dreaded; for where they be of long continuance the state of that poor barren soul is much to be lamented.

It is my certain and unshaken belief, that a person can never be enlightened, by the Holy Spirit, so as to be assured of his interest in Christ, but he will, under the heart purifying operation of the same spirit, bewail bitterly the remainder of indwelling sin. This heart grief and sorrow is quite consistent with spiritual peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I believe likewise, that where this sorrow and joy really exist, the person must of necessity have an astonishing view of the glory, fulness, and suitableness of the Mediator, his willingness, power, and capacity to purify entirely and glorify eternally a worm so vile in itself. This view of things will certainly engage the heart to love Jesus Christ in the most sincere and affectionate manner, and out of love excite to yield him cordial, grateful, and

cheerful obedience, in principle and practice. I am confident that it is impossible to experience these things, in their transforming and affecting manner above noted, before regeneration. Then these consequences will follow:

There may be assurance, or strong faith, where much corruptions still remains unmortified: the *Canaanites* will dwell in the land; yet this faith purifies the heart, breathes after more holiness, and is in arms against the *Canaanites*.

That true faith, weak or strong, leads not to a loose unguarded and licentious life.

That the faith which disposes to a dissolute conduct is not genuine, but a most pernicious delusion.

That those who say that assurance leads to licentiousness, do testify how destitute they be of the real experience of the true grace of God.

That when a person doth love Jesus Christ, and depend upon him for acceptance with God; when he doth hate sin, love and follow holiness, he may conclude that he is born again.

That when a person doth not experience these things, he may conclude himself to be in a natural state, and in the broad way.

I must not enlarge upon this, but hasten to

QUERY II. Vol. I. No. XV.

Page 200.

“AS I apprehend that this practice (*Family Prayer, &c.*) is unfashionable in our days, is it because this age is so much wiser than the last; or, is it because we are less acquainted with the life, power, and comfort of that religion which is pure and undefiled before God?”

A Query upon social religion in the family is already well answered, in Vol. II. No. XVIII.
page

page 36. where it is very justly observed, that “when vital religion “and the power of godliness is upon the decline, this social religion in the family is almost the “first thing neglected.”—That reading a portion of scripture to the household, and praying with them, is not only expedient and profitable, but an incumbent duty, is evidently proved, I think, in that answer.—That it is very much neglected, and by some professors even derided, is a mournful truth, so glaring and open that it wants no proof. That it was much more in practice a century past may be easily demonstrated. Now the Query is, whether the present race of professors have attained to a superior degree of wisdom above their fathers, or doth this negligence proceed from some other cause? I will not pretend to justify every thing in our holy, valiant, and heavenly minded ancestors, but I dare say, they did imitate that great and renowned man, *Abraham*, who, for his eminency, was styled, *the friend of God*, and *Father of the faithful*, better than their successors do. He took care to erect an altar for God in his house †, and set his children and servants an honourable precedent; how well they were trained up in religion may be seen in the piety and faithfulness of his chief servant. God himself, the searcher of his heart, gives him this excellent and exemplary character, I know him, that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord §. A glorious testimony, where the family was so numerous, and many of them slaves bought with his money: It would be well if our countrymen in *America* would lay this example more to

heart, and endeavour to copy after it. But alas! we have here, in this land of light and peace, many professing families, that call not upon God: will not *Cornelius*, the *Gentile* officer in the *Roman* army, rise up in judgment against them? He was diligent in prayer, and feared God, with all his house ||, a clear evidence what pains he took with his family, and that his religion was not confined to his closet. Perhaps the prayerless masters of our families would soon be offended, were they told, that their conduct doth evidence they are but little acquainted with the life, power, and comfort of true religion, and that they neither fear God, nor regard the souls of their families. If what is already observed, in the answer above-mentioned, is not sufficient to convince them of their duty, I pray that God may, in his mercy, shew them the right path, and deliver them from fatal deceptions. I think it needless to add any more that way upon the subject. However I would beg leave to propose a few queries to three sorts of people.

First, To those who treat the point with disdain, and boldly plead it is not their duty, to read the scripture and pray morning and evening with their family.

Do you not greatly, if not entirely, neglect closet prayer, self-examination, and heavenly contemplation? Then it is no wonder you neglect others?

Do you bring up your children and servants in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Let conscience answer in the presence of God.

If you do; pray what method do you take with them? Consider well.

† Gen. xii. 7, 8. and xxiv. chap. throughout. § Gen. xviii. 19. || Acts x. 2, 7.

Do you take care to bring them acquainted with the word of God, with their misery by nature, and the absolute necessity of an interest in Christ?

Do they know very well that you pray often, and highly value the scripture, or have they room to conclude you seldom, if ever pray?

Do you oppose the practice, because you believe in your conscience that it is a sin before God to read the word and pray in your family? or do you oppose it, because you are too indolent to engage in it, and too busy about other concerns that better suits your taste?

Do you think it to be the work of Satan to promote family worship, but the work of the Holy Spirit to demolish it, or is it the contrary?

Can you, in the presence of God, say to those under your care, *I am clear from your blood?* If not, what will be the issue?

Secondly, To those who believe it their duty, but often, if not always, neglect it.

Be you so negligent about the affairs of this world as you be about the very important concerns of the next? Think of it seriously.

Do you think reading a chapter and prayer would much hinder and hurt your secular business? Did you ever find it so? Is time so precious that you cannot afford half an hour, morning and evening for religious exercises?

Do not strangers, that come accidentally into your house, wonder they find no more religion under your roof? Is this adorning the gospel?

Are you more skilful to excuse your negligence than to reform it? How will this turn out at last?

Thirdly, To those who are willing to set up, and carry on this family religion, but are too bashful, and

afraid they have not sufficient qualifications for it.

Do you earnestly pray in your closet, that you may be enabled to discharge the duties incumbent upon you as the Governor and Leader of a family?

Did you attempt your duty? Do it again, and wait for a blessing: think more about it, read more, and converse more about religion with your family. Consult also with solid, pious and judicious friends that are capable of advising you. If it is a duty, do it as well as you can, you will improve.

June 27, 1762.

The Ploughman's Wish.

For the Profession and Practice of True Religion, and for Peace and Plenty in the Nation.

THAT our gracious Majesty King George the Third may have a long and happy reign over us. And that his present Majesty and all future Kings and Queens may be nursing fathers, and nursing mothers to the church of Christ. *Isa. xlix. 23.*

That all great men may grow good men, and in all respects behave accordingly. *John iii. 11.*

That every individual person use their best endeavours to reform themselves and others. *2 Kings xxiii. 3.*

That our officers may be peace and our exactors righteousness. *Isa. lx. 17.*

That every man endeavour to fear God and honour the King *1 Pet. ii. 17.*

That all party interest and opposition, both in religious principles, and national concerns, be abolished and not come into future remembrance. *Acts ix. 31. Psal. cxxxiii. 1, 2, 3.*

That

That all the officers in the army and navy be clad in Christian armour, and learn themselves, and teach others under their care, the Christian exercise and discipline. *Ephes. vi. 11, 16, 17.*

That the heads of the Colleges and Halls, be men truly fearing God and hating covetousness; and that they yearly hold an assembly in London, for inspecting the faith and manners of the clergy, and for determining all differences, &c. *Exod. xviii. 21. Eph. v. iii.*

That the said heads take care of, and promote the study of true religion, and order those, under their care, who learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, to read only the bible and testament, and other books in these languages which treat of sound divinity, and no heathen authors whatever; and to teach the youth under their care the principles of true religion, and admit none into holy orders but such as can say the creed, the ten commandments, the Lord's prayer and thirty-eight articles of religion, in the vulgar tongue, without book. (the middle article to be expunged) *2 Tim. iii. 15. Col. ii. 8.*

That the clergy, for the future, be all on a level, and have no head over them but their spiritual head, the Lord Jesus Christ; and their temporal head, the King of Great-Britain. *Col. i. 18. Ephes. i. 22. Rom. xiii. 6.*

That no minister have any more livings than one, and that he preach twice, at least, every Lord's day. *Rev. i. 20. Acts xx. 7.*

That double honour and respect be given to those ministers who preach and walk according to gospel order. *1 Tim. v. 17.*

That religion may grow into fashion, and immorality, and lukewarmness, out of fashion. *1 Pet. i. 14. Rev. iii. 16.*

That every one who is by profession a Christian, may be found to be such really in faith and practice, and behave in love and charity to each other. *2 Pet. i. 5, 6, 7, 8.*

That every man be contented with his own wife, and every woman, with her own husband, and both join in taking of a particular care in the education of their children. *1 Cor. vii. 2, 3, 4. Eph. vi. 4.*

That all poor people be set to work, and paid in cash, and so kept from idleness and begging, &c. *Prov. xiv. 21.*

That there be no person suffered to curse and swear, nor continue in the alehouses, or in the streets in sermon time. *Psal. cix. 28. Exod. xx. 8.*

That the spiritual laws, for the future, be all taken from the scripture, and all unscriptural laws be put on shipboard and transported to that land where the King of Portugal sent the Jesuits, to which of good right they did belong. *Psal. xix. 7, 8. Acts xix. 38, 39.*

That peace may be restored in general, and the nations not learn war any more. *Isa. xxiv. 4.*

That the prophecy of Isaiah may be fulfilled, of the Wolf and Lamb feeding together. (the persecutor and professor living in peace. *Isa. lxv. 25.*

That the broad way may be unfrequented, and the narrow way thronged with passengers. *Matth. vii. 13.*

That Zion may not only travail, but bring forth children, even a nation at once; as the Lord will assist to the birth, and the delivery also. And that this long expected day may appear in the present age. Amen. *Isa. lxvi. 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14.*

To the Editors of the Spiritual Magazine.

Gentlemen,

Please to insert the following lines in your useful miscellany, as highly beneficial to all lovers of Christianity, and you will much oblige your constant reader, and humble servant,

Cold: Asphy,

T. A.

A SONG to creating Wisdom.

Eternal wisdom thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings;
With thy loud name, rocks, hills,
and seas,

And Heaven's high palace rings.
Place me on the bright wings of day,
To travel with the sun;
With what amaze shall I survey
The wonders thou hast done.

Thy hand how wide it spreads the
sky,

How glorious to behold,
Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
And starr'd with sparkling gold.

There thou hast bid the globes of
light,

Their endless circles run,
There the pale planet rules the night,
And day obeys the sun.

Downward I turn my wond'ring eyes,
On clouds and storms below,
Those under regions of the skies
Thy num'rous glories show.

The noisy winds stand ready there
Thy orders to obey,
With sounding wings, they sweep
the air,

To make thy chariot way.

There like a trumpet, loud and
strong,

Thy thunder shakes our coast,
While the red light'nings wave along
The banners of thine host.

On the thin air, without a prop,
Hang fruitful showers around,

At thy command, they sink and drop
Their fatness on the ground.

Now to the earth I bend my song,
And cast my eyes abroad,
Glancing the British isles along;
Blest isles, confess your God!

How did his wond'rous skill array,
Your fields in charming green;
A thousand herbs his art display,
A thousand flowers between.

Tall oaks for future navies grow,
Fair Albion's best defence,
While corn and vines rejoice below,
Those luxuries of sense.

The bleating flocks his pasture feeds;
And herds of larger size,
That bellow through the Liddian
meads,
His bounteous hands supplies.

We see the Thames caress the shores,
He guides the silver flood;
While angry Severn swells and roars,
Yet hears the Ruler God.

The rolling mountains of the deep,
Observe his strong command,
His breath can raise the billows steep
Or sink them to the sand.

Amidst thy watry kingdoms, Lord,
The finny nations play,
And scaly monsters, at thy word,
Rush through the northern sea.

Thy glories blaze, all nature round
And strike the wond'ring sight,
Through skies and seas, and solid
ground,
With terror and delight.

Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad,
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And spake the Builder God.

But the vast beauties of thy grace,
Our softer passions move,
Pity divine, in Jesus face,
We see, adore, and love.

Mercy

Mercy and Truth met together.

AMIDST ten thousand wand-
ring thoughts,
That daily crowd the mind,
My God discerns ten thousand faults,
And yet my God how kind!

Conscious of sin, I'm drown'd in
guilt,

And here I should remain,
But Christ applies the blood he spilt,
And makes my conscience clean.

Justice requires in strictest terms,
A perfect righteousness,
And dooms th' offender to the
flames,

As if there were no grace.

The *Law* can no abatement make,
For he that sins must die,
But Christ can peace and pardon
speak,
His blood can justify.

Mercy flows like the rolling seas,
Unbounded by the shores;
It comes o'er sins that reach the skies,
And heals ten thousand sores.

It flows as fully and as free,
As if no *Law* had place;
And thus the *Attributes* agree
To save the chosen race.

N. W.

Old Things are pass'd away.

THE genuine fruit of grace
begun,
Is love to precious Christ;
Old things are pass'd away and gone,
When he becomes our Priest.

Though once our hearts desir'd to
know,

Nought but the ways to Hell,
Yet we erect a *Beitbel* now,
Where God delights to dwell.

Naked and perishing we fly,
To th' arms of sov'reign love;
Our prayers more constant than the
day,
Make fast in courts above.

No more for works that we have
done,

We hope to be forgiv'n;
The *Law* condemns us e'ery one,
And bars us out of Heaven.

But when the voice of Jesus' blood,
Comes whispering from the skies,
Our souls adore a pard'ning God,
And hail the sacrifice!

Thy courts, O Lord, are now the
best,

And there we love to meet:
'Tis Jesus welcomes every guest,
And makes the banquet sweet,

N. W.

The Language of a sensible Soul
in Darkness.

LONG have I sat in shades of
Night,
Encompass'd round with fears,
Nor scarce a star of heavenly light,
In all my paths appears.

My monstrous sins, a numerous host!
Impede my way to Heaven;
And 'tis in vain, my soul would trust,
Those sins are all forgiven.

I'm bound in chains of unbelief,
And destin'd to the goal,
Where captives mourn without re-
lief,

And pains afflict the soul.

"When awful Majesty proclaims,
"The chastening is but just,
Then I confess how vile I am,
And sink beneath the dust."

My soul reflects with bitter sighs,
How base my ways have been,
And owns the Lord may well chas-
tise,

A wretch that's so unclean.

Defil'd in lip, corrupt in heart,
And all my life impure,
What can I once expect but smart,
And wounds beyond a cure?

Dear

Dear Lord, afford a sov'reign balm,
And heal my sore disease,
Let fair sereneness and a calm
Bid all my troubles cease.

N. W.

The chequer'd Life of a real
Christian.

I'm lost when I count o'er my state,
What once I was, and what I'm
now,
How I desire my sins to hate,
Yet how these reign, and triumph
too.

In nature's dungeon once I lay,
Fast bound in chains of heaviest
weight,
Nor e'er desir'd one heavenly ray,
But hugg'd my chains and chose
the night.

But now mine eyes have seen the
sun,
That glorious light, whose heaven-
ly rays,
Convert my soul, condemn my sin,
And all my doubts dissolve in
praise.

Tis through this light that I behold
A thousand odious beasts of prey,
And armies, yet unseen, I'm told,
Threaten to stop me in my way.

I dread their spite, while in this clime,
And fear I shan't resist their will;
Vast are the trials ty'd to time,
And all my thoughts confusion still.
Clouds and thick darkness veil my
eyes,

Yet with the Saints I trust I share;
But e'er I reach eternal joys,
A thousand deaths and bonds I
fear.

Lord raise my soul, by faith, to view,
The glories of the upper sky;
Where mirth, unmix'd, is ever new,
And praise celestial as the day.

June 16, 1762.

N. W.

To the Editors of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*The following Ode (wrote by a young
Gentleman who lived in Hampshire,
and some time ago deceased) is pre-
sented to your readers, by*

Your Correspondent,

W. B.

THE BATT, OR RATTLE-MOUSE,
An O D E.

— *Flying fowl, and creeping things,
praise ye the Lord. Psal. cxlviii. 10.*

— *All things speak a God; but in
the small,
Men trace out him.*

Night Thoughts, No. 9.

*Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals take the sound.*

Watts's Hor. Lyr.

Nature thro' all her variated
plan,
Yields constant pleasure to the en-
quiring man,
Bright scenes of wonder rising ever
new,
In an unbounded prospect to his
view.

Take thy perspective, man, sur-
vey the stars,
The fixed planets, and the dancing
spheres,
All in their orbits regularly roll,
In fields of æther, round the steady
pole,
Up through unmeasurable space the
mystery lies,
Beyond the strictest ken of well assist-
ed eyes.

Dive to the bottom of the deep pro-
found,
Where world's of water compass thee
around;

Where smaller fish, and larger mon-
sters play,

A thou-

A thousand fathom from the open-
 ing day;
 Where earth's foundations well ce-
 mented lie,
 Firm as the pillars of the vaulted sky.
 Deck with the sun's bright morn-
 ing beams thy robe,
 And fly with him thy circuit round
 the globe;
 Borne on a strong east wind pursue
 thy way,
 Cross the broad lands, and more ex-
 tensive sea.
 India's and Ophir's golden mines
 explore,
 Freight thee with mysteries bro't
 from every shore
 From earth, and air, thy grand col-
 lection bring,
 Devouring beast, and fowl of every
 wing,
 Then gather all these miracles di-
 vine,
 To form one universal magazine.
 Wonder, and that Almighty name
 adore,
 That form'd the creatures by his
 matchless power;
 Who governs all things with a sove-
 reign nod,
 And lives and reigns the self-suffici-
 ent God.
 Fast as thy knowledge let thy plea-
 sure rise,
 Let joy increase with every new sur-
 prize;
 Solace thy growing mind, and please
 thy sight,
 The wonderful Batt shall yield thee
 fresh delight;
 The flying Batt by heavenly wis-
 dom made,
 Turns night to day, and day-light
 into shade.
 Soon as the glorious hours of day
 are run,
 He wings his flight, his dawning is
 begun:
 Exults in shining midnight, and as
 soon,

Shuns the dark sun-beams, and the
 shades of noon;
 Retires to rest and leaves the dark-
 some day,
 For men to labour, and for lambs to
 play:
 Yet here a more uncommon mys-
 tery lies,
 Walks with his wings, and with
 his legs he flies.

Norton-Falgate, June 17, 1762.

On the Death of a favourite Bird.

P OOR Dickey's gone, sweet
 songster, now no more
 In pleasing songs he'll sing his Ma-
 ker's power;
 No more his praise in tuneful ac-
 cents sing,
 Earth's universal Lord, and Hea-
 ven's eternal King.
 That mighty God, who spread the
 æthereal frame,
 Who form'd the stars, and calls them
 all by name;
 Who made the sun, that shining
 world of light,
 The sun that rules the day, and
 moon the night.
 The whole creation rose at his com-
 mand,
 And all's supported by his mighty
 hand;
 To him the feathered choir their
 praises bring,
 Who form'd them by his power, and
 taught them how to sing.
 How did the little songster sweetly
 raise
 His artless notes to his Creator's
 praise?
 The warbling notes long dwelt up-
 on his tongue,
 Whilst Dick, with active wings,
 flew upwards, as he sung.
 The tender master, with indulgent
 care,

And

And liberal hand, provided daily
fare;

The Mistress fond, with pleasing
care was seen

To give poor Dickey food, and
spread the verdant green.

While in the house the little song-
ster hung,

Long tun'd their care, with his un-
wearied tongue.

But, now, behold, prostrate poor
Dickey lies,

Now nevermore to sing, nor ever-
more to rise.

Shall little birds to God their voices
raise?

And not the Saints? Have they no
songs of praise?

O may my soul to God thank offer-
ings bring,

And on the wings of faith, fly up-
wards as I sing.

Sing how eternal love a Saviour
chose.

To raise poor sinners from the depth
of woes;

Bid's awful justice draw its dreadful
sword,

Go, smite the man, my fellow, faith
the Lord.

Sing matchless love that nail'd him
to the tree,

Who bled and groan'd, and dy'd for
such as me!

Sing how the rebels that deserv'd to
die,

Are pardon'd here, and rais'd to joys
on high:

To springs of pleasure, that will
never dry,

Where troubles are no more, and
death itself shall die.

Here all creation's silent. Birds may
raise

Their feeble notes, to their crea-
tors praise.

The angelic host, in blissful realms
above,

Not for themselves, can sing redeem-
ing love;

'Tis man alone, poor fallen man may
praise,

For pard'ning mercy, and redeem-
ing grace.

May this be my delightful work be-
low,

And when I've travelled the desert
through,

May thy strong hand, O God, then
waft me o'er

Jordan's cold flood, to Canaan's
heavenly shore.

There pleasures in perfection will
be known,

There all the Saints will meet a-
round the throne,

With sinless, ceaseless, endless
songs, to make thy glory known

*A Song of praise and thanksgiving adapted to
the case of such as have been deprived of
special mercies and privileges, and pray-
ing for the return thereof, have received a
gracious and speedy answer.*

THY matchless wisdom heavenly King,
Marshals the whole creation's frame
We would attempt thy praise to sing
In our most worthy Saviour's name.

Our souls would magnify the Lord,
The Lord in whom our help is found,
For he alone is richly stor'd,
With sov'reign balm for every wound.

Although his providential voice,
Did lately call us for to mourn,
Yet now, we hope, we may rejoice,
In what our God for us hath done.

Though he in wisdom saw it just,
That we of late should feel his rod,
Yet he, rememb'ring we were dust,
Did shew the pity of a God.

Thou heard'st our voice, thou King of
Heav'n,

When we did call upon thy name;
Yea, and before the stroke was given,
Thou did'st prepare to heal the same.

Thy wisdom, and thy grace we sing,
Thy love and pity all divine;
Thy counsels thou to pass dost bring.
No foe can frustrate thy design.

Now Lord assist us to improve,
Whilst we enjoy the means of grace;
Shew us fresh tokens of thy love,
Through Jesus Christ, the Prince of
peace.

TO the PROPRIETORS of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

By inserting the following Verses, occasioned by the under written Lines observed in the Parlour Window, at the White Horse in Cold-Ashby, you will oblige,

Your Constant Reader,

Cold-Ashby.

T. S.

“ Distrust and darkness of a future state,
 “ Makes poor mankind so fearful of their fate ;
 “ Death in itself is nothing, but we fear,
 “ To be we know not what, we know not where.”

AT thy command I meekly yield
 My body to the dust
 Jesus ! I fly to thee alone,
 And know in whom I trust.
 Fix thou the time (the time is fix'd,
 In the divine decree)
 Call, when the time is fully come,
 And I will answer thee.
 My flesh and soul to thee I've giv'n
 In their united state,
 And shall I e'er distrust the Lord,
 With each when separate!
 I claim thy promise here below,
 To dwell always with me,
 And shan't I trust the word that says,
 “ Where I am thou shalt be * ?”
 The glorious Angels stood prepar'd
 Soon as the beggar dy'd †,
 His parting spirit to convey,
 To faithful Abraham's side.
 Those morning stars, thro' all my
 way,
 Have been my daily guard ;

And can't I trust ? when loos'd from
 clay,
 They'll bear me to my Lord.
 Soon as cold death hath clos'd my
 eyes,
 Those radiant sons of light,
 Are present to my mental view,
 Oh ! what a glorious sight.
 They'll bear me up, with friendly
 hands,
 To regions yet unknown ;
 And wafting o'er æthereal strands,
 Present me at thy throne.
 How glorious is thy gift of faith,
 That cheers the darksome tomb,
 And on the grave of noisome death,
 Can shed a rich perfume.
 Glorious that faith ! that bears the
 soul
 Above desponding fear,
 Joying to reach the heavenly goal,
 And longing to be there.

* John xiv. 3

† Luke xvi. 22.

*A Morning's Excursion into the
Country improved.*

LETTER VIII.

To ———,

Dear Correspondent,

I Am now at the very agreeable seat of my very worthy friend *Eugenio*; where business and inclination will fix me for a few weeks. The last evening we had a most pleasing ramble. I have met with nothing more agreeable since I left town, and lost your improving company.

“ Then was the sun in western cadence low,

“ From noon; and gentle airs, due at their hour,

“ To fan the Earth, then wak'd, to usher in

“ The Ev'ning cool. † ”

At this juncture, *Eugenio* invited me to take the air. Remote from the village; hid from every eye, and the whole world withdrawn from our view, we walked several times along a close shady alley, arched with a thick and almost impenetrable foliage of leaves. Turning short at the end, we entered a parallel range of majestic and uniformly-spreading oaks. The beautiful colour, the large trunks of those lordly trees, their very diffusive spread, added to their prodigious height, gave them an air of uncommon dignity. It swells the imagination with vast ideas, and entertains us with a romantic kind of delight, to expatiate amidst such huge columns, and under such superb elevations of living architecture.

Emerging from our gloomy situation, where we seemed like *Monks*

strolling in their cloysters, we, at once, found ourselves upon a walk covered with the neatest gravel; and not a weed to be seen, nor one spire of grass, through the whole extended surface. It sloe into a continual ascent; yet so very gradually, that the rise was scarce discernable, either by the searching eye, the toiling feet, or the panting breath. At the extremity a handsome summer-house shewed a flight of steps, and half a *Venetian* door. The rest of the building was hid by the clustering branches. Advancing towards the apartment, our surprise and satisfaction was greatly augmented, when we cast our eyes backwards, and beheld the beautiful meads, which from the foot of this elegant mount, stretch themselves into a space almost unmeasurable.

Admiring this extensive vale, which was decked with the finest verdure, and replenished with the richest herbage; at a great distance, I beheld a river rolling its copious flood in a thousand serpentine meanders, as though it had lost its way in the flowery labyrinth, or made repeated efforts of flowing back to its source. Struck with this august and magnificent appearance; I could not avoid pouring out my whole soul in those emphatical lines of a great author,

“ God of all worlds! source and supreme of things!

“ From whom all life, from whom duration springs!

“ Intense, O let me for thy glory burn,

“ Nor fruitless view my days and months return.

“ Give me with wonder at thy works to glow,

“ To grasp thy vision, and thy truths to know:

† Milton.
R

“ O'er

“ O’er time’s tempestuous sea to
reach the shore,
“ And live, and sing, where time
shall be no more.

It is impossible, Sir, for my pen to paint to you the matchless beauties of nature in this delightful season, of which I am every day the astonished spectator! I often, with eager view, survey the extensive prospect, and wander over all the magnificence of things, charmed with the endless variety of graceful objects and noble scenes! each soliciting my chief regard—every one worthy of my whole attention—all conspiring to touch the heart with a mingled transport of gratitude, and of joy. I have several times lately at the approach of sober eve,

“ ——— when vernal airs,
“ Breathing the smell of field and
grove, attune
“ The trembling leaves.” †

stole away from company and conversation, softly to tread the grassy path, and listen to the melodious woe of the *Nightingale’s* song. I am more than ever convinced that *art* is dim-sighted in her plans, and defective even in her most elaborate essays; and that *nature*, or rather nature’s sublime AUTHOR, is indeed a designer, and a workman that need not be ashamed †. His eye strikes out ten thousand elegant models, and his touch executes them all with the nicest skill, and inimitable perfection. Sometimes at a considerable distance I survey the hills, those stupendous and majestic elevations of the earth, which, like

grand amphitheatres arise, and seem to lend their amazing ridges as a basis to support Heaven’s wide-expanded arch! here I view the *mountains* lift their brows, or penetrate the clouds with their aspiring peaks. Great and astonishing are the operations of thy hand, Lord God Almighty, multiplied even to a prodigy! yet in wisdom, the most consummate wisdom hast thou made them all!—what is nature, but a series of wonders, and a fund of delight!

The *Kitchen Garden* adjoining to the very genteel box where I reside, presents us with a vast variety of benefits. The *Orchard*, contiguous thereto, is just now all fair, and ruddy, and bowing down beneath its own delicious burthen; this gives us fresh demonstrations of our CREATOR’s kindness; regales us, first, with all the delicacies of *summer-fruits*; next, with the more lasting succession of *autumnal dainties*. How lavish is nature of her bounties! how highly does she charm the eye, please the taste, and attract the smell! what exhalations so rich as those which embalm my morning and evening walks *? Yonder I see a grove of *Tulips*, and a knot of *Pinks*, on the right side of the room where I am writing, a choice collection of *Carnations* captivate every eye with a noble spread of graces, and charm another sense with a profusion of exquisite odours; while a few *Ranunculus’s* all bold and graceful, expand the riches of their foliage, and acquire, by degrees, the loveliest enamel in the world.—The left hand window commands a prospect truly

† Milton

‡ 2 Tim. ii. 15.

* The twining *Jessamin*, and the blushing *Rose*,
With lavish grace their morning scents disclose;
The swelling *Tub’rose*, and *Jonquil* declare,
The stronger impulse of an evening air.

delightful ! I am struck with a pleasing astonishment, while beholding those stores of mellow treasure ; the downy *Peach*, and the polished *Plumb*, the musky *Apricot*, and the juicy *Pear*, with the *Cherry*, and its coral pendants glowing through lattices of green,

“ ————— and dark,
“ Beneath her ample leaf, the luscious Fig.” *Milton.*

Oh the goodness, the exuberant goodness of God ! man ! how greatly art thou beloved by thy Creator, thou darling of Providence ! *Jehovah openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness.* Nature ! what a cabinet of curiosities ; what a rich and inexhaustible Magazine ; what an ample volume, and every page rich with sacred hints !

“ These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
“ Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
“ Thus wond’rous fair ! thyself how wond’rous then ! ”

Milton.

“ ————— who can paint
“ Like nature ? Can imagination boast,
“ Amid his gay creation, hues like these ?
“ And can he mix them with that matchless skill,
“ And lay them on so delicately fine,
“ And lose them in each other, as appears
“ In every bud that blows ?

Thompson’s Spring.

“ —Thou sitt’st above all Heav’ns,
“ To us invisible or dimly seen
“ In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
“ Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow’r divine.”

Milton. Book 5.

But I correct myself for thus heedlessly roving from the subject I had principally in view when I first sat down to write. Excuse me, dear Sir, at this time, for my prolix introduction ; or for furnishing the side-board more copiously than the table. I flatter myself you are not so covetous, as to desire a transcription of my *journal* in my present unsettled situation. I therefore forbear, that, at my return to town, a distinct relation of my rural expedition, may render our personal interview more highly agreeable.

In my late morning’s excursion, when, rising with the dawn, I stroked into the fragrant air, and dewy fields, I remember I was not a little delighted at the view of a considerable collection of the *bleating tribe*. They were inclos’d in a pretty ample spot, which appeared to produce a great plenty of pasturage. Some were couchant ; others nibbling the tender production of the ground ; while a few little *lambs*, frisking by the sides of their grave and venerable matrons, and now and then breaking upon the silent air in shrill and infantile accents, presenting to me a striking view of innocence and love, and not a little increased my inclination for a country life.

A very short pause was sufficient to furnish me with a few reflections upon this pleasing, fruitful subject. What amity appears to reign between these tenants of the dewy lawn ! notwithstanding they are so very numerous, they seem to belong to one family ; they live amicably and sociably together ; not the least dissention is ever to be discerned. Pretty emblem this, of those brethren, whose constant endeavour it is to dwell together in unity †. There are modes in religion, which admit of

va-

variation, without prejudice to sound faith, or real holiness. Be it so then, that in some points of inconsiderable consequence, we beg leave to differ from several of our *Christian Brethren*. What! though we vary in *punctilios*, if we harmonize in *principles*, shall we not join in conversation, and intermingle interests? How extremely unbecoming and injudicious it is, in these circumstances, to discover the least estrangement of behaviour, or to cherish the least alienation of affection? If any *strife* subsists, if any *ambition*, for superiority should fire our bosoms, let this be the *strife*, this the *ambition*, who shall follow our divine Master most closely in humility of heart, and unblameableness of life—who shall serve one another most readily, in all the kind offices of a cordial friendship. Thus shall we be *united*, though *distinguished*—united in the same grand fundamentals, though distinguished by some small circumstances—united in one important bond of brotherly love, though distinguished by some slighter peculiarities of sentiment. I say not, my dear friend, but that it is our incumbent duty, to contend earnestly for the faith which was once delivered to the saints †. I deny not, but it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing ‖. I readily acknowledge, we ought always to be ready to give an answer to every man that asketh us a reason of the hope that is in us; but let prudence, mixed with religion, direct it with Meekness and Fear ‡. Between Christians, whose judgments disagree only in respect of a form of prayer, or manner of worship, there is no more essential difference, than between flowers that blow from the same kind of seed, but happen to be somewhat diversifi-

fied in the mixture of their colours. Whereas, if the most important doctrines of the gospel are denied, and errors advanced, unhappily derogatory to the great Redeemer's dignity, and not a little prejudicial to the comfort of his people; against these to remonstrate, bespeaks not the censorious bigot, but the friend of truth, and the lover of mankind. To stand neuter and silent, while such principles are propagated, would certainly be an instance of criminal remissness, rather than of Christian moderation. Let us then, dear Sir, assiduously endeavour, to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves §. Let us acknowledge, love, and strive to imitate, whatever is truly excellent and amiable in our opponents; let us not fail to maintain a tender compassion for them, nor cease to waft up the most earnest intercessions in their behalf; thus should we cordially join in heart and prayer, though we chuse not, we dare not subscribe their creed.

I cannot, in this place, omit mentioning the fleecy garments in which these innocent creatures are clad.—Garments, which, when left by them, are wore by Kings, and had in admiration by the honourable of the earth. What is there so very enamouring, O ye admirers of a costly dress, in an embroidered vesture, to trail along the ground, or even in a robe of the richest dyes? Why do ye thus discover a poor, contemptible, groveling taste, by being delighted with silken finery, and making the attributes of a sheep or butterfly the idol of your affections? Who can forbear reflecting with some degree of sorrow, on the too prevailing humour of being fond and ostentatious of a splendid suit! what an abject and mistaken ambition is

† Jude 3. ‖ Gal. iv. 12.

‡ 1 Pet. iii. 15. § Matt. x. 16.

this ! how unworthy the *dignity* of *immortal*, and the *wisdom* of *rational* beings ! go cloath thyself with purple and fine linen ; trick thyself up in all the gay attire, that the shuttle or the needle can furnish : yet know, to the mortification of thy vanity, that the native elegance of a common daisy *, eclipses all this *elaborate* finery. Nay, wert thou decked like some illustrious *Princess*, on her coronation-day, in all the splendor of royal apparel ; couldst thou equal even *Solomon*, in the height of his grandeur and glory ? Yet must thou be beholden to the cloathing of this mean creature, or to that animal, that *spins* her soft, her shining, her exquisitely fine *filken* thread ; whose matchless manufactures lend an ornament to grandeur, and make Royalty itself more magnificent. Scorn then to borrow thy recommendations from a neat disposition of threads, and a curious arrangement of colours. Assume a becoming greatness of temper—Let thy endowments be of the immortal kind—Study to be *all glorious within*—Be cloathed with humility—Wear the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit † : in a word, *put on the Lord Jesus Christ* † : If his *blood* is sprinkled upon thy conscience, it will be whiter than the virgin snows, or the purest wool : If his *righteousness*, like a spotless robe, adorn thy inner man, thou wilt appear amiable, even in the most distinguishing eye of God : If his blessed *spirit* dwell in

thy heart, under his sanctifying operations, thou shalt be made partaker of the divine nature. These are real excellencies ; truly noble accomplishments these. If thou art in this manner arrayed and beautified, thou wilt not find a rival in the feathers of a peacock, or the foliation of a tulip. These will exalt thee far above the *low pretensions* of lace and embroidery ; these will prepare thee to stand in the beatific presence, and to take thy seat among the angels of light.

Blessed Jesus ! didst thou in thy stupendous commiseration bequeath the fine linen of thy own most perfect righteousness, to compose the marriage garment for our naked souls ? Didst thou, before thy flesh saw corruption, emerge triumphant from the grave, and mount, not the lower firmament only, but ascend the highest Heavens, taking possession of those immortal mansions in our name, and as our forerunner ? Praise him then ye Heaven of Heavens, *Angels and Archangels*, let your songs be of *Jesus* ; let all that have breath swell the sacred concert, and burst into a boundless peal of melody ! but chiefly let man exalt his voice, let man, with distinguished hosannas hail the *Redeemer* ! Excuse me, Sir, for indulging some flights of fancy upon this sublime occasion, *Enthusiasm* itself, methinks, has a meaning, a propriety, a beauty, while expatiating on such a transporting theme, But I conclude,

* Peaceful and lowly in their native soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil ;
Yet with confess'd magnificence deride
Our mean attire and impotence of pride.

PRIOR.

† How beautifully does the Prophet describe the *furniture of a renewed and heavenly mind*, under the similitude of a rich and compleat *suit of apparel*. " I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God ; for he hath cloathed me with the garments of salvation ; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a Bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a Bride adorneth herself with her jewels," Isa. lxi. 10.

† Rom. xiii. 14.

I ac-

I acknowledge my letter has been tedious, but assure you, such was the nature of my subject, that *I have not had time to make it shorter*. Shall expect yours as usual, and doubt not but I shall have reason to acknowledge the superiority of the exchange that I receive; or, as the eloquent *Isaiab* speaks, *for brass you will bring gold, and for iron you will bring silver* *

Yours affectionately,

Tooley-Street,
Southwark.

J. L.

(To be continued.)

A Letter on a Believer's *Safety*, amidst all his Spiritual *Enemies*.

Dear Sir,

I Rejoice to find by your letter, that the things of God abide on your heart with such power and favour; that you see such a glory in salvation-grace by Christ, that excites your desires after it; that you could justify God in his righteousness, if you was sent down to Hell, as your deserved place; that you admire that grace which hath kept you out of it for so long a space, and that you are reconciled to the sovereignty of God, in his electing grace.

These things, Sir, are what the Lord works, in none but those that are *his*, and wherever they are found, they are a clear evidence of love to God, and faith in Christ. Of love to God; in that such a soul takes part with God against itself, and would acknowledge his righteousness to his honour, if he should be to itself, as a sinner, a righteous avenger; while to others, of his free favour, he is, and will be a glorious Saviour. Of faith in Christ, in

that such a soul, sees such a glory in salvation-grace by him, that fills it with admiration, that draws it to put in for its *own part* in God's salvation, and that bows the heart into a humble submission, even under fears of self-exclusion.

And not such a soul under Heaven shall ever perish, or be sent to Hell. No, the soul that is reconciled to God's free grace in Christ, that betakes itself unto this refuge, that pleads sovereign mercy, under all its sin and misery: that soul is a vessel of mercy to be filled by grace, with glory to a vast eternity! Such a soul appeals unto grace, and unto grace it shall go: it calls for mercy, and mercy will answer to its name. It pleads free, sovereign love, and love will embrace it, in its everlasting arms. Such a soul is God's "workmanship, created anew in "Christ Jesus." It is made *willing* to be saved in God's way, in and by Christ alone; and God *will not*, yea, with reverence let me say, God *cannot*, cast such a soul away. For "he *cannot deny himself*" in the designed displays of his love, grace, and mercy; in the revelations thereof, which he hath made in his Son, to the very chief of sinners, who, at his call, come in, nor in, his faithfulness to his promise of salvation, unto every soul that ventures thereon. The Saviour who hath said, "him that cometh unto me, I will "in no wise (in no case, for no sin "whatsoever) cast out," is of *one mind*, and who, or what, can turn him? He is of infinite *strength*, and what can be too *hard* for his salvation-might? The *Holy Ghost*, who hath made that soul *willing* to be saved alone by God's free grace in Christ, from all sin and misery, and

* *Isaiab* lx. 17.

unto all purity and glory, to the praise of *Jehovah's* grace, in its present and eternal bliss; he cannot deny his own work on that heart. No, as the Father, Son, and Spirit are *one* in essence, *one* in will, counsel and design, *one* in love, grace and mercy, *one* in wisdom, power and faithfulness, and *one* in working in preparing such a soul for salvation, it is impossible for that soul to sink into damnation! "Heaven and earth shall pass away;" and the whole frame of the universe be rolled into *confusion*; but *Jehovah*, the rock of ages, upon which that soul doth rest, can never sink with all its weight, but is, and will be his salvation! God the Father will go on with his great design in eternal election, and bring that soul up unto full salvation. God the Son, who in his assumed human nature, "was once dead, but is alive, and lives for ever—more;" will *see to it*, that the purchase of his God-like blood shall never be lost; nor the conquest of his omnipotent arm be wrenched out of his hand. And God the Holy Ghost will perform by his Almighty arm, the *good work* of grace, which in that soul, he hath *begun*, until the day of Christ, unto its compleat and eternal bliss: and the three-one God being thus engaged for such a soul's eternal salvation; who, or what shall be *able* to sink him into everlasting destruction!

Shall *Satan* do it, with all his malice, subtilty and force? No, the Lord, the Father which hath chosen *Jerusalem*; will rebuke him. Shall the *world* do it, with its smiles or frowns, its snares and cares? No, the Lord, the Son, hath *overcome* that enemy for every soul that flees to him for safety. But O sin! this last and worst foe, heart, lip, and life sin, and especially against pardoning mercy; shall sin do it? No, the Lord, the Holy Ghost, dwells

in that soul as a *sanctifier*, and mangles all opposition, will subdue sin mightily, and destroy it utterly; he will maintain, increase and perfect that soul's begun-purity, and raise him from the deepest depression, to inherit a complete and everlasting salvation!

Whence then, dear Sir, all your fears of perishing through in-dwelling corruptions, which enkindle by the sparks of outward temptations? Is there any sin in you now, that God did not *foresee* when he chose you of old, unto eternal glory? Is there any sin of *yours* that can *pose* that infinite love, grace and mercy of *his*? Or rather, did not God, your all-wise Father, permit sin's entrance, with its partial prevalence, the more to display his love, grace, and mercy, in their infinite, all-surmounting, immutable and eternal glories? Is there any sin in you *now*, that Jesus did not *bear*, and bear in its guilt for ever *away*, when for you he *died* upon the *accursed tree*? Was not your sin condemned to *die*, by the *dying* of the Lord Jesus? Struggle for a-while, it may, but die it *must*; die it shall shortly by virtue of the death of Christ, in every power of your soul and body, entirely and totally. And is there any sin in you that is too *strong* for the omnipotent grace of God the Holy Ghost, to subdue and destroy? In a word, God your Father forgives all your iniquities; God your Saviour hath redeemed you from all iniquity, and will give you to set your feet shortly on the neck of this cruel enemy; and God your sanctifier, will subdue and destroy you iniquity, will fight for you against sin, to its present mortification, and to its future entire destruction, and make you as holy and happy as your soul can wish, in a full and everlasting salvation! Only fear sinning, to God's dishonour, and

and your soul's wounding ; but never fear perishing by sin ; since you have trusted your *soul* in his *hands*, whose " name is called Jesus, " because he saves his people from " their sins." The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you, now, and forever. *Amen.*

Dear Sir, I am, &c.

A. D.

To the Editors of the Spiritual Magazine.

Gentlemen,

In your 21st Number for the Month of June, (Pious Thoughts Page 94) I find the following Query, viz.

" HOW may a person know that " he is justified, pardoned and ac- " cepted with God, and how ma- " ny ways God takes, according " to Scripture, to give evidence " and comfort of such justification, " &c."

If my Answer to it is found worthy of a Place in your next, and may be thought of any Use to the Children of God, it is at your Liberty to insert it ; and as the Query is a very material one, my Prolivity in answering it may be the better excused, by such as are asking the Way to Zion, with their Faces thither-wards.

The Answer.

I Suppose the author of the Query, by justification, pardon and acceptance with God, would be thought to mean a *manifestation* of it to the conscience. As I apprehend, that all the elect of God were from eternity virtually justified, so I look upon a discovery of interest in it, to be a weighty and awful concern ; and if this be the meaning of the Gentleman that propos-

ed the query, it is as much as if he had said, " What bottom stands my " soul upon, respecting another " world ? On what foundation " are my hopes built for Heaven, " and where will my soul be lodg- " ed when it leaves the earthly " house, the prison of the body, and " takes its flight into a world of " spirits." These thoughts have occasioned the attention of my mind, and often employ my thoughts to their utmost extent ; and such will be the case with those whose search is truly ingenuous and spiritual, whose powers and faculties of soul are lively, and all directed by the unerring guidance and management of the Lord the Spirit ; for as led by this teacher, every sensible sinner has his recourse to the spirit for such manifestation, &c.

For a person to know that he is justified, pardoned, and accepted with God, is a thing of great importance, tho' a privilege that perhaps is peculiar only to some of God's people, or but few of them comparatively enjoy the comfortable sensation of. Among others it is one of the chiefest of the secrets of the Lord, revealed only to them that fear him, *Psal. xxv. 14.* a secret that can never be purchased by no creature whatsoever ; a secret that no natural man, (as such) can ever be acquainted with ; a secret that is not only totally hid from the men of this world, but sometimes for a season, from the favourites of the Lord, his own dear children, that he esteems as his jewels, and shall be apparently so in the day when he makes them up, *Mal. iii. 17.* A secret that will ever employ the Saints in their Father's house, while the glorious displays of the greatness of the grace, will demand the attention and excite the wonder of the angelic tribes.

That

That there are but few of the Lord's family acquainted satisfactorily with it, appears from their many great and bitter complaints, the frequent distresses they are in, the sinkings of soul they labour under, who, with David, in another case, are sometimes heard to say, with uncommon compunction, O my God, my soul is cast down within me! *Psalms* xlii. 6. Which, having been my case, tho' through divine goodness being delivered from the burthen, I can therefore speak it by experience, having found, it is one thing to be justified, pardoned and accepted, (which are the words of the query) and another thing to know the mercy belongs to me; the former ascertains the safety of the people of God that they can never perish nor miscarry of everlasting happiness, and the latter is the foundation of their present comfort, under all their trials in the wilderness, as that which enables them by the spirit of the Lord always to triumph in Christ; and as to the knowledge of this, justification, pardon and acceptance with God, it is through believing in Jesus Christ for salvation, which a soul could not do, did not the mercy belong to him, and were it not given on the behalf of Christ, *Phil.* i. 29. and he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved, *Mark* xvi. 16. and he that believeth hath the witness in himself, *1 John* v. 10. and as the Apostle fully expresseth it in *Acts* xiii. 39. by him [Christ] all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses. From which it is evident, and an enquiring soul may rest satisfied in the truth of this, that whoever believes in Christ, whether he be a Jew or Gentile, as his faith fastens upon and lays hold of him,

he is justified, his sins are pardoned, he is accepted with God.

The first part of the life of young Christians is mostly made up of fight, they have sensible enjoyments from the Lord, and here their souls are filled with raptures; they can bless and praise the Lord, and exult in him, can tell others what he has done for their souls; here their mountains stand strong, and they can do much for Christ, under such divine influence, and with Peter, they think and say, *Lord I am ready to go with thee, both into Prison, and to death, Luke* xxii. 33. They find no duty hard nor difficult, can pray with much fervour and enlargement of soul; their mouths are filled with arguments at the throne of grace; the spirit of the Lord is now a spirit of freedom and liberty; they are not shut up as in after seasons, but entertained with the pleasing beauties of a risen and exalted Redeemer, at which times they can trust the Lord, and are ready to think that this is all faith, and that they are strong in this grace, when at the same time, this is rather sensation arising from the evident manifestation of the divine presence: now when these are withdrawn from them, there is little or no faith in exercise to be found, their joy, hope and consolation (to them) seems for awhile all to be lost, and in fact, some of them, when this is the case, are ready to think, that their Christ, pardon of sins, and Heaven are all gone; but faith believes, trusteth in the Lord, lives upon Christ, and the fulness of grace that there is in him; walks with him in darkness; lives upon what it shall one day enjoy, and depends upon him when he hides his face, believing the word and promises of God, his faithfulness to perform them, the

certainly of the covenant of grace, and the respects in which it is well ordered; here *the statutes of the Lord* (by the view of faith) *become the songs of the saints in the house of their pilgrimage*, Psal. cxix. 54. I would not be understood to think light of the presence of Christ, nor write any thing diminutively of it, having enjoyed the happiness of it in my own soul, and prizing it above all the world, and all things in it, nay, ten thousands of worlds; I know nothing that can be compared with it, having found it my strength, hope, and joy, meat and drink, the life of my soul, and substance of vital godliness; but I speak of these things in this manner, to shew the mistaken notion of young Christians at such seasons, and how apt we are to take that for a life of faith which is rather the sweet emanations of divine love, wrought in the soul by the spirit of Christ, in a special and sensible enjoyment of his presence, which is sight, more properly than faith, though the latter is a concomitant that will always attend it in our present state; neither can the former be where the latter is wanting, except it be in imagination only; for faith must be first given and seated in the soul (as to the habit of it at least) before it can be known that there is sensible communion with the Lord, for it is after believing, that the soul has holy joy, comfort, peace and consolation, and the visits of Christ in a saving way; to suppose the contrary will appear as ridiculous as it is blasphemous, unscriptural, and diametrically opposite to the experience of all the redeemed of the Lord, who at times enjoy both his sensible presence, as well as a persuasion of faith in him, each of which are prelibations, or foretastes of the best

things, and by which it may be known, or a soul may fairly conclude that he is justified, his sins are pardoned, he is accepted with God, &c. 'Tis true, and I grant, that there may be that faith in the soul, that is of a right kind, called *like precious faith*, 2 Pet. i. 1. and the *faith of the operation of God*, Col. ii. 12. and *faith which worketh by love*, Gal. v. 6. and *faith that purifies the heart*, Acts xv. 9, &c. and at the same time it may be difficult for the subject of it to determine, whether he has it or not, the thing may appear dubious and doubtful to the soul, for want of a close application to the word, the nature of God's dealings with those he brings to glory, and the various methods he makes use of in effecting the same. Where corruptions work strongly, and are frequently bubbling up, and there is but a small measure of faith, it is not to be wondered at: Most of God's people at their first awakenings find it to be so, though the genuine effects of it, as a living faith, is evident and satisfactory to other Saints, who have tasted and savingly handled them themselves, and find them agreeably recorded in the sacred writings, and can make out their title to Heaven from them, as such that believe, are justified, their sins pardoned, and they accepted with God.

But to make the thing more evident (as to my own experience of it, respecting the author of the query, if the Lord is pleased to bless it to him, or any other of God's people) as by faith in Christ I can be assured that I am justified, my sins are pardoned, and I am accepted with God, I apprehend that my faith is of a right kind, because I have been enabled to venture my soul upon Christ,

Christ, and I find none ever did this and perished, were lost and cast away. The case of the soul that is brought to do this, is like that of the four lepers, mentioned 2 *Kings* vii. 3, 4. "and there were four leprous men at the entering in of the gate: and they said one to another, why sit we here until we die? If we say, we will enter into the city, then the famine is in the city, and we shall die there: and if we sit still here, we die also. Now therefore come, and let us fall into the host of the Syrians: if they save us alive, we shall live; and if they kill us, we shall but die." So the soul that is spiritually enlightened from above, views himself as a leper by sin, a nauseous and filthy creature in his own eyes, in a deplorable state and condition, undone as to any help in himself, and either more or less for the present is ready to conclude, he must be shut out of the camp of God for ever, till he has faith given him, whereby, upon the declaration of the gospel in its power, he looks to Christ, and runs where the righteous run and find safety, *Prov.* xviii. 10. and says, *Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean*, *Matt.* viii. 2. and to some the Lord is pleased more clearly and particularly to say as he did to his Disciples, *John* xv. 3. *Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you*; and what was this, but the word of faith, the word of sanctification, the word of hope, the word of peace, and the word of pardon, brought home to the soul by the spirit of the Lord, which removes the burden of sin, (though the soul may experience sad declensions and backslidings, and may be heard with David, under a sense of it, to cry to the Lord to restore to him the joy of his salvation, and to uphold him with his free spirit.

Psal. li. 12.) and enables the soul to believe that God abides faithful, and cannot deny himself, and thus to depend upon it, that he is justified, his sins pardoned, and he accepted with God, &c. A conformity to Christ, in a measure, with gospel obedience, will ever be found where the new creature is, and there is a solid foundation for Heaven, the Apostle *Paul* lays it down for granted as an undeniable maxim, *that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are, to whom ye obey, whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto righteousness*, *Rom.* vi. 16. from which I would conclude that yielding obedience to a person, proves the person so yielding this obedience, to be his servant, and this obedience will ever follow a soul's venturing upon Christ; but to make it appear more plainly, I would give the reasons why I conclude I have ventured my soul upon Christ; and,

First, I conclude I have ventured my soul upon Christ, or into his hands, as I have seen my need of him: a conviction of the need of Christ is absolutely necessary and prior to a sinner's venturing upon him, and, without it, it is impossible to be done: the prodigal convicted of this, and his own imbecility, cries out, *I perish with hunger, and I will arise and go to my Father*, *Luke* xv. 17, 18. *They that be whole need not a Physician, but they that are sick*, *Matt.* ix. 12. and the spirit of Christ discovers this to the soul, not the law (which may shew a man his misery, and there leave him, without pointing out to him any remedy, but cannot shew him a Christ, nor lay before him the need he has of an interest in him) this being the proper work of Christ, revealed to the soul by his spirit, which searches all things, yea the deep things of God, 1 *Cor.* ii. 10. which convinces of sin,

and of righteousness, and of judgment.

John xvi. 8. neither does a saving or spiritual conviction, wherever it is, leave the soul under the view of his miserable state, without hope, wretched and undone, as a legal or natural conviction does : great sorrow for sin is not always a proof, that the heart is right with God, it may be where there is no grace of a saving nature, no love to God nor delight in him, nor spiritual life in the soul ; such was the sorrow of Cain, Judas, and others. Fear of punishment, may fill the mind with horror and terror, make a man formally serve God, but the reason is, fear of the Devil, and so his sorrow leaves him, upon the verge of Hell, in the very suburbs of damnation : His conscience not being cleansed, nor purged by faith, in the blood of Christ, must necessarily be evil, and so it may haunt him from place to place, testifying that he is not only a sinner, but a great one too, and so remaining a stranger to the sanctifying work of the spirit of the Lord upon his soul, and having no believing views of Christ, will sooner or later make him conclude, notwithstanding his great degrees of sorrow, that his case is desperate, and will admit of no relief.

Secondly, I conclude that I have ventured my soul upon Christ, because I have been enabled to confide in him, even in seasons of darkness, both in providence and as to the frame of my mind, and have trusted him with it and all its concerns, agreeable to what the Psalmist declares, *and they that know thy name will put their trust in thee*, Ps. ix. 10. here I have found myself immoveable as Mount Zion, Psal. cxxv. 1. Nothing could move me from my hold and confidence ; here I could not only challenge, but face death and hell, and all the powers of darkness ; here I saw my

soul steadfast, and well anchored amidst the storms and billows of a fluctuating state and tempestuous world ; here I could meet all opposition, and see every mountain of apparent and supposed difficulties to become a plain, *Zechariah* iv. 6, 7. come trials, temptations, evil tidings or death, my heart was fixed, I was not afraid of them, *trusting in the Lord*, Psal. cxii. 7.

Thirdly, I conclude that I have ventured my soul upon Christ, having been enabled to take him as the gift of grace, the gift of God, for my whole and compleat salvation. Here I saw the emptiness and insufficiency of all things but Christ ; and every thing in this world was as so many nothings and dross, when compared with him ; I heartily approved of him, and him only, as God's way of saving sinners, thro' the fulness of his offering and satisfaction to divine justice : These things I have mentioned in the room of many others, from which I conclude I have ventured my soul upon Christ, and that I am justified, my sins pardoned, and my person accepted with God ; but here are six things, among others, that I was greatly taken with in Christ,

First, With his supreme ability as a Saviour : that *he was able to save to the uttermost, all them that come to God by him*, Heb. vii. 25. that no sin nor iniquity whatever, could be any bar in his way, he speaks in righteousness *mighty to save*, Isa. lxiii. 1. and is called *the mighty God*, Isa. ix. 6. capable, and every way qualified, and fitted for so great an undertaking : mighty, without any aid from men or angels —mighty to fulfil, make good, and perform, all that he has promised —mighty beyond all our mighty and potent enemies, whether men, devils, or corruptions ; and this is beautifully implied in every sensible sin-

ner's being brought to him in the language of the Disciples, *Lord save us, we perish*, Matt. viii. 25.

Secondly, I was greatly taken with the call of Christ, not in an outward but inward and spiritual way, *Rom. ii. 28, 29.* (I sat long under the means of grace, and so was externally called, but knew nothing of the power of grace till the Lord was pleased to work it) I found my heart waxing warm to the Lord; this was the day of his power, when he made me willing to relinquish all my former hopes and righteousness.—I was enabled to hunger and thirst after the bread and water of life, and nothing but Christ, and him alone, could satisfy my soul.—I found him to be my rest, and seldom went to the throne of grace but I enjoyed his presence, my heart was drawn forth, and my soul like the chariots of Aminadab, *Cant. vi. 12.* and the more my joys and comforts were, the more my soul was humbled in me.—I was enabled to praise the Lord, to bless the Lord, and lift up my hands in his name, *Psal. lxiii. 3, 4.* This was a time of love manifested, and discovered; and such was the indulgence of the Lord, that at some seasons, it was but to ask and have: I drank deeply of that love that passeth knowledge, and must say was sometimes almost filled to the brim; and from hence began to conclude, I should never know darkness, nor carnality any more, as the Lord manifested his everlasting love, by *drawing me with loving kindness*, *Jer. xxxi. 3.* as the effect of his early regard for me. There was no previous preparations nor qualifications in my soul prior to this, that I could ever find, nor should I ever have desired Christ, nor loved him, had he not first set his desire upon me, and loved me, *Cant.*

vii. 10. 1 John iv. 19. and his making it known by calling me, is an undeniable evidence of my relation to him, as the Apostle expresseth it, *moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified*, *Rom. viii. 30.* so that it is plain, from this portion of scripture, that a person that is thus called by special grace, may make it out that he is justified, his sins are pardoned, and that he is accepted with God.

Thirdly, I was greatly taken with Christ, in his taking possession of my heart; in consequence of this, and not before, was I enabled to give it to him, and observe his ways, *Prov. xxiii. 26.* The heart of man must be first touched, opened and possessed by the spirit of Christ, before he can make an entire and solemn surrender of it into the hands of the Lord; and whoever is enabled to do this, not only performs it by a supernatural power, but may assure himself of his sonship with Christ; he that impartially, and without mental reservation, gives his heart to Christ, must be an heir of Christ.

Fourthly, I was greatly taken with Christ in his being precious to my soul, and I find this to be among the discriminating characters of them that truly believe, to such the Apostle *Peter* tells us, *he is precious*, 1 *Pet. ii. 7.* and here my hope for glory, I apprehend, is made stedfast; and when Christ has been remarkably so to my soul, I have longed to be gone home, and wished for *the wings of a dove, that I might fly away, and be at everlasting rest*, *Psal. lv. 6.* and nothing would have been so welcome to me then as death; but alas! this has not been always my experience, since I have known the grace of God in truth; at some seasons

sons I have shuddered and trembled at the thoughts of it ; but since the Lord has weighed me out fresh trials and afflictions, and given me his presence when in the furnace, I have been more established in the covenant of grace : Afflictions have been sweet seasons to my soul, having enjoyed the Lord in them, they have been his candle to discover my darkness, and to bring me into his light ; never has Christ been more precious to my soul than now, nor his word more sweet and savoury : I have now found him to be my safe rest indeed, *the shadow of a great rock in a weary land*, Isa. xxxii. 2. he has taken my burthens off my shoulders, and spoke peace to my soul in the blood of the everlasting covenant; my heart hath been so upon Christ, my treasure, that I could scarce think upon any thing else; my meditation was sweet upon him, and his company to me was the most entertaining, sleeping and waking still with the Lord ; a sweet, large and composing portion to my soul, oh ! by what tongue can these joys of the Saints be expressed !

Fifthly, I was greatly taken with Christ, as being my King as well as Prophet and Priest, and I desire that he would always sway the sceptre in my soul, and suffer no rival there; I delight in his laws, his government and rule, and not only in the pleasing prospect of his driving out, and destroying all my inbred enemies at last, but in his power in subduing and keeping them under at present, not suffering of them to reign nor domineer: When corruptions sensibly rise, from the old corrupt fountain, and begin to stir themselves, it is the grief and trouble of my soul, and I beg of the Lord to keep them down, and keep me watchful.

Sixthly, I was greatly taken with

contentment in Christ and all his dealings, having been enabled to choose him as my whole and entire salvation. A view of interest in Christ, tends to reconcile the mind of a child of God to all his dispensations ; teaches the soul to think and say, that it is all well with him ; that his heavenly Father is wise in heart, and that his wisdom, as well as his power, is concerned for him, and stands ever engaged to bring good out of every apprehended evil. Can it be supposed that a spirit of discontent can prevail with a believer, when he is under the witnessing of God's spirit, and no intervening cloud between God and his soul : when he is satisfied of covenant relation with him, and the certainty of his person being secured in Christ from everlasting, he can read his name written in Heaven, and by faith see it wrote upon the breast-plate of Christ, and that he is graven upon the palms of his hands, set as a seal upon his heart, as a seal upon his arm, and that his best things are seated on high, beyond the reach of every adversary. Ask the man that has known this, how it was with him under such enjoyments? he will tell you he was enabled to submit cheerfully to the will of God, and thought (for the time) no evil of his dealing with him in the affairs of this world, but that he hath done all things well. " I " was content, says he, with Christ " my portion, had I been deprived " of even bread and water ; as long " as I have the bread and water of " life, this satisfies my soul; the fountain Christ is open, and I have " enough, though the springs of all " creature comforts should be dried " up ; here I am content with adversity and afflictions, and can " welcome the cross, shame and " disgrace for Christ ; and with a " thank-

"thankful heart bless the Lord for these mercies, for I esteem them such." Thus have I related a little of my experience in this affair, as I thought upon the query, which if the person that proposed it, cannot exactly fall in with, yet if he can make out his faith in Christ; his trusting in him alone for salvation; his venturing upon him; his finding him precious to his soul; his being called by efficacious grace; his having the genuine fruits and effects of it, or the things which accompany salvation; his being a sharer of the love of God, as it is free, rich, discriminating mercy, and of his good pleasure, which he pro-

posed in himself, *Ephes. i. 9.* called his choice in Christ before the foundation of the world, *Ephes. i. 4.* an ordination to eternal life, *Acts xiii. 48.* an appointment to salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ, *1 Thes. v. 9.* the foundation of God and his seal, *2 Tim. ii. 19.* a setting a part, *Psal. iv. 3.* his having mercy on whom he will have mercy, *Rom. ix. 18.* the favour that he bears to his people, *Psal. cvi. 4.* a graving upon the palms of his hands, *Isa. xlix. 16.* if so, he may warrantably conclude, that he is justified, his sins pardoned, and he accepted in the Beloved.

Moorfields, Aug. 17. W. D.



P O E T R Y.

To the Proprietors of the *Spiritual Magazine.*

Gentlemen,

By inserting the following Hymns, you will oblige your constant Reader,

H. W.

IN our Emmanuel's land is seen,
The pasture's fair, both fresh and green,

The chrystal streams beside it flow,
Which maketh glad the city thro'.

'Tis here, the Saints, their voices raise,

And ev'ry song of perfect praise:

Ascribe salvation to that King,
Who shelters them beneath his wing.

'Twas him that first the work begun,

'Twas him, that did it carry on,

'Twas him, that made their Heaven secure,

Now time, and death's with them no more.

For this they raise their highest songs,

Grace, glory, all to him belongs:
Who all their bliss has freely giv'n,
Whose presence makes their highest Heaven.

The Fall of Man, and his Restoration.

HOW deep! how desp'rate is the fall

Of Adam's race in sin!

How blind! how deaf to mercy's call!

How wretched! how unclean!

We try, but ah! how vain our toil
To cleanse away the stain,

In Pharpar streams, or Abba's wave,
But lep'rous still remain.

No righteousness have we to plead,
Our guilt engraven stands

On iron plates, with diamond points,
The breach of God's commands.

While

While Sinai's lightnings flash a-
round,

Where wrath incensed glows,
And ev'ry deaf'ning peal proclaims
Aloud, eternal woes.

But oh ! how balmy are the sounds,
Pardon proclaim'd from God ;
And better things, to sinners, spoke
By Jesus' precious blood.

Pardon's proclaim'd, thro' Jesus'
name,

All power to him is given ;
He saves from Hell, the wand'ring
sheep,

And brings them safe to Heaven.

'Twas he sustain'd the Father's
wrath,

And bore away our sin ;
While justice strict, and mercy sweet
Harmoniously doth shine.

See ! still the holy law's preserv'd,
Its precepts magnify'd ;
In Jesus' life, and precious death,
By which we're justify'd.

A second Adam, full, compleat,
Is our incarnate God,
An intercessor now on high,
Who pleadeth with his blood.

On the Vanity of Creature Joys.

WHAT anxious thoughts and
groundless fears,

Doth daily cross the human heart ;
Our greatest ease is mix'd with
cares,

Our greatest comforts edg'd with
smart.

In vain we seek, in creature joys

An undisturbed rest to gain ;

Our hope in full fruition cloy,

And speaks them all but light and
vain.

The more we have, the more we
lack,

Of all this trifling earth can give ;

Nor wealth, nor honour's tempting
track,

Our weary spirits can relieve.

Amidst it all, a mighty void
The soul must feel without the
Lord ;

Nor can it ever be supply'd,
But by the everlasting word.

N. W.

To the Editors of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

*Be pleased to insert the following, wrote
by a young Gentleman of Twelve
Years of Age.*

I Hear the voice of Jesus say,
Come to my banquet, come a-
way !

Behold the feast, I now prepare,
Approach and taste the Heavenly
fare,

Here of my body broke partake,
And drink my blood shed for your
fake ;

For mortals I resign'd my breath,
And by my dying conquer'd death ;
For you I hung upon the tree,
Fix'd on the top of Calvary.

O Lord ! why dost thou thus invite
The rebel man that shun'd thy sight !

Why dost thou Lord such favour show
To those who sought thy overthrow !
Amazing favour ! boundless love !

Ne'er such was shewn to those above ;
Thy feet for us were pierc'd by
nails,

Thou'rt tortur'd thus till nature
fails,

While, down thy bleeding side, a
flood

Distill'd, of water mix'd with blood.

But, lo ! exalted now he stands,
And opens wide his wounded hands,

May I in wedding cloaths be dress'd,
That I may be a welcome guest.

To the Proprietors of the Spiritual Magazine.

An Attempt to answer Mr. R——a's Four Queries, Page 48. Vol. II. of Pious Thoughts.

By a Friend to Christian Experience.

QUERY I. "What sight and sense of sin is absolutely necessary to Christian Experience?"

IF I understand the Query aright, the sum of it is, "What sight and sense of sin is absolutely necessary to evidence a person to be a true experimental believer, and in a safe way to eternal joy." In this view I take it. We should always be inquisitive about the true state of our precious souls, and endeavour to have our evidence of future happiness very clear, lest we should be deceived in the most important affair. The Query seems to imply, That a person may have some sight and sense of sin, and yet not be a real Christian.—And, that without a certain kind or degree of this sight and sense, one cannot be a regenerate person. These two propositions, I think, may be easily proved; Cain, Judas, and others of that stamp, had a painful view and a piercing sense of sin; the covetous and niggard hates prodigality and lavishness; the self-righteous legalist doth see and hate many sins, that go under the odious names of open vice and immorality: In a word, all those unhappy ones, on the left hand of the great judge, will have a dreadful sight, a gnawing, burning and tormenting sense of sin, but the believer's view of things differ widely from these.

First, as to *his sight of sin*, The commandment *, or law of God, when

it comes into the soul, under the saving influence of the blessed spirit, appears unto the enlightened mind, to be very just, holy, reasonable, and extensive; reaching to not only the actions, words, and conduct, but the very thoughts †, affections ‡, and inclinations, demanding the whole heart with every power of the soul, and member of the body for God only; and that we should love our neighbour exactly as ourselves ||. He further perceives, that the law, with all divine Majesty and authority, pronounces dread curses upon every one that does not comply with its just requirements ¶. The true believer perceives plainly and consents, that the law is good in each of these articles; good, because strict, allowing no transgression, either commission or omission, and by this view of it is the true and just knowledge of sin ††: For the new-born soul doth see *another law* in his members |||; that is, he finds in every faculty of his soul, and in all his sensitive appetites, a strong inclination and ability to do what the law forbids, but an unaccountable propensity to neglect, and inability to perform what it enjoins, though ever so just, reasonable, and advantageous. Now the person perceives himself to be infected, defiled, and disabled by sin throughout the whole man, and looks upon himself to be an unclean, vile and abominable creature §, deserving all the curses of a holy law, transgressed by him in every part thereof ††; but in order to evidence a person to be a genuine convert, he must carefully consider, Secondly, *The sense he has of sin*, Having that view of himself as already noted, he loathes himself, * hates

* Rom. vii. 9, 12. † Prov. xxiv. 9. ‡ Matt. v. 23. Rom. vii. 7. || Matt. xxii. 37, &c. ¶ Rom. ii. 8, 9. Gal. iii. 10. †† Rom. vii. 7, 14, 16, and iii. 20. ||| Rom. vii. 21, 23. § Isa. vi. 5. and lxiv. 6. †† Jam. ii. 10. ** Ezek. xxxvi. 31.

vain thoughts * ; abhors that which is evil ; confesses and bewails his sin and sinfulness before God in prayer ; conceives a wonderful glory in the way of salvation, by free grace, as revealed in the gospel ; and doth affectionately love Jesus Christ, admiring his ability, capacity, and suitableness to save, cleanse, purify and glorify a wretch so vile and rebellious as he is. Moreover the person that has a due sense of sin, doth often think with concern of his miserable case, and pray for mercy through Jesus Christ ; begging earnestly for free and frequent communications of grace, that he may be enabled to put off the old man with his cursed affections and deceitful ensnaring lusts, and put on the new man ; for he is now brought to love heart-holiness and life-holiness, having within himself a principle that delights in the law of God, and being desirous to walk in newness of life, setting his affections on things above, and his face heavenward in earnest. His whole dependence for eternal glory, is upon Jesus Christ ; but he loves to be an obedient, active child. Much more might be added, but I humbly conceive, that where these things are experienced, the person may be safely denominated an *Israelite indeed*.

QUERY II. “ Whether to
“ have the terrors of the law work-
“ ing wrath in the conscience, so
“ as almost to drive to despair, is
“ absolutely necessary to salvati-
“ on ? ”

That many under the terrors of an awakened conscience, alarmed by the threatenings of a thundering, because violated law, have been hurried and driven to the very brink of despair, and yet, after all, have been

brought, through rich grace, to triumph in Christ Jesus, is an evident truth ; but that others have been effectually brought from darkness to light, and from the service and slavery of sin and Satan, to be loyal subjects to the King of Zion, and sincere followers of a dear Redeemer, without a great degree of these dreadful terrors, may not be difficult to prove.

Upon this point, scripture and common experience ought to be consulted. The three thousand convinced under the notable sermon preached by Peter and his fellow Apostles ; Paul at his first conviction, and the trembling Jailor, seem to be under great terrors at first. These were extraordinary cases, of which kind there are some instances still. But, by the account we have of those in the house of Cornelius †, those in *Acts* xiii. 48. Lydia with her family, and many others in the New Testament ; it does not look probable, that they were much terrified at their conversion : nay, it seems to me, that the greatest part of the converts of the Apostolic age, though so very numerous, had their understanding in a sweet, yet rational way enlightened, and the word was attended with such a secret power and divine energy, that an effectual and saving change was wrought in them, and I think their joy exceeded their terror. It may be noted further, that Zaccheus and Mary, with the penitent thief on the cross, and some others who were reckoned notorious sinners, do not appear to be under despairing horrors, but rather sweetly melted with a sense of divine love, and pardoning grace. If we consult general experience, it will be found, that saving light doth often enter into the

* *Psal.* cxix. 113.

† *Acts* x. 44. 45. 46.

mind, as it were by small crevices, and in an imperceptible manner, especially where persons are religiously educated, or sit stately under a lively and sound ministry. There are also many instances of persons enlightened in a more visible manner, and drawn by love, without much of the scorching fire of a flaming law. These persons are commonly tempted to question the reality of their conversion, because they have not been shaken over the very mouth of Hell, as some other good men have been. Persons have been, at times, so very imprudent as to wish, if not pray, for trying times; but they have afterwards seen, and perhaps smarted for their provoking conduct.

But to conclude upon this head, I am persuaded, that if a person views the law of God, and hath such a sight and sense of sin, as has been noted in the preceding query; if he love Christ, and depend upon him wholly for salvation; if holiness be the delight of his soul; if his steady exercise be to bewail the remainder of indwelling sin, and pray still for more grace that he may be able to bring forth fruit to the glory of God, adorn the gospel, and be fitted daily more and more for eternal felicity; let him not be discouraged, and dejected, but rather be very thankful, that he has not been longer under the awful thunders and lightnings of Sinai. Finally, I do not think that any, or at least very few, are converted without some fears and terrors about their future state; but no degree of that terror can be a standard for others: for of those who have been greatly terrified, some have been saved, but not all; and so it may be said, perhaps, of every degree of fear. The nature of our faith, its fruit and ten-

dency is a much better evidence for us than all our fears and joy; and above all, we should pray that our faith in Christ may be increased, to such a happy degree, that we may safely say, "The spirit of truth doth witness to, and with our spirit, that we are the children of God." This will fill us with joy and peace in believing, and enable us to confide more in the promises of the gospel, than in all the terrors of the law. So this query is answered in the negative.

QUERY III. "Whether that fight and sense of sin, that leads a person to see that they are (he is) lost and undone for ever, without a compleat salvation in Christ, is only absolutely necessary?"

What has been said on the first query, will almost quite answer this. A person by the light of nature, assisted by the word of God, may easily see all that is contained in the query. One may, by meer speculation and just reasoning, see plainly the depravity of human nature, and when he reads the scripture with attention, he may see that Christ is the only consistent way of salvation: but if any man be in Christ he is a new creature, and breathes after his compassionate Redeemer, longing also for present purity. Sin is his burthen; earthly riches will yield him but little satisfaction, for he wants more durable riches, even an inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled. It is very desirable to have a consistent idea of our own state by nature, and of the substance of the gospel, but it is very dangerous, after all our acquirements, to rest upon a bare notion. The knowledge that puffeth up, and emboldens in sin, is always to be dreaded. The knowledge that accompanieth salvation, or rather that is the beginning of

of eternal life ||, will be sure to bring the person, as a poor, guilty wretch to cry for mercy †; it will not fail to wound and affect the heart. The nature and effect of this excellent knowledge is set forth by the inspired Apostles, *Paul, Peter, and John*, in the following passages, *Phil. iii. 8, &c. 2 Peter i. 5, 6, 7, 8. 1 John ii. 4, 5, 6.* I conclude, that more is absolutely necessary to salvation than is expressed in the Query.

QUERY IV. "Whether a person may not experience much of the terrors of the law, and yet be a stranger to a work of grace in their (his) heart?"

This has been already answered affirmatively, in what has been noted on the second query. *Belshazzar's* countenance changed, and his thoughts troubled him in a most fearful manner, when the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another. Did not this proceed from guilt and terror? *Cain and Judas* are awful examples. But more to the purpose, probably, than all these is the Roman Deputy, who trembled while hearing an eminent Gospel Minister preaching the law §: Yet who can say that ever Felix was acquainted with a work of grace on his heart? Many have been in great fear and terror for some time, but afterwards healed themselves, or at least gave but obscure evidence of their being in the way to endless joy. Our affections to the gospel, and our love, in, and through Christ, to the holy commandment, is a better proof of a gracious heart than all the terrors and dread of a condemning law. But here we must remember, that many of God's dear Children may be, and remain a long while under some

legal fears and terrors, much doubting whether ever they shall be delivered from guilt: Yet they love Christ and trust in him, endeavouring to adorn his gospel, notwithstanding all their darkness and discouragements. Let such pray, not for more unbelieving fears, but for more love to Christ, more spiritual light, life, joy, and liberty.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

AS your plan and proposals have opened a way for a variety of subjects, and different thoughts of the believing children of God to appear in public, and to be seen by each other; so I hope it will be a means in the hand of the spirit of all grace, to increase love among them, and kindle a spirit of prayer in every breast for each other. I would rejoice to see the different gifts, with which your Miscellaneous part, is already so finely decorated; and may your divine and heavenly Dialogue be still increasing with that light which will shine more and more unto the perfect day. I cannot think we have yet attained, the Apostle Paul had not; and who knows what further light may break forth in your miscellaneous papers, if but some obscure believer may but find liberty of soul, to send you something of that, which their heavenly father has given to them. Things both new and old belong to the family of Heaven, and should be common among them. As I have already been one of your unworthy correspondents, so if I could have but the following Query answered, and find satisfaction therein, I might possibly offer a few more of my un-

|| John xvii. 3.

† Luke xviii. 13.

§ Acts xxiv. 25.

embellished thoughts to your service ; and others likewise might be encouraged to offer theirs ; for what can encourage a serious person to do any thing, more than to be satisfied his aim in doing it is the glory of God. This we are directed to do in eating and drinking ; how much more ought we to do it in things of such vast importance ? Sure I am, however embellished a work may be, if it has not God for its end, it will be but like putrid dust, or at best but like glittering chaff, which will be soon blown away. My Query then is,

“ How shall a person know, and be satisfied he aims principally at the glory of God, in his doing this, or that, or the other thing ? ”

I say principally, for I humbly apprehend we may lawfully aim at other things in eating and drinking in a subordinate way, and consequently in all other actions. But alas ! those things which we may lawfully aim at in a subordinate way, will not contentedly stand in their own sphere, but will (if grace don't prevent) soon, though secretly get the ascendancy ; on account of which, and the deceitfulness of the heart, I should be glad to have the Query, as above inserted, stated and answered in your heavenly treasure. The Scribes and Pharisees, did many things which our Lord Jesus approved of, but they wanted this precious and heavenly treasure, an holy ambition to glorify God : we read in *Isa.* lxvi. 5. of some who thought it enough to say, let God be glorified, and at the same time, did very shamefully, and were hellishly wicked ; *they cast out their brethren.* 'Tis possible, many may, from a well furnished head, be pretty much unconcerned about the end proposed in acting, provided it may but find acceptance with

men : And satisfied I am, that on the other hand, there are many well furnished hearts (if I may so express it) may be so much concerned about the end in acting, that they can't find liberty to do, what otherwise might be a delightful employ to them. On these accounts, with many more which I need not mention, I humbly apprehend some judicious answers to this interesting Query, and the matter wisely discussed, and brought to a distinct solution, according to scripture and Christian experience, would be very acceptable to many, and possibly made of a lasting, and extensive utility to the church of Christ.

I remain, Gentlemen,

Your Well-wisher, &c.

Extract out of the Life of
Owen Stockton.

“ **H**AVING been foiled by the lusts of my own heart several times, and considering what I should do to get rid of those lusts, which had so often prevailed over me ; God directed me to three several means. The one was suggested to me as I was walking in my garden, and meditating on the affairs of my soul ; and that was to be more frequent in eyeing, applying, and meditating on the promises ; and the scripture, which the Holy Spirit of God set before me for this end, was *2 Pet.* i. 4. By the precious promises given to us, we escape the pollution that is in the world thro' lust.

The other was suggested to me as I was hearing a sermon, and that was to be daily applying the Lord Jesus to my soul, grounded on *Rom.* xiii. 13, 14. where the Apostle adviseth to put on the Lord Jesus Christ, as an help against chambering and wantonness, strife and en-
vying,

vying. The third was suggested to me as I was riding abroad, and discoursing of the things of God, which was *Gal. v. 16*. Walk in the spirit and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh.

In pursuance of these means for the mortifying of the lusts of the flesh, I determined with myself, to eye the promises of God more frequently than I had done, and to that end, I chose out some promises of daily and continual use, and determined by the help of God, to salute and embrace them once a day, and not only to take a view of them myself, but in my meditations, and soliloquies to spread them before God, and to put the Lord in remembrance of them. For supplying all the wants of the day, I chose that promise *Phil. iv. 19*. For growth in grace, *Hos. xiv. 5*. For subduing my sins, *Micah vii. 19*. *Rom. vi. 14*. For success in my undertakings, *Psal. i. 3*. For turning all the events of the day for good to me, *Rom. viii. 28*. For the conversion and sanctification of my children, *Isa. xlv. 3*. For my yokefellow and servants, and all others in my family, that they might get good from me, and return to God, and grow in grace, *Hos. xiv. 7*. For sanctifying of my afflictions, *Isa. xxvii. 9*. *Zech. xiii. 9*. For audience of my prayers, *Micah vii. 7*. *John xiv. 13, 14*. For grace and strength to manage all the works of the Day, to the glory of God, *Zech. x. 12*. For protection from dangers and casualties, *Gen. xv. 1*. For giving me eternal life, in case the day should bring death to me, *Luke xii. 32*. *John iii. 16*. For counsel and direction in all cases of difficulty and unexpected emergencies, *Isa. lviii. 11*. *Psal. xxxii. 8*.

"I judged it also very conducive, to the glory of God, and my

own soul's good, to manage all my employments, as much as may be, with an eye to the promises, and as to my calling, when I am studying to compose sermons, *Deut. xxviii. 8*. When I go to preach, *Matt. xxviii. 19, 20*. For success in my preaching, *Isa. lvi. 8, lxx. 23*.

"I was the more confirmed in this frequent, and familiar converse with the promises, not only as it helps on our participation of the divine nature, and our escaping the pollution that is in the world thro' lust; but because the Lord commands us to be always mindful of his covenant, *1 Chron. xvi. 15*. And it pleaseth God to see us taking hold of his covenant, *Isa. lvi. 4*. And it is for the glory of God.

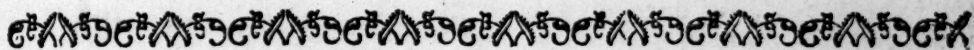
"I determined also when I should feel the workings of any lust, presently to look up to Jesus Christ: It being the remedy which the Holy Ghost prescribes against such sins as do most easily beset us, *Heb. xii. 1, 2*. I have often been encouraged and helped in this practice, of looking unto Jesus, to subdue my sins, from *Acts iii. ult*. God sent his Son Jesus to bless us, in turning us every one from his iniquities. Beza's note upon that text is very good, and hath been of use to me, viz. that the great word for iniquities, signifies the roots and habits of sin. I saw it was my duty and concernment every day, to be more frequent in applying my soul to Christ, and Christ's benefits to my soul.

"In pursuance of the third means of mortification, viz. Walking in the Spirit; I resolved to endeavour to do my work, and duties, both to God and men, more spiritually, and in order hereunto, to reduce my actions to some word, and as oft as I could, to eye some word of God, as I was entering on them; as for instance, If I be called out by others,

or stirred up in my own spirit to visit the sick, or any afflicted person, to have my thoughts on *Matt. xxv. 36.* or *Jam. i. 27.* When any poor people come to me for relief, or any object of charity is presented to me, to eye *Gal. vi. 10.* or *Heb. xiii. 16.* or *Isa. lviii. 10.* or *Eccl. xi. 1.* or *Prov. xix. 17.* When a poor man cometh to borrow, *Deut. xv. 7, 8, 10.* When to write letters, take a journey, or be any ways employed for others, *Gal. v. 13.* *Phil. ii. 4.* When to visit out of courtesy, or do any thing which courtesy requireth, *1 Pet. iii. 8.* When to instruct my servants and children, *Deut. vi. 7.* *Gen. xviii. 19.* When to catechise

the youth that come to my family, *John xxi. 15.* *Prov. xxii. 6.* When invited to exercise abroad among poor or rich, *Isa. xxxii. ult.* When to administer a reproof, *Lev. xix. 17.* When to confer about spiritual things, *Mal. iii. 17.* ”

This was the wise and holy method which this faithful servant and soldier of Jesus Christ prescribed to himself, by divine direction, whereby to manage the spiritual war, with the sin that dwelt in him, that he might not be overcome with it. According to which he moreover charged himself with the practice of universal positive holiness, which he records in page 12, of his life.



P O E T R Y.

Longing for Glory, an Hymn.

LORD what a restless state,
Is this that's here below,
New troubles constantly create,
And make us daily woe.

How oft my heart misguides,
How oft my love grows cold ;
How often unbelief presides,
And faith lets go its hold.

Oh ! when shall I remove
To yonder blest abode ;
Oh ! when shall I, with perfect love,
Adore a perfect God.

When shall I reach that place,
And bow before that throne,
Where love omnipotent, and grace,
Triumphant reigns alone.

I long to bear a part,
In Heav'n's seraphic lays ;
I long to give my worthless heart,
To thy eternal praise.

Oh ! that I had the wings,
The pinions of a dove ;
How would I quit terrest'ral things
And soar to joys above.

There I'd rejoice and sing,
And ever cry aloud ;
All praise and glory to my King,
Salvation to my God.

There I shall never cease,
Nor ever thence remove ;
But live and dwell in perfect peace,
And everlasting love.

*St. Thomas's,
Southwark.*

M. P.

*Desires after Christ, Pardon and Peace.
An Hymn.*

I Wait the visits of thy grace,
My Saviour and my God,
O ! come and shew thy smiling face,
And wash me in thy blood.

I lan-

I languish almost in despair,
My weary soul lift up ;
My mournful sinking spirits chear,
Open a door of hope.

I see myself a sinner base,
Infected quite throughout ;
Whate'er I have, I have by grace,
Without thy grace I've nought.

If I for thee would do something,
In honour of thy name,
There is so much of self within,
It gives me grief and shame.

Oh ! whither can I go to get,
A pardon for my sin ;
But only to my Saviour's feet,
And wait and call on him,

Oh ! that I could, but once, by faith
Behold him on the tree,
And see him languish there to death,
And shed his blood for me.

Oh ! that I might but once be
found
In that blest wedding dress,
Which in my ears doth often sound,
His blood and righteousness.

'Tis this alone can give me ease,
And heal my wounded heart ;
My Saviour's blood and righteousness,
True peace alone impart.

W. C.

An H Y M N.

Sinners attend, attend I pray,
And hear the Gospel word ;
Regard your visitation day,
And entertain your Lord.
He calls unto the sons of men,
His offer'd grace to prove ;
That they in seeking might attain,
Repentance, faith, and love.
Give me thy heart, the Saviour cries,
Justly he doth it claim ;
Why should you then his suit de-
pise,
And grieve the tender lamb ?

His arms are open to receive,
Whoever to him flies ;
Pardon and present peace to give,
And love which never dies.

In love the Lord will you embrace,
And welcome wand'ers home ;
Heal all your wounds, proclaim
your peace,
And mark you for his own.

Come then receive your suitor in,
The Royal heavenly guest,
And to your joy you'll find in him,
A sweet refreshing feast.

Jesus our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Thou friend of sinners come ;
Descend kind comforter and bring
The great salvation home.

*The following Lines were wrote on a
blank Leaf in Pope's Abelard and
Heloise, by inserting of which, you
will oblige, Yours, &c.*

T. G. S.

SEE youthful lusts from youthful
nature spring,
'Till nobler wishes rise on tender
wing ;

'Till human nature feels its heavy
fall,
And true conversion proves the cure
of all.

'Tis not from learning, virtue is de-
riv'n,

'Tis all of grace, and grace descends
from Heav'n ;

The world by knowledge, mis'd true
Wisdom's plan,
They wander'd, err'd, and stumbled
to a man.

Learning too frequent is the cloak
of pride,

It swells the soul, or does the soul
misguide ;

Fondly allures, with ornament and
wit,

Our minds from what alone is just
and fit ;

While meekness, love, and charity
divine,

When all shall perish, will for ever
shine.

A

Short but True ACCOUNT

OF A

Work of Grace wrought in the Soul of a
poor Ploughman.

AS the place of my birth, or abode, my name, &c. are not material in the following relation, I shall endeavour to keep them concealed, and begin with informing you of the first principles of religion I adhered to, and the manner of my life. I was brought up by my parents in the doctrine and service of the Church of England, and was taught to conform myself to the rules and customs of the religion I professed; having the greatest veneration for the feasts and fasts of the church; believing the Priests thereof were lawfully called and divinely inspired, and assisted to execute their office; and that all other Teachers, who were not qualified with their several degrees of Collegiate learning, nor covered with the same sort of canonical vestments, nor observed the same forms and ceremonies in public worship, were thieves and robbers. I further believed that whoever were conformable to the said rights and ceremonies, might take liberty, when the duty of the day was over, as on a Sunday, to spend the remainder of the day in harmless diversions; such as visiting a friend and drinking freely with him, or talking cheerfully on any subject; walking in the fields, or going a journey, or doing of Busi-

ness, &c. || And on other days, might spend all the time which could be spared from business, in gaming, playing at cards, and throwing the dice, all night; or so long as the company would stay, or the people, in whose house we were, seemed easy with it, and yet not commit any sin, by such or the like practices. My parents did not reprove me for committing such evils, nor did the minister, when I afterward came to receive the Sacrament, ask me, if I had repented of my past sins and follies, (of which he could not be quite ignorant, as I had sometimes been in his company) nor did he ever reprove me in our conversation, to the best of my remembrance.

Now though the religion I professed, did not allow me to live and walk in such a vain course of life. yet as I met with no reproof from either parents, or ministers, I judged it lawful, and found it very pleasing, as it brought so great indulgence to my pleasures, which I could pursue without check or controul, from the world or conscience. If I did but perform the duty of the day, there was spare time enough to spend in pleasure, to make ten times amends for the trouble of the short time spent in duty. I could soon gallop over my prayers, to go

to my sports and pleasures (when I had leisure) all the remainder of the day; and under the notion of their being lawful, gained an experimental knowledge of them so far as to improve them to my own advantage, and to other persons disadvantage, in our way of gaming both at cards and dice.

This knowledge gave my pleasures a double sweetness, made me endeavour to get into such company as I could take advantage of their weakness, or ignorance, to increase my own profit; and to us by an assiduous application of my thoughts and spare time to this purpose, I had gained great knowledge in the art of gaming, and my heart would exult, and applaud me, on account of the advantage I had gained upon the unwary persons with whom I had been at play, and more especially upon such of them as were my superiors, or those who were of other principles in religion different from my own. My short prayers at night were soon said, and I slept sweetly, and contentedly: when I awoke in the morning, I began to scheme the pleasures of the growing day, or evening, and set every faculty at work to contrive the most modish, and genteel way, to insinuate myself into the good liking and company of the most wary persons, as well as the most innocent.

Upon a time hearing a Gentleman, who accidentally came into the company where I was, speak well of the King and Council, and endeavour to remove some of the prejudices I had entertained against him and them; I was in my heart very angry with him, but feared, as he was much of a gentleman, I should never have an opportunity to be fully revenged on him; yet, as the generality of the

company proposed a game at cards, and I being admitted to make one amongst them, before we parted, I made myself ample amends; and as my vain thoughts then stood bent, thought I meritoriously won the money from a person I believed to be worse than an infidel. There being something so very pleasing to my mind, in winning his money, made me put that good work amongst my other works of supererogation, such as speaking against the King and Council, and persecuting Dissenters, drinking healths to the Pretender and his party, confusion to ———, Damnation to ———, &c. Of such good works I had a great stock, and was by the party whose *Good Old Cause* I espoused, owned, loved, encouraged, and thought to be settled so fast on that foundation, that nothing could ever remove me. These with many other follies, attending such principles, and such conversation, I was daily guilty of, and yet so stupidly ignorant, so deeply infatuated, as to think my eternal state good, and myself in the right way to heaven.

The Bible I believed to be the word of God, nor do I remember I ever doubted of that, but I seldom read therein, except a chapter every Sunday night; for I then thought (as too many now think, even thousands of persons) there was no great occasion to read in the bible any oftener than once every week, seeing I had read it over and over again at school; and besides the excellent Liturgy presented we with prayers, suitable to almost all occasions; thus Ephraim was joined to idols, and let alone*, and I continued walking in the broad way, with the major part of mankind, not questioning the goodness, or safety,

* Hosea iv. 17.

of my eternal state, whilst in my youthful years ; and if upon some slight survey of my actions, or words, I found some of them a little irregular, yet, thought I, being a penitent when death came, and having then but time to say, *Lord have mercy upon me*, would merit my pardon.

Going on in this course, and increasing my acquaintance with young people, (either from their practice, or from the prevailing corruption of nature, now more powerfully working in me) swearing and lying began to grow upon me, and the addition of these to my equivocating and flattery, made me, amongst my own companions, thought of as more modish, and not the less respected ; but yet I could seldom swear without meeting with some reproof within, which sometimes would so fright me, as to make me resolve against it for the future ; yet I could not refrain, although I strongly endeavoured to do it, and my conscience accused me for it. Conscience, in those youthful days, was not so seared as to be past feeling, but a certain horror would at times attend such a practice ; and the seeing and hearing of others abound in sins of this nature, was no sufficient excuse for me. 'Tis true, too true indeed ! I have heard some of my superiors more guilty herein than myself ; and although something more and better, than could be found in me, might be expected from them, on account of their education, &c. yet their practice was, in many respects, as bad as my own, and in some respects much worse.

Although I was thus walking in a vain conversation and religion, as received by tradition from my forefathers †, I nevertheless thought

myself a good Christian, and a very good Churchman, and went to church almost every Sunday ; for sickness, except very violent, could not keep me away, and even that, however terrifying to others, did not ruffle my temper, or disturb my peace. The grisly King did not fright me, and if ever I thought on the sharpness of his dart on the account of my swearing, I headed the wound beforehand, by applying the many charities I had done towards the poor : I had laid up a great stock of good works, against such a day, full enough, as I then thought, to cover a multitude of sins, and save my soul from death ; beside, I persuaded myself, my swearing was but a trifle in comparison with others, and my charities so boundless, that even God himself was a great deal in debt to me ; and further, having the Parson to pray with me, and the prayers of the church put up for me, with all these advantages I did not mistrust any miscarriage ; but tho't it whimsical, or fanatical to doubt of the validity of such evidences.

Moreover, as my grandfather entered as a volunteer into the army of King Charles the First, and fought for the Church and King, spending a large sum of money to support himself through, and after that war, and as neither that King, nor his sons, made him any sort of amends, the debt of merit must be put upon the score of the Church ; and as this superogatory work was more than sufficient to merit his pardon, there must consequently be a surplus remaining in the treasury of the Church, which must be available to some of his descendants who wanted it. To this I thought no one had so good a right as myself. And thus convictions for sin

† 1 Peter i. 13.

were sometimes smothered, and I continued in these courses until I was about twenty three years of age, though, thanks be to God, I was not left to walk thus for term of life. The Lord remembered me in mercy, and stopped me in my walk in the broad way, and at length brought me back into the narrow way; delivered me from going down into the pit, having found a ransom; knocked off my fetters; opened my blind eyes, and set my face towards Zion, and taught me to ask the way thither with weeping and supplications §; carried me safe through all opposition, the greatest of which attended me from my dear and near relations, who would not be thoroughly reconciled to me until death; but then, indeed, they shewed some kind of concern for former prejudices against me. Their opposition against my walking in the narrow way extended so far, as to join and agree to deprive me of all favours I had any hopes to expect from them, and turn me out into the wide world, to shift for myself as well as I could; to which I was made willing to submit rather than be conformable to their ways.

I desire ever to adore free, rich, unmerited grace, which convinced me first of my sinful ways, and then carried me safe through all opposition †, and did not leave, nor forsake me under it; but bore me up with an everlasting arm, and carried me through every trial I met with from the world and Satan; and, like a kind shepherd ‡, who not only carries the lamb in his arms, but lays it in his bosom, to impart warmth unto it, and kindly nourish it, protected me from the cold

blasts of persecution, and cherished by the smiles of my great Lord, the Shepherd of Israel; fed me with the milk of the word, brought me to my spiritual mother the Church of Christ, whose breasts of consolation made me grow stronger and stronger *: I fed in the green pastures, drank of the still waters, yea drew water from the wells of salvation.

My dear Lord made use of a familiar and particular way at first to convince me of my sins and follies, not by a Gospel Minister, for those I did not go near, but by a female friend, with whom I was well acquainted. Her words lay close to me, and stung me to the heart; brought me into a serious way of thinking, and reflecting upon my past sins and future miseries. She told me I was a liar, a flatterer, and a deceitful man, and that David said, *God would destroy the deceitful man*. I looked into the Psalms and soon found the words she mentioned ||, which were to my soul as an unexpected clap of thunder, &c. I stood as thunder struck, considering whether I was deserving of this epithet (Deceitful) or not! but upon strict examination of my past conduct, my conscience accused me, proved me guilty, and condemned me; and if my own conscience condemned me, God was greater than my conscience ††, knew more of my wickedness, and would condemn me to everlasting punishment. Other sins also came in as witnesses against me, and confirming the sentence passed on me at the bar of conscience, proved me guilty of the breach of all God's commandments, in either thought word, or deed ††.

§ Matt. vii. 15. Job xxxiii. 24. Isa. xxix. 18. Jer. l. 4, 5. Isa. xli. 10.
 † Heb. xiii. 5. † Isa. xl. 11. * Ephes. v. 29. Psal. xxiii. 1. 1 Pet. ii. 2.
 Cant. iii. 4. Isa. lxvi. 11. Psal. xxiii. 2. Isa. xii. 3. || Psal. v. 6. †† 1 John
 iii. 20 †† Rom. iii. 19. xli. 15.

Thus had I a heavy burthen, more than I could well bear, and to this load Satan added his accusations against me, suggesting that my sins were too great to expect any pardon, for the soul that sinneth shall die * ; and when I attempted to pray he resisted, and hindered me ; bringing those words to my mind, *The prayers of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord* †, and that it was not only in vain to pray, but also too late to pray now.

In short I was brought so low, as to think myself the most wretched creature living upon earth, and to wish myself any thing rather than what I was, even a dog, or a devil, &c. Thus my guilt, horror, and despair were great, yea too great to be described ; and I, a guilty captive, went about fearing the earth would open her mouth and swallow me up, or some other just judgment of God fall on me, and be my eternal ruin. I was much afraid of going to sleep at night, lest I should awake in that place of torment where I expected soon to be ; my conscience was awake now, and kept accusing me for swearing, lying, cheating, deceitfulness, flattery, &c. I had reason now not to think so well of myself as I formerly did, nor so well as my companions might possibly think of me, but quite the reverse, for I was gone out of the right way and become abominable ‡, unjust in my actions, full of guile and hypocrisy in my words ; my tongue was full of deadly poison §, my lips of deceit, mischief and vanity, and the way of peace had not known, nor had the fear of God before my eyes ¶.

Reflecting upon my past behaviour, I found it not good, neither in

the whole, nor in any part of it, being not according to scripture rule ; and therefore took a strong resolution to grow better, and now gave more largely to the poor than I formerly had done ; and had I been able, would have built an hospital, or endowed some religious house, or done any other good work that had been recommended meritorious ; I would have given, if I had been able, thousands of rams, or ten thousand rivers of oil, or the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul || ; I would have given any thing I had, or done any thing I could, to have purchased the forgiveness of my sins, and to this end, was oftentimes thinking about giving and doing, &c.

I much endeavoured now to change my companions, my pleasures, and ways in life ; but their former impressions was deeply received into my nature, and kept on by the enemy of good, which again entangled me, and brought fresh guilt upon my conscience : However I made fresh resolutions, in my own strength, which I also broke, and still met with new, and more strong convictions.

Looking back upon my past life, I found it one continued scene of wickedness, from the time I could act reason to the present time, commencing from the first breach of God's holy law, and continuing almost ever since, in repeated violations of his commands, and breach of promises made by me.

These considerations brought me to acknowledge the vileness of my heart, and wickedness of my ways, with great contrition and confession of my sins to God, and raised earnest desires in me after pardon and

* Ezek. xviii. 4.
¶ Rom. iii. 17, 18.

† Prov. xv. 8.
|| Micah vi. 7.

‡ Psal. liii. 1, 3. § Psal. x. 7.

forgiveness. In this condemned state *, and under this load of guilt, I often went to church, and took as much notice as was possible of what the Minister said in his sermon, hoping to find some cordial to alleviate my distress, or heal my sin-sick soul, but could not find any. He told me to keep the law, and so to purchase the favour of God, and the forgiveness of sins I wanted; but as I had for some weeks past been endeavouring in vain to do this, knew that it was altogether impracticable: Besides the keeping of the law, the moral law, (were it possible) would now be too late to make amends for former transgressions thereof, because the soul that sinneth shall die †; and as death eternal is the wages already due to me for the breach thereof, the keeping it now could not make a full satisfaction, or atonement, for past offences.

I wanted to confess my sins to God, and beg pardon, but knew not how; I had learned no suitable prayer, nor could I find one exactly adapted to my present distressed circumstances; but being almost past any hopes of pardon, and having no other way, but that of prayer, to approach an offended Deity, I fell down on my knees, intending to confess my sins, and sorrows, on their account, and beg pardon in such a way as my deep distress prompted me to; but so soon as I began, my mouth was stopped, and an uncommon temptation prevented my praying, and Satan by his wiles so terrified me, and frightened me from the duty, that I could not proceed, but was almost driven to despair of any mercy or pardon. My sins were so heavy they loaded me down ‡: Satan shut me up, and I could not come

forth: Pity or help from my dearest friends, or nearest relations, I could not expect, nor durst I ask it from strangers; go to God I could not, nor yet from myself. I went to the bible, but found it a book sealed §. I went to the world, and it hid its face from me, and shewed me now no good or satisfying object, nor any thing, or way, that was diverting. If I now went to feed upon the pleasures thereof as formerly, I fed upon ashes ¶; a deceived heart had turned me aside, I could not deliver myself, nor say, is there not a lie in my right hand? I wandered from mountain to hill like Cain, a fugitive, and a vagabond; but could find no resting place, nor hopes of any pardon; for I now despaired of any, nor could my good works, or works of supererogation, now avail me; but I continued many weeks dragging my chain about, and continually fearing death, judgment and eternal punishment; till, wading in the depth of despair, I was at last remembered in mercy, and these words brought to my mind, *The Lord also hath put away thy sin, thou shalt not die* §. With joyful haste I had recourse to the bible, and found and read the sacred text, and gained thereby some hopes of a pardon, which I held fast; now, as often reading the word, I gained encouragement to my hopes, by examples of mercy there recorded, and promises of forgiveness made; and my hoping and longing for mercy to my poor soul, encouraged me to read there every opportunity. Some glimmerings of grace and favour appeared through the whole book, towards repenting sinners **; some bowels of mercy shown towards returning prodigals ††, which

* Rom. v. 18. † Ezek. xviii. 4, 20.
11. ¶ Isa. xlv. 20. § 2 Sam. xii. 13.

‡ Psal. lxxxviii. 8. § Isa. xxix.
** Luke xxiii. 42. †† Luke xv. 20.
made

made me now much delighted in that which was heretofore but a despised book.

As a great reformation now attended my whole walk and conversation, I, after much fasting and praying, and forsaking the vain things of life, partook of the sacrament, whereby I was filled with comfort and much elated; for every thing and ceremony about it appeared, as I then thought, with some intrinsick worth and holiness. I was indeed greatly reformed, altered, and mended apace, but tho' this brought me comfort, yet no pardon; however I kept reading in the bible daily, and oftentimes in a variety of books wrote by persons of different denominations, some of which met with my approbation, others my censure.

I was now like too many young converts, or weak believers, thinking my own weak light sufficient to guide me through all the difficult points of controversy, in the principles of religion, and that I had a right to condemn all others which were not exactly of my breadth and length; but herein I now think myself much to blame, as well as all others of such superficial knowledge, and infant understanding, in divine mysteries. Notwithstanding all this alteration in me for the better, my pardon was not yet made out to me; but thus I continued for about two years or more, much altered and reformed, and beginning to have but very indifferent thoughts of my former friends, withdrew myself from their acquaintance and conversation.

I was not yet so happy as I wanted to be; the corruption of my fallen nature began to discover itself, and my original pollution would break out. It was with me as with

an old sore new healed, or skinned, but not being searched to the bottom, was far from a perfect cure.

I was under great distress, at certain times, for my past sins, and present corrupt heart; and, at other times, less thoughtful and more chearful: I was a constant attender at the communion every opportunity, and, although this brought some peace, yet no pardon. Upon an Easter Sunday (if I remember the day right) after I had received the elements of bread and wine, (being usual with me to fast all the day and night) when the family went to dinner I went away, and laid me down on the bed, and fell asleep, and dreamed a person in black cloaths came to me, and, after some discourse about my eternal concerns, told me that he was the person God had appointed to administer comfort to my disconsolate soul; he was once a Minister in the established church, but the Lord had called him thence, and would soon call me away also. After he was gone away, I further dreamed, that an angel came to me, and conversed much with me about divine things, and in particular about the decrees of God; and pointed to a bright sun beam which stretched across the earth in a direct line: He told me the divine decrees were like that sun beam, without any variableness or so much as a shadow of turning; and having reconciled me to the divine dispensations, told me in respect to my great troubles from my relations, and fears about my eternal state, I should be free next Midsummer. I awaked in an extasy of joy, singing, I shall be free by Midsummer, I shall get free next Midsummer. A divine joy sat upon my spirit for some days after this

sweet dream, and was even a foretaste of future glory ; and the hopes of being delivered from my chains, so soon as midsummer, made a pleasant abiding impression on my soul many days. But these pleasant days were succeeded by others of a different nature ; for my relations perceiving, by my much reading, fasting, and serious discourses, that I was so fanatical, as they apprehended, as to be weary of the way of worship of my fathers ; and this opinion of theirs being confirmed by my reading only the bible, and books of different principles, and in particular John Bunyan, &c. they combined together, and resolved whatever was the consequence, not to suffer me to leave their way ; and beginning to use severity towards me, their cruel usage raised many a conflict in my mind, as well as many a dispute with them ; but in the disputes, blessed, for ever blessed be God, I did not want a mouth, and wisdom, &c. † according to his promise to his suffering people ; but these conflicts drowned the voice of my deliverance at Midsummer, and made me really forget it. However, after all my heart breaking conflicts, I was by providence carried a journey to the county town, upon business, on a Saturday, and staid there all night, and on the Sabbath day morning intended to go to hear a learned Minister at the Presbyterian meeting house ; but providentially met with an acquaintance, who would carry me with himself to the Independent meeting house. I went with great reluctance, although I had no real cause, but something within me seemed to resist and oppose my going thither. So soon as

the Minister began to pray, my eyes were fixed upon his face, and by the streams of tears running down his cheeks, I found him an earnest pleader for poor souls. I had never seen such a sight before ; but I was soon brought to remember this was the person I had seen in my dream on Easter Sunday last, and when I considered the time, as it was now near Midsummer, I thought the man and time were come for my deliverance. His prayer was too soon I thought ended, my soul was not fully satisfied, I wanted more ; yet although they were short, they were very sweet. Prayer ended, &c. he took the bible, and read therein these words, *God is faithful, by whom ye were called into the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord* ‡ ; which words he opened and explained, and raised comfortable doctrine from them (more especially to my soul) from the faithfulness of God in calling his people, and accepting them in Christ Jesus, imputing their sins to Christ, and his righteousness to them, and not punishing his people as their sins deserved ; because Christ had paid the debt due to justice on their account, being delivered for their offences, and rose again for their justification § ; who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect, it was Christ that died, that they might be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ ||. These were the only scriptures which I can remember of all those he bro't to prove his doctrine, which made an abiding impression upon my mind, and I had not then, nor never shall have reason to repent being carried by my friend to hear that Minister ; for there, under his

† Luke xxi. 15.
|| 1 Cor. i. 8.

‡ 1 Corinth. i. 9.

§ Rom. iv. 25. viii. 33

preaching, I met with pardon and forgiveness from a gracious God, who looked on me in mercy, grace, peace, pardon, and satisfaction, thro' my surety, the Lord Jesus Christ. The raging torments, which had so much, and so long, distressed my soul, were now removed, and succeeded by peace, and the wild disorders thereof, by blissful harmony, the storms and tempests were blown over, and a divine calm and serenity ensued.

A new scene of things began to appear before I quitted the place. I had the propitious countenance of my Heavenly Father lifted up upon me, and his love streaming down to me through a crucified, dying, bleeding Jesus, and great comfort from this scripture, who was delivered for our offences and rose again for our justification *. I never can forget the pleasure that sat upon my soul at the discovery of such grace, nor that sweet good man (although despised by the world) the Lord made use of, as an instrument in his hand, to blow the gospel trumpet, the sound of which reached my heart.

Adieu ! my former friends, and dear relations, you and I must part for ever, except such of you as the Lord is pleased to call out of that state of nature wherein you have been born and brought up, and reveal his son unto you. Such of you with me can now with wonder and admiration, survey the hidden way the Lord hath taken to call us out of the kingdom of darkness, and translate us into the kingdom of his dear Son †, and more fully know, the true nature of love, friendship, and communion in this new profession and relation, than we ever could have done in that state we have

left. Such romantic dreams of imaginary joys, and slavish meritorious duty, are proper themes for those who are enamoured of a legend, or cheated with an alchoran. Our pleasures now are more noble and refined ; our friendship more true and solid ; our love more ardent and lasting, and our affection to God so flaming, that what we had formerly bears no comparison to it.

Thrice happy souls ! to bear patiently the reproachful names of enthusiast, schismatic, heretic, &c. bind those, and other undeserved reproaches to you, and wear them as your crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus ‡, and know, and take comfort in this, that you are not of this world, if you were the world would love you, for it loves its own ; but as you are chosen out of the world, therefore the world hate you § ; but this is no wonder, for it hated our dear Lord, before it hated us, and hath hated his people ever since his days, to the present time.

However my former thoughts were about conversion, or how much soever I slighted and disliked that doctrine, as believing is was not necessary, I was now brought to see an absolute necessity thereof, both in myself and others, in order to our salvation ||. My heart by nature was a carnal heart, was an ignorant heart, and opposite to the ways of God ; a malicious heart against the true worshippers of God, namely, against those who worshipped him, in spirit and truth ; and to be thus carnally minded is death, because the carnal mind is enmity against God ; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be : So then, they that are in the

* Rom. iv. 25. Isa. xxvii. 13. Joel ii. 14. † Col. i. 13. ‡ 2 Cor. i. 14.
§ John xv. 18. || John iii. 6, 27.

flesh, cannot please God * ; and alas ! as this was my case, then how could I please God by my works, when I was carnal and under a covenant of works, unconverted and knew it not, but was blind to my disease and to my remedy.

As carnal, I was filled with enmity against the true spiritual way and worship of God's people ; as under a covenant of works, I was covering and cloathing myself with my own righteousness †, hoping for acceptance by the merit thereof ; forgetting the man who was cast out not having on a wedding garment ‡ ; and knowing there was a Best Robe, to be put on returning prodigals ||, like Adam I was for sewing fig-leaves together, to make a covering to hide my nakedness § ; but the Lord cloathed him with a far better and more durable covering, and I hope will cover me also, with a far better covering than my own good works.

As unconverted, I knew not light from darkness, nor the true difference between the broad and narrow way ; I knew not the way unto the Father, nor the way he took to communicate his grace and favour to poor sinners ; I was ignorant of God's righteousness, and so went about to establish my own, and would not submit to the righteousness of God ¶. Thus I continued above twenty years, and should have still continued in that blind state, had not the Lord been pleased, by his work of grace upon my soul, to open my blind eyes, and enlighten me who sat in in darkness, and the shadow of death, and guide my feet into the (narrow way) the ways of peace and truth **, and draw out my desires towards true holiness, and everlasting happiness.

The greatest part of my spare time from business, was now spent in admiring the works of grace, and the providence of a kind God and Father ; in contemplating his love, favour, and kindness toward his children ; in hearing sermons and reading the bible, and other good books ; in singing his praises, and adoring his goodness, and speaking thereof to the sons of men : These pleasant days were generally succeeded by happy nights ; and oh ! how sweet was sleep ! oftentimes when the goodness of God impressed divine joys on my soul, in making his goodness pass before me ††, and discovering his love to me, when my body was asleep ; such happiness cannot be fully expressed. These happy days, these blessed times, wherein I secreted myself from the world, and walked in the paths of duty, were taken notice of by my old companions, in a way of ridicule and banter, because I did not run with them into the same excess of riot I formerly had done ††. They think me now too strict and formal in my conversation, and are oftentimes accusing and condemning me on that account.

But although they accuse me, my conscience does not ; for God was dishonoured by my former ways and words ; his true worship neglected and despised ; and the taking liberty to pursue worldly pleasures, drew away the thoughts and affections from God. How it is with others I know not, but with myself they have a very bad effect, for I cannot get free from those tempting allurements, in many hours, sometimes days, and weeks ; but my heart is not in a right frame, when I appear before God, and when I

* Rom. viii. 6, 7, 8.
xv. 22.
xxi. 26.

§ Gen. iii. 21.
†† 1 Pet. iv. 4.

† Philip. iii. 9.

¶ Rom. x. 3, 4.

† Matt. xxii. 11, 12.

** Luke i. 78, 79.

|| Luke

†† Jer.

would approach the throne of grace in peace, in faith, and comfort, Satan stands at my right hand, to resist me *; my affections are dwindled away; my hope can take no hold; my faith flags; my joy is gone; my prayers then are cold and dead †. I have lost the light of that lovely countenance, which I sometimes have with pleasure beheld, and continue wishing and longing for what I have sinned away; I am crying out with the spouse, saw ye him whom my soul loveth; I sought him, but I found him not ‡. I am left to bewail my leanness and darkness, occasioned by his absence, during his pleasure, either for a short or long season, which to him is most agreeable, and for me most necessary, and am again favoured with the smiles of his reconciled face; he put in his hand by the hole of the door, and my bowels were moved for him ||, I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste §. I again hear his word preached with profit, and pray to him with pleasure; he is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousands, and altogether lovely; this is my beloved, and this is my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem ¶.

I have gone many times ten miles on a sabbath day to hear the Minister, before referred to, preach the gospel, and never have repented so doing; for I have been made ten times amends for my journeys, and have, in one day, enjoyed more solid pleasure, than all my unconverted life ever afforded me. But it was not alwys thus with me, that Minister was removed to a place, at

a great distance where I could not go to hear him any more,

After my comfortable season, above-mentioned, I was afflicted with a fit of sickness which continued a month, and was in that time brought so near the grave, that my doctor, friends, and self thought I could not recover: My bible lay by my bedside, and was my sweet companion and delight; for in those days the word of God was precious **, and as I was getting into the bed when first taken ill, these words were given me, *the Lord will make all his bed in his sickness* ††, This scripture was sweet, and the consolations of God was neither few nor small with me ‡‡; I was supported with a divine hand, and sweetly resigned to the will of God, begging and longing to be dissolved, and be with my Redeemer |||. And, as I received further comfort from the following scripture words, ordered a funeral sermon to be preached from them at my burial, *Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid; for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and song; he also is my salvation* §§.

Whilst this sickness continued, one of my relations, who had dealt hardly with me, on account of my change, died, and left me something more than I expected, on which my other relation (seeing I had now some subsistence) grew reconciled towards me. Recovering from my illness, the world smiled on me, and I soon entered into the holy state of matrimony, and had great business; in pursuance thereof, I often went into the world, where I soon lost the joys and comforts I had whilst retired in the field at plough. The

* Zech. iii. 1.

† Psal. iv. 6.

‡ Cant. iii. 3.

¶ Cant. v. 4.

§ Cant. ii. 3.

¶ Cant. v. 10. 16.

** 1 Sam. iii. 1.

†† Psal. xli. 3.

‡‡ Job. xv. 11.

||| Philip. i. 23.

§§ Isa. xii. 2.

frequent calls of the world, engaged my heart and affections too much, and earth lay so near my heart, that Heaven was at a much greater distance now than usual.

I continued, about a quarter of a year under Egyptian darkness, and grew so cold, that I could scarce pray, and when I did, it was without faith or comfort. These following scriptures were often on my mind, has God so long forgotten to be gracious? Has he in anger shut up his tender mercies? Will the Lord cast off for ever? Will he be favourable no more *. I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath. He hath led me and brought me into darkness, but not into light, surely against me is he turned †. I was at the same time also under the most horrid temptations, and hellish suggestions of Satan, surely, that ever any poor Christian ever was, filled with blasphemous thoughts, and at last, strongly tempted to curse God and die, and so get rid of those troubles. Once, in particular, my lips and tongue was moved by an invisible hand, and almost forced to it; but upon my earnest praying to the Lord, for help, I was relieved: At length my darkness and temptations were removed by an Almighty Power, in a way little less than miraculous, which was brought about in the following manner:

One day as my eyes were cast down upon the ground, in my own house, under a sense of my vileness, and misery, I saw a little ragged book, lying under the table, which I took up, and upon opening of it, my eye fixed upon the following words, *thy blessedness in this life stands not in a satiety and full enjoyment of that which thou wouldest have, but*

*in an hungry and thirsting for it. If I had pronounced them blessed, that are now satisfied with righteousness, then thy wants might most justly have discouraged thee: But I called them blessed that hunger; in reading of which words, and by an immediate application of this scripture, blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled ‡, my case was much altered for the better; I knew I was, in fact, a hungry, thirsty soul, and therefore had no doubt, but this scripture belonged to me. The book was wrote by the Rev. Mr. Cowper, of Pert., and entitled, a Dialogue between Christ and the soul, but was never seen by me before, that I could remember, nor was I ever able to find out how it came into my house, nor whose book it had been. Being now delivered from my temptations and darkness, I walked more comfortably, but was again afflicted with sickness, and as I was undressing myself to go to bed, being very ill, these words were brought to my mind, and fastened there by a divine hand, *arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee: For behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people; but the Lord shall arise upon thee and his glory shall be upon thee ||*. This sweet scripture came with such power to my soul, and made such an abiding impression there, as bro't me immediately to conclude, that I should die this sickness, and shine in another world; for I thought it impossible for such a dark soul as I was to shine in this life; but these thoughts were soon over, the Lord rebuked the fever, and raised me up again, continuing his visits of love, and confirming them to me, by the following scripture, *I have loved**

* Psal. lxxvii. 7, 8, 9. † Lam. iii. 1, 2. ‡ Matt. v. 6. || Isa. lx. 1, 2.

thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee *. My soul was immediately filled with joyful light, and with love to God, and under the most grateful remembrance of the mercy, and the highest sense of the favour, I trod the sacred paths of duty, and spent some time, in praises of the highest kind, and most pleasant nature, that can by any creature be attained to (I presume to think) in this life. I beheld the reconciled face of God in Christ: He removed my darkness, and filled me with light, joy and peace, shewing me that my adoption and sonship was secured against all the attacks of Satan, by giving me this scripture, *for I am the Lord, I change not, therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed* †.

As I was one day considering of these choice mercies received, and of my former dark miserable days, something of a fear possessed me for a few minutes, that darkness might again return, and I be as wretched as before, but as I was begging of the Lord to prevent that, while praying, he answered in a gracious manner by the gift of the following scripture, *thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be*

ended ‡. I took fresh comfort from this scripture, and found the words of the Evangelical Prophet to be true ¶. Those three scriptures were often on my mind; but more especially that of *Jeremiah xxxi. 3.* which was often brought home with sweetness and power into my soul, and I was melted into godly sorrow at all my miscarriages and temptations, being helped to see it was from the everlasting love of God to me in Christ Jesus, that he had drawn me to himself in mercy and love; that nothing in me could merit his favour, nor any thing done by me could be acceptable to a holy God, so as to purchase his love; even faith in me could be no motive for God to love me; for if I have any faith, I know to whom I am obliged for it, and who is the author and finisher of it §. And now I hope I can, with a thankful heart, behold the marvellous footsteps of Divine Providence in protecting and preserving me, and that I shall be enabled, so long as life lasts, to adore and honour the Father of Mercies, and God of all comforts, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved me, even when I was dead in sins, having quickened me with Christ, for by grace am I saved ††.

The two following Hymns, composed on particular Passages of Scripture, were very comfortable to me in my Sickness.

The Twelfth Chapter of Isaiah.

This Chapter in General, but the second Verse thereof, in Particular, was sweet to my Soul in the Time of my long Sickness in the Year 1723, and by me then put into Verse.

IN that great and glorious day,
My soul the Lord shall praise,

My spirit bless his name alway,
Thus spend my future days.

Altho' his anger seem'd to burn,
Unto my fearful mind,
Yet he in mercy doth return,
And I much comfort find.

Jehovah is my strength, my song,
My God in whom I trust;

* Jer. xxxi. 3. † Mal. iii. 6. ‡ Isa. lx. 20. ¶ Isa. xxxii. 17. § Heb. xi. 2. †† Ephes. ii. 4, 5, 8, 9.

He's my salvation sure and strong,
My King and Saviour just.

Therefore, with a becoming joy,
My soul sweet comforts taste,
From Zion's wells salvation draw,
Which will for ever last.

And in this joyful glorious day,
Will call upon his name,
Him high exalt, and praise alway,
And speak of his great fame.

I to the Lord will ever sing,
Him praise while I have breath,
For this most great and glorious
thing,

Is known throughout the earth.

Zion's inhabitants cry out,
Cry out, O Israel!
For thy great King begin to shout,
For he in thee will dwell.

Recovery from Sicknefs.

Upon the 10th of May, 1746, being afflicted by an Ague and Fever, and at the same Time under great Distress of Soul, I was at once relieved by some Scripture Words, being impressed upon my mind by a divine Hand, viz. Isa. lxiii. 1. I that spake in Righteousness, mighty to save; and although I was so much disordered by a Pain in my head, as to talk Nonsense but a few Minutes before, yet, so soon as this Scripture was given me, I found immediate Relief to both Body and Soul. The Fever abated, the Ague came no more, and joyful light appeared and stayed with me: Not having Strength to sit up, as I lay I composed and wrote the following Verses, and intended a true Paraphrase upon the two first Verses, but the Scripture Thread was often broke to give vent to the grateful Sentiments of my exalted Spirit, which I often endeavoured to catch again, and hold fast, but was as often disappointed.

WHO's this that brings sweet
dawn of day,
And ushers in the morning light,
From Edom seems to point the way,
Where all my foes are put to
flight?

Hail long expected joyful morn,
That brings the great Redeemer
forth,

Whose many conquests do adorn
His ways, in majesty and love.

How many were my days of grief,
Which, like a tide, roll'd on a
pace;

But this bright ray brings me relief,
I read it in his glorious face.

See in his greatest strength him
move,

From Bozrah's land, now bath'd
in blood;

This is the chariot pav'd with love,
Whereon the mighty conqueror
stood.

'Tis love which mov'd the chariot
wheels,

And brought him to my longing
fight,

My sharpest pains he quickly heals,
And gives me new and sweet de-
light.

Dear Lord! why thy apparel red?

Why is thy vesture thus all stains?
Like him who did the wine-press
tread,

Why did'st thou take such migh-
ty pains!

To free a captive bound in thrall,
Redeem a slave in misery,
Who daily eats wormwood and gall,
And said, my love, thou shalt not
die.

Oh! what are all the mighty ones,
Compar'd unto my Lord, my love,
Or, what are all the first born sons,
Not one of them could with him
move.

It was my Lord, 'twas he alone,
Redeem'd his dear, his early
spouse;

He, the great Conqueror, treads
down,

The enemies that her oppose.

He wanted none for to partake,
Or lend a hand, or show the way;
The best of men are all too weak,
To save themselves in that great
day.

How does his beauteous vesture
shine,

How righteous and how sweet his
voice;

His gracious presence, all divine,
Inspires my soul now to rejoice.

Thrice happy day, more happy hour,
That brings deliverance unto me,
My soul adore th' Almighty power,
For this salvation I now see.

The Fifty-fourth Chapter of Isaiah.

*This Chapter was often on my Mind
in the Year 1724, and the 4th Verse
thereof particularly sweet, made me
put it into Poetic Paraphrase, and
often sing it when alone.*

O H! barren thou, who didst not
bear,

Break forth and sweetly sing,
In fruitful travail thou'lt appear,
And gracious children bring.

Yea, more than those in marriage
state,

Who numbers did obtain,
Though thou wast most disconsolate,
And barren didst remain.

Enlarge with speed thy meeting-
place,

To hear the gospel sound,
For great effusions of my grace,
Amongst thee shall be found.

Thy sons shall spread on every side,
And grow with great increase;

Fill desolated places wide,
And sweetly walk in peace.

Fear not, for thou shalt see no shame,
Thy fearful soul to wound,

Nor things which bear a frightful
name

Shall thee again confound.

All former fears thou shalt forget,

No more reproaches bear,

No youthful lusts shall thee beset,

Nor widows terrors fear.

Thy Maker is thy Husband dear,

Thy Lord, the Lord of Hosts;

Thy great Redeemer will appear,

And guard thee on all coasts.

When thou didst lead a mournful
life,

And was afflicted sore,

Like to a young divorced wife,

And piercing sorrows bore,

Thy soul was griev'd, I hid my face,

Thou could'st no comfort find,

But yet it was a little space,

E'er thou didst find me kind.

It seem'd in wrath my face was hid

To thee, whilst in the dark,

Yet 'twas true love mov'd all I did,

Thou oft dost miss the mark.

It was a kind and faithful look,

That brought me to thy sight;

In thee I pleasure always took,

And ever did delight.

I can't be angry with my child,

Nor cast thee from my face,

For I to thee am reconcil'd,

In Christ, thro' my rich grace.

When I was gone thy soul did burn,

With longing for the Lord;

In richest mercy I return,

Yet of my own accord.

It was no gift, nor grace of thine,

That brought me to thy will;

But from a motion wholly mine,

For I am sov'reign still.

And as I to my cov'nant look,

No more to drown the earth;

So thee I never will rebuke,

With thee I can't be wrath.

The

The mountains strong I own may
shake,

The hills they may remove ;
But yet from thee I'll never take
The covenant of my love.

None can divide 'tween me and
thee,

Nor break my cov'nant sure ;
My mercy to thy soul is free,
And so it will endure.

What tho' thou now afflicted are,
And comfortless remain,
Thy basis strong with sapphires fair,
Shall soon be laid again.

Thy outward glory shall appear,
Great lights I'll surely frame;
Thy beauty shine both far and near,
By sons which I can name.

And all thy children shall be taught
Their God for to obey,
In sweetest peace to Zion brought,
There to abide alway.

And thou shalt walk in righteousness,

And be established ;
No fear shall ever thee oppress,
No terror, nor no dread.

Together they may gather'd be,
But not by me at all,
But when they do come against thee,
They for thy sake shall fall.

Behold the Smith, which I have
made,

That bloweth coals of fire ;
Mischievous weapons are his trade,
Performing my desire.

But all the weapons that are wrought
Thee to afflict, shall fall ;
And every tongue in judgment
brought,
Thou shalt condemn them all.

All the Lord's servants have this
bliss,

Then know assuredly,
That all thy strength and righteousness,

Is of the Lord Most High.

Psalms the First.

I.

THAT man is bless'd that hath
not lent,
To wicked man his ear ;
Nor in his heart hath ever meant
To sit in scorner's chair.

II.

But in the law of God alway,
Doth truly meditate,
And is not tir'd by length of day,
Nor weary when 'tis late.

III.

Like trees which grow, and fruitful
are

By pleasant water side ;
So shall this man for ever bear
A leaf that shall not fade.

IV.

The wicked men are not so safe,
Nor meet with such success ;
But driven are away like chaff
When winnowed by distress.

V.

Ungodly men can never stand,
Where God in judgment sat,
Nor sinners may a place command,
With Saints to congregate.

VI.

[ways,

The Lord doth know his peoples
And them he will preserve ;
But will cut short the sinner's days,
As they do much deserve.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

Upon the reading of your Magazine, justly entitled Spiritual, I am become an admirer of the same, and altho' I was for some time prejudiced against it, yet I now rejoice to see the glorious doctrines of the everlasting gospel, therein consistently and charmingly illustrated.—The different experiences of the godly, with so much spirituality, gravity, and becoming simplicity touched upon.—The pertinent answers to several interesting and important queries therein inserted, which hath not only banished my prejudice, but hath tended to the edifying and comforting my soul, and constrained me to recommend the perusal thereof to my acquaintances; hoping that God the Holy Ghost may bless the same to their precious soul, as he hath to mine.

I Now propose, for the first time, to throw my mite into your treasury; which if you judge agreeable, please to accept. What induces me to write, is the affecting case of a minister, from whom a letter is inserted from J. T. with a query, viz. “What advice can be given to a person that is grievously distressed with fears, doubts, and unbelief.” see *Spiritual Magazine* for March last, No. 18. page 45, 47.

What makes the gentleman's case to me the more affecting, and the more engages me to offer a few things to his consideration, is this, his complaints were once my own, for several years; *the worm-wood and the gall my soul hath still in remembrance.* When I was brought first under abiding concern for my soul, I was an enemy to several of the distinguishing doctrines of the gospel, that are inseparably connected with

that salvation, of which Christ is the author. After many fruitless attempts to make my peace, or accommodate matters with God, being at last through a view of the plague of my own heart, and the temptations of Satan, brought to the very brink of despair, and thinking that hell must be my portion, for ever and ever; then it pleased the Lord to open to me a door of hope, by a discovery of a free, and full salvation, finished by Christ, for undone sinners, as such. Upon Christ my soul rested, and found peace, pleasure, joy unspeakable and full of glory. I then saw a glorious beauty in, and harmony between the great doctrines that I before discredited and opposed, and found them supporting and feeding to my soul, I then thought I should not be moved, my mountain stood strong. But, alas! after some considerable time, the Lord hid his face, and I was greatly troubled with Satan's temptations, which were very great and grievous, and continued several years; in which time, I was frequently brought to question the truth of almost every doctrine of the gospel; I say frequently, because the evidence of truth, *objectively*, was so great that I could not long continue to disbelieve it; but my fixed distress was, fearing that I had been deceived, having neither real love to, fear of, nor faith in God, and so no part nor lot in Jesus. However, the Lord has been pleased again, I trust, to restore my soul to the joys of his salvation. Therefore, out of gratitude to the Lord, and compassion to this disconsolate gentleman, and others in like circumstances, I shall recommend a few things that have been of great use to me; and, not taking notice of all those things wherein his unbelief consists, attend to the work of grace begun in his soul.

soul. Unbelief, concerning that, is the great champion, which if conquered, the rest would flee as the Philistines, when their swaggering Goliath fell; or, as this Gentleman observes, "If I were but sure that the good work of grace was begun in my soul, I think all my other doubts would flee away and vanish; but, while I doubt of the very beginning of the work, I cannot be confident in any thing that may profit me."

Page 46. I would then advise this Gentleman, and all in the like case, to a close attendance upon the Lord by reading and prayer,—to examine and consider what character doth best suit the knowledge they have of themselves,—or by what their case is most exactly described in the word of God; for, I think, it must be granted, that every one, gracious and graceless, are by the Lord described there, with their future state annexed, considered as such. Let such examine, and ask conscience the following questions:

Do I really find that I am an undone sinner, through the depravity of my nature and criminal conduct? All are certainly so, but all do not think so; but do I feel myself so, and unable to help myself?

Do I find myself *poor in spirit*, without any internal qualification to recommend me to the approbation of an holy God? Am I destitute of, and hungering for food for my soul? have I neither money to procure, nor ability to earn any?

Do I view myself naked before God? Is all that was by myself, or by others, counted excellent or ornamental, insufficient to cover me? Are all my intellectual and corporeal acts as filthy rags; rags that cannot cover, but defile?

Do I find a stout, hard heart, that in the sense of Scripture is a

"stone?" do I groan under it, and long to be delivered from it? In a word, Am I in the same mind, or do I agree with God in the account he has given of the depravity of lapsed man? are not my imaginations vain, my understanding dark? do I want divine wisdom? do I long to be holy?

Do I consider myself, in consequence of sin, a condemned criminal at Jehovah's bar? can I say amen, by way of approbation to the divine sentence, as being just and equitable? if he shew mercy, and pardon me, will I extol him for ever; but if he condemn, will I not complain, only with an oh! wretched man that I am?

Do I see an impossibility of escaping everlasting burnings, if unmerited mercy be not displayed through the crucified Jesus? In a word, Is the Redeemer's person, blood, righteousness and gracefulness, what my soul views a preciousness in, and longs for the enjoyment of? can nothing satisfy me without him? am not I undone, eternally undone without the knowledge of him, as mine? Yes, says a gracious soul, *save Lord, or I perish for ever.*

To such an one, I would next observe, and advise to the consideration of, what the God of all grace doth speak to such in his word; for, I think, (as before hinted) to the name, description or character, of every one, the mind of the Lord is annexed. As a parent calleth his children by name, that they, knowing the same, might answer, here am I; so the Lord calleth his sheep by name, and leadeth them out, *John* x. 3. Their names must be such as they know themselves by, or how can they answer to them. A person knows that the contents of a letter belongs to him by the superscription containing his name; and thus a person,

person, whose name is mentioned in a testament, as a legatee, carefully reads the same, to know what the donors will concerning him is; and however poor, has a right and claim to whatever is therein bequeathed him by will. Now the Lord, in his Gospel, the better testament, has declared, bequeathed or promised, to the burthen'd heavy laden sinner, *rest*:—To the hungry thirsty soul, the waters of life, and the bread of the covenant:—To the naked, a covering; nothing less than the *best robe*, the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation:—To the poor in spirit, durable riches; or, as in *Matt. v. 3.* the kingdom of Heaven:—To the dark, even such as have no light, he speaks with inviting language, to encourage them to stay themselves upon him; yea, doth not he more than intimate that he is the God of such? see *Isa. l. 10.*—To those whose name is stout-hearted, and far from righteousness, having no righteousness of their own, thinking themselves far from the Lord's; he says, he will bring near his righteousness, it shall not be far off, and his salvation shall not tarry, *Isa. xlv. 12. 13.*—To the stout-hearted, or such as with sorrow feel their heart, in the "sense of Scripture, to be a stone," he says, he will give a heart of flesh, and take the former away, *Ezek. xxxvi. 26.* and that it is such as are sensible of the heart of stone, see ver. 36.

In a word, the seeking, the sighing, the simple, the foolish, that lack understanding, the longing, yea, every sorrowful soul, the Saviour speaks encouraging to. And further consider, as the Redeemer is *mighty*, able to save to the very uttermost, so he will not cast out, or reject, any poor sinner that comes to him, as guilty, for pardon; as filthy, for cleaning; as naked, for cloathing;

as hungry, for food; as nothing, yea, worse than nothing, for all, in time and eternity.

If these things be so, then consider, is there not scriptural and rational grounds for faith and hope? May not a soul, so described, venture near the Lord; and, upon such a bottom as the promises of God made to him, fill his mouth with arguments? Will the Lord be angry with such a one for so doing? Will he plead against thee with his great power? No, he will put strength in thee. Nay, may not the soul's necessity be considered as an encouragement to draw near the Lord, in the name of Jesus? not because, or for its being necessitous, but, seeing it is in such circumstances, as a gracious God has promised relief: David cried, pardon my iniquities, for they are very great; and if God has promised, the performance is sure; for he is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it. I thought here to have added some thoughts concerning the nature of true faith, *subjectively* and *objectively*; and shewn how even assurance of faith *objectively*, is consistent with fears and doubts *subjectively*; but shall wave this at the present.

In regard to the Gentleman's call to the great work of the ministry, &c. I suppose, distress of that nature is common to all employed by God therein. I shall only recommend, an attendance to the principles from whence he, in the main, does act,—the ends he has in view, and the motives influencing thereunto. Where these are right, the Devil endeavours to give great disturbance; but, who art thou that judgest another man's servant? to his own master he standeth or falleth; yea, he shall be holden up, for God is able to make him stand. This is suitable, I have often thought, to interrogate

Satan with. But, to conclude, let every such dejected soul, as hath been now addressed, consider whether it is not contrary to the nature of God; the errand and office of Christ, as a Saviour; the Holy Ghost, as a spirit of truth and comfort, to raise the expectation of a poor guilty sinner, by promising a full unconditional salvation, with eternal glory, to all that come to him sensible of their need of it, and at last disappoint such a one, by his promise failing for evermore. Yes, certainly it is, for such shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation, and shall not be ashamed nor confounded, world without end. For though the vision is yet for an appointed time, at the end it will speak and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry, *Hab. ii. 3.*

These hints, Gentlemen, I intended to have sent to be inserted before, if you should judge them worthy of a place in your Magazine; but, from a sense of my inability to lay any thing before the public with acceptableness, thought proper to suppress them for a time, till at last considering, that out of the mouths of babes, &c. the Lord hath perfected his praise, I was encouraged to transmit them to you.—That the Lord may gratefully own your labours, and all concerned for the good of souls, is, and I hope shall be, the earnest prayer of, Gentlemen, your now constant reader, R. H.

A short Dissertation on PSALM

lxxxix. 30.—34.

If his children forsake my law, and walk not in my judgments; if they break my statutes, and keep not my

commandments; then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes: Nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from HIM, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail: My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that is gone out of my lips.

THIS passage of sacred Scripture is generally understood, as having respect to those afflictions with which the people of God are exercised in their own persons; but, perhaps, upon a more close inspection of the words, and a diligent attention to the context, they will be found to have no reference at all to these*.

In this psalm we have the Father's choice of Christ, and appointment of him to the work and office of Mediator; *I have laid help upon one that is mighty, I have exalted one chosen out of the people; I have found David my servant, with my holy oil have I anointed him†*: And the promises that follow are made more immediately to him, respecting the execution of that important office. Now let it be observed, that Christ was set up as Mediator *from everlasting‡*; so early therefore were these promises made to him; consequently this must be prior to the fall of our first parents, which fall, I apprehend, is particularly referred to in the following words, *If his children forsake my law, &c.* for Adam in innocency, standing as a federal head, when he sinned all his posterity sinned in him; the elect, the children of Christ, who, by the divine Father, were given unto him, and made his care and charge, as well as others, *for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God||*. Now in a fore-

* I would not here be understood to mean, that the Lord does not chastise his people for their sins and transgressions; this would be to run counter to the tenor of Scripture, and the whole course of Christian experience.

† Verse 20.

‡ Prov. viii. 23.

|| Rom. iii. 23.

few of this, Jehovah (the Father) declares, *If* * his children forsake my law, and walk not in my statutes, &c. then will I visit their transgression with the rod, and their iniquity with stripes; which words, I humbly apprehend, have a special reference to the sufferings of Christ, and not to the sufferings of his people; he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed †. And the promise which Jehovah, the Father, immediately makes of a continuation of his loving kindness, calls for peculiar attention. It is not there said, "my loving kindness will I not utterly take from them ‡;" but it is said, *nevertheless my loving kindness will I not utterly take from Him*; that is, from Christ, who is the *Him* spoken of throughout the whole psalm, and who is the *Him* that was wounded for their transgressions and bruised for their iniquities.

If it should be objected, that by Christ we are sometimes to understand his people, as in the 1 Cor. xii. 12. and that the pronoun *Him* may be here understood as comprehending the whole election of grace. I answer, the psalm principally treats of Christ *personal*, and not of Christ *mystical*; as also that where his people are spoken of, they are manifestly distinguished from him, by being called his children, as in verse 30th; or his seed, as in verses 29th and 36th.

Lambeth,
Nov. 8, 1762.

I. H.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

As the instilling of just principles of religion and morality in the minds of youth, is of the highest importance, and tends greatly to their usefulness in life, the following thoughts are recommended to those concerned in their education; and, if you judge them worthy of a place in your monthly publication, your inserting them will oblige your constant reader,

J. T. Schoolmaster.

The SCHOOL-MASTER'S Memorandum,

Pointing out the importance of his Function, as far only as concerns Religion, consisting of

Ten Queries for him to propose to his own conscience.

Ten Objections answered.

Ten Motives and Encouragements, and

Ten Corollaries.

QUERIES.

I. **D**O I make religion the principal aim of all my labours, and propose it to my scholars, as the grand end to which all their instructions tend; and, as it ought to be, their ultimate view, in all the progress they make in learning?

II. Do I endeavour to imprint on their minds, a sense of the importance of religion, by shewing them their lost state by nature, and thence taking occasion to inform them of the absolute necessity of a Redeemer, of the riches of divine grace through him, and of the im-

* This conditional conjunction *if*, is sometimes to be understood in the same sense as *when*, which is an adverb of time; so in *Judg.* xxi. 21. it is said, "and behold, *if* the daughters of Shiloh come out to dance in dances," &c. that is, behold *when* the daughters, &c. then come ye out of the vineyard; so here, "*if* his children forsake my law," that is, *when* his children forsake my law, &c. then will I visit, &c.

† *Isa.* liii. 5.

‡ Had this passage had any reference to the afflictions with which the Lord's people are exercised in their own persons, it would undoubtedly have been so expressed.

possibility of salvation without him; therefore how necessary is it for them to be solicitous about an interest in Christ; how reasonable and even comfortable it is for them to dedicate all their time to the service of God?

III. Do I attempt to convince them of the insufficiency of all self-righteousness to justify them before God, and point out unto them the righteousness of Christ as the only way to happiness?

IV. Before they be initiated into the errors of Heathen Theology, have I instructed them carefully in the principles of the Christian Religion; observing the solid foundation on which it stands; the numerous advantages of true Godliness, and the miserable state of such as despise or reject the gospel?

V. Do I endeavour, according to my ability, to explain the bible unto them, as the sacred repository of all true learning and knowledge, attempting to create in them a veneration and esteem for it, as God's will revealed unto man, and the foundation of all future hope, pointing out all its beauties and excellencies above all human compositions, quite outstripping them in antiquity; true, though wonderful and extensive history, philosophy, morality, bravery, law and gospel?

VI. When profane authors are read, do I take care to shew the absurdity of their Theology, and the defect of their Morality, in order to set forth the excellency of the Christian Religion?

VII. Do I take care that no author, which may recommend immorality and indecency, be put into their hands? And if any passage, tending that way, should unavoidably occur, do I shew the error of it, though it may lurk under a fine dress, and beautiful description?

Vice is ugly still and deformed; however charming it may be painted by a lively and licentious imagination.

VIII. Do I seriously and frequently inculcate to them the absolute necessity of regeneration, and true faith, as well as the reasonableness, duty, and advantage of practical piety?

IX. Do I pray and study that may be instrumental, in the hand of God, to form the mind of youth for real usefulness here, and eternal glory hereafter?

X. Do I meditate often how I may faithfully discharge the important duty of instructing youth, that I may at last say, *I am clean from your blood?*

OBJECTIONS.

I. **P**arents do not expect their children to be instructed by their hand.

Ans. Some earnestly wish it, and most expect that their children should be catechised at school; what is catechising but religious instruction? The 77th and 79th canons of the Church of England require that School-masters should be able to instruct youth in the principles of religion and piety, not only by teaching them the catechism, but also by examinations at proper times, and training them in the holy scripture as shall be most expedient to induce them unto godliness.

II. Parents do not pay for their children's education the trouble and fatigue.

Ans. They pay you for the discharge of your duty, as School-masters; besides, God will reward you if you be faithful.

III. Parents will be offended and say we corrupt their children.

Ans. Your instructions should be in the most important and indispensable points of religion, and not those

those which distinguish persons into different denominations. If some parents should be so unreasonable as to be offended at that, let those children be hearers only, and the rest instructed.

IV. Scholars are so childish they will take but little notice of what we say.

Ans. Though they be childish, yet they will take notice. Hints, in their youth may, and often do, remain with persons to old age, especially what they learn at school.

V. Children will think it very burthenfome, and so be prejudiced against religion, rather than inclined to it.

Ans. You should endeavour to prevent that as much as possible: First, by not burthening them with getting much, if any, out of book, but taking opportunities, now and then to ask them short, striking, and pertinent questions, being never tedious, but helping them in their answers. Secondly, By diversifying the method, sometimes taking notice of any piece of scripture history, at other times exposing particular vices, such as lying, swearing, &c. turning to some scripture passage forbidding it, and perhaps some judgment upon the guilty, as *Numb. xv. 32.* &c. Against profaning the Lord's day, *Lev. xxiv. 14.* &c. Against swearing. The case of *Ananias* and *Sapphira* against lying, *Acts ii. 21, 23.* Against pride. Thus belief and practice may be diversified, the understanding enlightened, in a pleasant, though serious way, and more of the matter retained in memory, the heart being more affected, than if a great deal were repeated by rote. It would entertain rather than burthen the children.

VI. I am not endued with a capacity for these things.

Ans. 1. If you be a Minister of the Gospel, I hope you'll blush to make this objection; for it is part of your ministry. 2. If not, consider how you can answer the preceding queries. Do your duty as well as you can, study it often, and pray that you may be directed.

VII. This will be lost labour at last.

Ans. It will not be so to you; if you be faithful your reward is sure: neither do you know how far your labour may be blessed beyond your fears.

VIII. It is not common for Schoolmasters to take this method.

Ans. It is so much the more necessary for us to follow it. We should mind our duty more than the multitude.

IX. The scripture doth not require this at our hands.

Ans. Then read *Rom. ii. 19, 20,* 21. *Prov. xxii. 6.* *Acts xxii. 3.*

X. It is rather the province of the parents and minister.

Ans. There is work enough for you all; yet you have some advantages and opportunities, which neither parents nor ministers have. Every one should aim at the glory of God, and the salvation of souls.

Motives and Encouragements.

I. **Y**OU have an opportunity to lay the foundation, humanly speaking, for time and eternity. If you lay it well, all others will but carry on the superstructure.

II. If you be skilful and faithful, you will be an honourable and exceeding useful member of the church of God, and of the common wealth.

III. If you be careless and indolent, you will be the pest and scandal of the nation: for when children are not carefully cultivated,

they

they will learn many vices at school, and so be much more corrupt when they leave you, than when they came to you.

IV. If you do your duty, your school may be a seminary for Christ, if not, it is like to be the reverse.

V. A judicious Schoolmaster is a very extensive and diffusive blessing. His scholars may spread through the nation, and into foreign land: wherever they go, it is natural to suppose they will carry with them something of what they learnt at school. Masters of a contrary disposition will be the reverse.

VI. Faithful Schoolmasters may be very useful Ministers of Jesus Christ, the Lord may bless their instructions for the conversion of some, and may be of great use to many. Their seasonable and timely advice may prevent abundance of sin.

VII. If your work is well performed many will bless you; but if otherwise — !

VIII. If you discharge your duty faithfully, your reward will be great in Heaven; if not —.

IX. In the great day you may see many of your former pupils, to your everlasting comfort and glory.

X. Good Schoolmasters are the fathers of their country.

COROLLARIES.

THAT a Schoolmaster's function is more extensive, difficult, and important than many are aware.

II. That therefore he should be a person of peculiar talents, skill, and fidelity.

III. That he should be a person given to prayer, and study, if he would be successful.

IV. That an ungodly person is very unfit to be a teacher of youth.

V. That parents, in sending their children to school, should be mindful of their eternal as well as present welfare.

VI. That they should give all due and reasonable encouragement to faithful and skilful masters.

VII. That Schoolmasters qualified are very scarce.

VIII. That this is one considerable source of the viciousity and infidelity which prevails so much in the nation.

IX. That where the glory of God, the knowledge of Jesus Christ, and eternal salvation are neglected, in educating youth, little blessing can be expected.

X. That every person concerned in the education of youth, directly or indirectly, should seriously consider what reformation is necessary and set himself to work without delay, praying for direction and confident of success.

To the Editors of the Spiritual Magazine.

Gentlemen,

If you can find a place in your next for these lines, they are here at your service.

THAT there is such a thing as grieving and quenching the spirit, is not, I think, called in question; neither can it be doubted whether the frightful train of carnal defection, pride, covetousness, oppression, and formality in religion do not all spring from, or at least are connected with, that execrable practice. Therefore I would, with the utmost seriousness, and profoundest humility, propose the following Query.

When and wherein it may be said that believers do grieve and quench the Spirit?

A Morning's Excursion into the
Country improved.

LETTER IX.

To _____

Dear Sir,

I Acknowledge myself much obliged for your late present of *franks*; as they were greatly wanted, they could never be more welcome. The perusal of your inclosed epistle afforded me real pleasure, and, I hope, solid improvement. May every of your friendly hints be as nails fastened in a sure place. I could easily enlarge, and treat you as a stranger, or complimentary correspondent; but as we profess to be friends, bosom friends, Christian friends, it must not be so. Praises of this nature, are indeed kind, but alas! *perniciously kind*, and are very apt to fetch our thoughts from their proper element, and proper object, to gaze and grovel on a creature, (and if we really know ourselves, we shall have the greatest reason to say) the meanest of creatures, *Self*. I heartily wish you and I, dear Sir, on all such occasions, like the deaf adder, which stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. Praise is most enchanting music to the human ear; shall I not rather say, most delicious poison to the human taste. Let us not then expect from each other, the least touch upon this string, the least sprinkling of this very pernicious spice. Rather let us, my dear friend, continually harp upon that most sublime and stupendous of all themes; and teach one another's hearts to rise in wonder, and glow with love, at the consideration of that ever

blessed sovereign, who is higher than the Kings of the earth, incomprehensibly more exalted than the most august potentates of Heaven, and notwithstanding, was enwrapped in darkness and the shadow of death, that we might be introduced to the ineffable effulgence of Paradise, and exalted to everlasting life. Pardon my excursions upon this delightful subject.

NATURE and her whole family, are our *obsequious* servants, our *ever-active* labourers. They bring the fruits of their united industry, and pour them into our lap, or deposit them in our store-rooms. The *sheep*, whose procedures I lately admired, (and which furnished me with a few thoughts in my last letter) not only fill their fleeces, and thereby provide for our comfortable cloathing; but give their udders to be drained by the busy, frisking lambs, and are even fattening their flesh for our *nourishment* and *support*. Have we not sometimes experienced some yearnings of compassion, when we have beheld the naked blade presented to their throats, and they wallowing in their blood, and struggling out their last!

But, my friend, what is this insignificant scene of suffering, compared with that tremendous and fatal catastrophe, that tragedy of unparallel woe, of agonizing sorrow, once exhibited on *Calvary's* horrid eminence! What heart so obdurate, that can refrain shuddering, when reflecting on the *bleeding Prince of Life*, and beholding the *slaughtered Lamb of God*, the adorable *surety* for ruined sinners! *Behold and see if there be any sorrow, comparable with his sorrow* *!

* Lam. i. 12.

“ ——— For us he liv’d,
 “ Toil’d for our ease, and for
 our safety bled.”

YOUNG.

O! the sufferings, the expressless sufferings of this divinely-glorious VICTIM! He was numbered with transgressors, and ranked with felons. *He was led, all meekness and innocency; like a LAMB to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her Shearers is dumb, so the blessed Jesus opened not his mouth* *. “ He took flesh and bore “ the infirmities of human nature, “ not for himself, but for us men and “ our salvation. He suffered want, “ and endured misery in all its “ forms; that we might possess the “ fulness of joy, and abound in “ pleasures for evermore.—When “ he poured out his soul in agonies “ under the curse of an avenging “ law; it was with a compassionate “ view, to make us partakers of “ eternal blessedness.—When he “ fulfilled, perfectly fulfilled, the “ whole commanding law, it was for “ this gracious purpose, that his “ merits might be imputed to us, “ that we, by his obedience, might “ be made righteous †;” Yes, in the beautiful language of our common favourite Milton, hear Messiah pleading in the behalf of fallen men, and thus addressing his Almighty Father:

——— “ Man, dead in sin and lost,
 “ Atonement for himself, or offer-
 ing meet
 “ (Indebted and undone!) hath
 none to bring.
 “ Behold Me then! Me for him!
 life for life
 “ I offer, On me let thine anger
 fall.

“ Account me man: I for his sake
 will leave

Thy bosom, and this glory next to
 thee

“ Freely put off; and for him last-
 ly die

“ Well pleas’d; on me let death
 wreak all his rage ||,

Yes, my dear Friend, He, even He who is high above all height, humbled himself to be made of a woman, and born in a stable, that we might be admitted into the family of God, and exalted to the mansions of Heaven. *The only begotten*, and the supreme delight of the Father, in his holy humanity, was arraigned as a criminal; and (though innocence itself, yea, the very pattern of all perfection) was condemned to die, like the most execrable miscreant; as a nuisance to society, and the very bane of the public happiness; he was hurried away to execution, and hammered to the gibbet, that by his blood, he might prepare a sovereign medicine, to cure us of a more fatal distemper than the pestilence that walketh in darkness, or the sickness that destroyeth at noon-day; that he might himself say to our last enemy, “ O death, I will be thy “ plague; O grave, I will be thy “ destruction §;” that we might be joined to the innumerable company of angels, and associated with saints in glory everlasting. All manner of evil was spoken of the faultless Jesus; his blessed name was vilified by blaspheming tongues, and his unblameable conduct blackened with the foulest aspersions; on purpose that we might be applauded when we are judged, and each hear those condescending, transporting words, *Well-done thou good and faithful servant ¶*.

* Isa. liii. 7.
 ¶ Matt. xxv. 21.

† Theron and Aspasio, Vol. I. Page 43.
 || Book III. 233.

§ Hos. xiii. 14.

He went, galled with the lashes of the scourge, and penetrated with the pungent thorns; his blessed head was encircled with the lacerating wreath; his face defiled with contumelious spitting; and his body bathed in a bloody sweat.—He went loaded with the execrable cross, and marked the way with his precious blood! all the waves and billows of inexorable vengeance, pass^d over his tormented body, and afflicted soul! He resigned his sacred person to the most barbarous and provoking insults; submitted his beneficent hands to the ponderous hammer, and the piercing nail; yea, withheld not his heart, his very heart from the stab of the executioner's spear! O stupendous abasement!

“ — Survey the wondrous cure:
 “ And at each step, let higher wonder rise!
 “ Pardon for infinite offence! and pardon,
 “ Thro' means, that speak its value infinite!
 “ A pardon bought with blood! with blood divine!
 “ With blood divine of Him, I made my foe!
 “ Persisted to provoke!
 “ Blest and chastis'd, a flagrant rebel still!
 “ A rebel, midst the thunders of his throne!
 “ Nor I alone, a rebel universe!
 “ My species up in arms! not one exempt!
 “ Yet for the foulest of the foul he dies.”

Behold! He hangs on the accursed tree! How ignominious, and tormenting the exit! There, there he hangs; rent with wounds, and racked with pain. He pours his

groans, and spills his blood; he bows his head, his patient princely head, and dies. Astonishing, ravishing consideration! He dies, I trust, for *you* and *me*! and oh! what a pattern of patience for all his Saints! what an object of admiration for Seraphs above! what a constellation of every mild, amiable, and benign virtue, shining in this hour of darkness, with ineffable splendor and beauty! What *compassion* worthy of a God; what *clemency* and *charity truly divine* doth he discover! instead of flashing confusion on his outrageous tormentors; instead of striking them dead to the earth, or plunging them to the depths of hell with his frown, he prays, he prays for his enemies; he cried, in his last moment, and with his agonizing lips, he cried, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.* †

“ Bound ev'ry heart! and ev'ry bosom burn!
 “ Oh what a scale of miracles is here!
 “ Its lowest round, high planted on the skies;
 “ Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought
 “ Of man or angel! Oh that I could climb
 “ The wonderful ascent, with equal praise!
 “ Praise! flow for ever, (if astonishment
 “ Will give thee leave) my praise for ever flow †!”

Had all the creatures upon earth, or Archangels in Heaven, subjected themselves to bleed and die; had they sacrificed themselves in one universal blaze; had all the *Potentes* that sway the sceptre in a thousand kingdoms, devoted their sacred

* Young, Night 4th.

† Luke xxiii. 34.

‡ Young, Night 4th.

and honoured lives, to rescue an obnoxious creature from the stroke of Almighty vengeance; alas! it must cost more, vastly more, to expiate the malignity of sin, and save a guilty wretch from hell. Had all the *principalities of Heaven* been content to assume our nature, and resign themselves to death for our pardon; even this would have been too mean a satisfaction for inexorable justice; nay, would it not have been rejected with abhorrence, as too scanty a reparation of God's injured honour! so flagrant is human guilt, so dreadfully deep the scarlet and crimson dye of sin!

“ Say, heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love?

“ Which of you will be mortal, to redeem

“ Man's mortal crime? And die, the dead to save?

“ We ask; but all the heav'nly choir stands mute,

“ And silence reigns in Heav'n. *

I have sinned, may every child of Adam say, and what shall I do unto thee, O thou observer of men †? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? Vain commutation! and such as would be despised by the blessed God, with the utmost detestation. None but Christ then, none but Christ.—He, who cloaths himself with light as with a garment, and walks upon the wings of the wind ‡—He who is sovereign of all the kingdoms upon earth, and sanctities in Heaven;—He must wear the habiliments of

mortality;—He must be consigned to the gloomy sepulchre §, and dwell among the prostrate dead.—He, who said, let there be light and there was light; let there be a firmament, and immediately the blue curtains floated in the sky; even He must take flesh, must feel the fierce torments of crucifixion, and pour out his soul in agonies, if ever such transgressors are pardoned.

Behold then he comes! bend, ye Kings from your thrones of ivory and gold; in your robes of Imperial purple, fall prostrate at his feet, who forsook a nobler throne, and laid aside more illustrious ensigns of Majesty! hail him ye Angels, ye Princes of Heaven, that excel in strength, and are cloathed with transcendent brightness! he comes upon the most momentous errand, to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself **.

O goodness infinite! goodness immense!

And love that passeth knowledge! words are vain;

Language is lost in wonders so divine.

“ Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.”

How great, how superlatively precious is the *expiation* of the dying Jesus! 'tis impossible for the human mind, to exalt this atonement, too highly; 'tis impossible for the humble penitent to *confide* in it too steadily. That blood on which we rely (the scriptures of eternal truth assert it) is God's *sown blood* ††, and therefore all-sufficient to ex-

* Milton, Book III. 213.

† Job vii. 20.

‡ Psal. civ. 3. Job xxii. 14.

§ Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust,

The sun and stars are dust beneath his throne.

** Heb. ix. 26. †† Acts xx. 28.

Night Thoughts, Night IV.

plate, omnipotent to save †. Who can possibly doubt the efficacy of this glorious propitiation? Who, that *sees* a glimpse of its matchless excellency, and *verily believe* themselves interested in its merits, can know what it is, to feel any mis-giving suspicions; but must be steadfast in faith, and joyful through hope. *The unutterably precious blood of the adorable Jesus, cleanseth even from all sin* ||. *He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows; he was stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquities of us all* †. *He was made sin for us, who of himself knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him* *. Gracious, divinely gracious exchange! pregnant with amazing goodness, and rich with inestimable benefits! the incessant triumph of the *strong*; the sovereign consolations of the *weak* believer! They are truly blessed, they alone are happy, who are enabled to exult in the garment of celestial glory, which never waxeth old; in the illustrious robes of a Saviour's consummate righteousness, which are incorruptible and immortal; no moth can *corrode* their texture; no number of ages *fully* their brightness. This is that *raiment of needle work, and cloathing of wrought Gold* ††, in which the King's daughter is introduced to him, who sitteth in the Heavens over all. This is a robe which hides every sin, of thought, word or deed, that we my dear friend, have committed. A robe, which screens

from the sword of justice, the curse of the law, and all the vengeance our iniquities deserve. A robe which adorns and dignifies our souls; renders them fairer than the moon, clear as the sun, and meet for the inheritance of the Saints in light. O how unspeakably happy are all the seed of Israel, who are justified by this all-perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and who therein can constantly triumph and glory **, saying, *I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness* ¶. And can we, Sir, can we forget that precious, precious name, which is to every faint *as ointment poured forth* ††? Can we forget him who thought upon us, long before the foundations of the world were laid; who remembers us now he is exalted to the right hand of the Majesty in the Heavens, and who will never, never forget us through the immeasurable revolutions of eternity? No, impressed with a sense of his invariable and everlasting kindness, let us declare ourselves as assisted in the following pathetic lines.

“ ————— Remember thee!
 “ Ay, my dear Lord, while memory holds a seat
 “ In this devoted breast——Remember thee!
 “ Yes, from the table of my memory
 “ I'll wipe away all trivial, fond records,
 “ Which youth and observation copied there,

† With joy,—with grief, that “healing hand” I see,
 The skies it form'd, and yet it bleeds for me.

————— There hangs all human hope;
 That nail supports the falling Universe.

YOUNG, Night IV.

¶ 1 John i. 7.

† Isa. liii. 4.—7.

* 2 Cor. v. 21.

†† Psal. xlv. 13

** Isa. xlv. 25.

¶ Isa. lxi. 10.

†† Sol. Song. i. iii.

“ And

“ And thy remembrance all alone
shall live,

“ Within the book and volume of
my brain ¶.”

But I am tedious, and prone to intrude upon your experienced good nature. Hope in your next you will condescend to take me for your pattern; and that what you write may be the power of God to each of us, is, I assure you, breathed fervently from the very heart of him, who esteems it both an happiness and an honour to acknowledge himself, dear Sir,

Yours sincerely,

Holbourn, London.

J. L.

A Supplement to a Reply inserted in Pious Thoughts, Vol. II. Page 136. No. 24. writ in Answer to a Query proposed in a former Number.

WHEN I take my pen in hand, it is not because I am inclined, or disposed to censure Mr. W. D. No, his doctrinal sentiments I approve of. What he has delivered of his experience I look upon to be agreeable to scripture, and love to read the experience of solid, savory, and pious persons; by it my soul has been often affected and benefited; and I have read what he has wrote with a good deal of satisfaction: I am glad to see it, and hope it will be of use to others. But I trust it will be no offence, if I declare it to be my opinion, that the experience of no person upon earth can be a common standard to another. The sacred scripture only is, and ought to be the infallible touchstone. I apprehend that the experience of Saints differ as their faces do. *There are differences of ad-*

ministrations, and diversities of operations §: Yet, as the good work in all is begun and carried on by the same holy spirit, it is reasonable to suppose that the experience of every believer will, and doth agree in the main part; as there is a great similarity in every man's countenance, notwithstanding all the difference. I am fully persuaded, that many of the Lord's people, while they be young in years, and younger in grace, are warm in their affections, zealous in their profession, fervent and frequent in prayer, comfortable in their soul, and circumspect in their conduct. In short, their love to Jesus Christ is strong; they love his name and person; they admire his early and unchangeable love, the freeness, sufficiency, and riches of his grace; they delight in his ordinances and truths; they rejoice in his salvation, neither are they afraid or ashamed of his cross: so they may answer in most particulars to what Mr. W. D. has observed. But then I am as fully persuaded, that many of the flock of Christ, though beloved, chosen, redeemed, and called, have very different experience at the beginning of their spiritual pilgrimage. Here I design to be so free as to give a short sketch of my own experience, hoping and praying it may be of some use to the weak and hindmost of the travellers through the wildernesses.

It is above twenty years since I began to be seriously thoughtful about a future state: though I had been, from my very infancy, kept from open vice, and gross immoralities; for which I would be very thankful while I have breath; yet I had no relish, but rather aversion, to true religion and real piety. I was not without some convictions now

and then, yet they were not abiding. Thus I spent the first twenty years of my time to very little purpose in the world, and have more than once looked upon it as so much precious time lost. I remember well, that the conversion and visible alteration in the life and conversation of some young people of my age and acquaintance, did sensibly and closely affect my mind; so that I was bro't to think, *what would become of me?* I soon after began to pray, hear, read, think, and converse about religion with more relish, feeling, and concern than in time past; and of course I soon did forsake former unprofitable company, and other vanities of youth. So there was a change wrought in me, by steps or degrees almost imperceptible, and quite so often. But notwithstanding all this, my comforts were not many, my joy was not great, but my love to Jesus Christ was, in my apprehension, exceeding weak, my affections for Heaven very languid, my heart very hard, and I was generally much straitened and very dull in prayer; nay, I have often greatly questioned my state, from my barrenness in prayer, and that for many years, thus thinking, *If I were a child of God, surely I should have more freedom and liberty to speak to my Father.* I did, after a while, partake of the Lord's Supper, under a persuasion of duty; but still I was very little affected. My discouragements every way were numerous, yet I was, by some means or other, enabled to continue in the path of duty, though I much doubted whether any thing of a real saving work was begun on my soul. When I would read or hear the experience of others, expressed much in the same manner as Mr. W. D.

does his, and found so little of it in myself, my doubts would greatly increase; but still I went on, feebly praying, and faintly hoping. Many times did I hear, or read of others crying and complaining in Job's words, "O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me, when his candle did shine upon my head, when by his light I walked through darkness, as I was in the days of my youth.†" But that was never my complaint to this day. My longings and desires were for better times, more life and light, stronger love, warmer zeal, clearer evidence, and sweeter comforts than ever I had yet been indulged with. Thus I continued for the most part of twenty years, though not without some ebbings and flowings. My deadness and formality in private prayer for about twelve years of that time, or upwards, few would believe it, I think, were I to relate particulars; yet through all there was something of the favour of religion kept up in my soul, and I durst not forsake the little I had. I prayed then in my weak way for many things, but my unbelief in prayer was very prevalent, for I hardly expected to receive what I prayed for; nay, I did often rather conclude, or at least fear, I never should: How often did I doubt in prayer! poor shattered prayer indeed! I had many causes of complaint, but little heart to do it. I found more ability by far to trust God with my temporal concerns, than to lay hold on Jesus Christ and all his fulness, or to be satisfied about my eternal state, that concern was so weighty; whether God had undertaken for me, was the great question ‡. Nevertheless, I certainly was like the four

† Job. xxix. 2, 3, 4.

‡ Isa. xxxviii. 14.

lepers at the gate of Samaria : I was resolved to depend upon Christ let what would follow ; I did chuse, if I must perish, to perish waiting upon, and longing for Christ, rather than to die in a course of wilful rebellion against him : though he should slay me, I would wait and hope to the end. Thus for many years I had but little real comfort, nor was I despairingly distressed with terrifying fears ; but I was not easy and unconcerned, though too lifeless in my soul. I think it needless to proceed any farther to relate my own barrenness ; no matter how few of the Lord's people do tread the same path : yet I must make this observation, that in all this time there was rather an increase than a decrease in life and religious favour, when I consider things in the general ; so that I never long wished for former experience, but wanted to press forward, though so weak and heartless. Surely the glory of all my salvation is to be rendered unto God, and I am very desirous it should.

I will not, at this time, produce any arguments to prove, that I am justified, &c. I look upon the way, mentioned by Mr. W. D. to be safe and good, for those who are favoured with the same experience as that mentioned by him. But I believe there are others, who, when they read the comfortable experience of good men, are so discouraged and cast down that they are ready to conclude, they are not justified ; that their sins are not pardoned, and that they are not accepted with God ; because they find not in themselves what they hear others do feel and enjoy. This greatly daunts them, and they fear to think seriously of death and an awful eternity. They know not what to do.—Chiefly for the sake of these weak brethren of

mine, I write this ; therefore to such I beg leave to shew my opinion upon the important point.

Thou weak and fearful believer—If thou art so concerned about thy future state and eternal happiness, and thy mind enlightened so far as to perceive the vileness of sin, and to bewail thine own vileness because of sin—If thou seest the suitability of Christ, as a Redeemer, to deliver thee from all the dreadful curses of a good and holy law, which thou liest exposed to for sin—If thou art brought to depend upon Christ with all thy soul, for thy whole salvation—If the little hope in Christ, which thou hast, doth humble thee, and encourage thee to obedience—If thy soul doth long after perfect holiness—and if the thought of the probability of salvation freely by grace, through Jesus Christ, does give thee some ease and satisfaction, and animate thee to pray, to purity of heart and life, &c. my dear friend, if this is thy case, I will be confident to say unto thee, “ Son, or “ Daughter, be of good cheer, thy “ manifold sins be forgiven thee.” But methinks I do, as it were, hear the good man or woman, with a trembling heart ready to answer, “ Alas ! my eternal salvation is so “ weighty a concern, that I know “ not how to take your word for it.” I can in that sensibly feel with thee: However go on still, as I did ; I can tell thee, that, through great mercy, I have been for some time much better satisfied about the state of my soul than in years past : I did for several years believe certainly, that the Lord might be pleased, some time or other, to administer comfort to such an unworthy dust as me ; and even still, I believe and hope I may yet be favoured, with clearer views of things, by far than I have now, before I leave the wilderness.
Lord

Lord, help me to be humble, and go forward, leaning upon Christ, and to take poor weak believers with me by the hand. Therefore, my friend, look up, and do not be dejected, there is yet hope in Israel concerning thee.

But further, one part of the query above-mentioned is, "How many ways doth God take, according to scripture, to give evidence and comfort of justification, &c. It has been already observed, that there are diversities of operations by the same Holy Spirit; and I believe that may be safely applied to the present case; but, among writers, two more general ways are taken notice of, *viz.* by the *direct*, or by the *reflect* act of faith. The direct act is, a looking directly unto Christ, as set forth in the gospel, in the fulness and freeness of his grace, in his capacity, ability, compassion, and readiness to receive poor sinners, let them be ever so much pressed down with guilt, and a wounding, humbling sense of their vileness, helplessness, unworthiness, rebellion, &c. This, I believe, was the case with the thief on the cross, the Jailor, with a great number of those whose conversion is mentioned in the New Testament; and, I am persuaded, is the case with many to this day. The gospel comes in power, under the special influence of the Holy Ghost, and in *much assurance* §. They are enabled to believe the gospel report, and to lay hold on it, as their own precious portion, and that with joy and thankfulness. This blessing has been afforded to many soon after their first enlightening, as the *Thessalonians* and others. But the Lord is pleased to work in this powerful

manner upon some, who have been a considerable time under real soul concern. These persons do not consider and depend upon former experience, as they do on the Lord's present dealings and free promises, the ability they find in themselves to believe in Christ as their own Saviour and precious Redeemer, the warmth of their affection to him and his ways, and their love to his cross so far as to despise any shame upon his account; they being comfortably and safely persuaded of their justification, that their sins are pardoned and they accepted with God.

The reflect act of faith is, a looking back and seriously considering the dealings of God with the soul in time past, *viz.* What convictions have been experienced, what impressions have been made on the heart, what light received in the understanding, what change in the will and affection, and what alteration in the mind. So upon an impartial search, they find that old things, in a great measure, are past away, and all things wear a new complexion, therefore they conclude they are *new creatures* †. They say with Manoah's wife thus, "If the Lord did not design my salvation he would not have wrought these things upon my heart"—If Christ had not loved me and given himself for me, I had never loved him as I do—If I had not some real love to him, I should never be so uneasy that I do not love him more, and so jealous lest other objects should steal away my affections—If I had not been a child of God, my experience could not agree in so many particulars with that of Old and New Testament Saints. They loathed themselves; they bewailed

§ 1 Thes. i. 5.

† 2 Cor. v. 17.

their sinfulness; they hated vain thoughts; they sometimes refused to be comforted; they could hardly speak or look up, iniquities did so prevail; they had such a quick sense of sin, when they would do good, evil was present; the flesh lusted against the holy wishes, desires, and lustings of the spirit, where the spirit was willing the flesh was weak, so they could not find how to perform that which was good †. These particulars and many more of the same nature I find recorded in scripture, and expressed by eminent Saints as their own experience. Thus the believer, upon comparing notes, will soon agree with former Saints in complaints. He can also join with them in prayer, saying, "Create a clean heart in me, let my spirit be renewed, O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes! open thou mine eyes, &c." Many particulars of this kind might be observed, but it would swell this letter into a pamphlet. By this close and impartial reasoning, and comparing themselves with scripture, many come to enjoy a comfortable view of their justification, pardon of sin, and acceptance with God. I look upon this to be a safe and scripture way. The Apostle puts believers upon diligence, that they might enjoy the comfort of their election in life, and leave the world in full joy §. The first epistle of *John* is full of this kind of reasoning and concluding, see Chap. ii. 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, &c. Chap. iii. 3, 10, 14, 17, 24. Chap. iv. 12, 13, 19. Chap. v. 2, 3, 13. Now in the direct and reflect act of faith, it is the Holy Spirit only that can enable to believe aright, for it is his proper work to *comfort and seal* ||.

And I am persuaded he condescends to seal in both these ways; and I do believe he doth often join these together. He that is enabled to believe in the direct way, casting himself wholly and immediately upon Jesus Christ and his fulness, if he lives any time after in the world, should look that his character and conduct answers to scripture, lest after all he should be under a delusion; for Satan is artful. Some have thought their faith of this kind to be right, when, alas! they did too much resemble those mentioned in the Epistle of *Jude*, ver. 4, 8, 10, 11, 12, &c. Again, he that receives comfort from the reflect act of faith, should by no means neglect the direct looking unto Jesus for justification, pardon and acceptance, otherwise he will be grievously perplexed, and a legal spirit will steal in. The believer should be, like those living creatures, full of eyes before and behind.

Obj. Should not a person always have some particular promise set home upon his soul with a particular energy, before he can receive any comfortable and safe evidence of his justification, &c. such as, *I have blotted out thy sins*, or some promise of that kind?

Ans. Many have had comfortable and satisfactory evidences that way, but, perhaps, others have rejected good evidences, because not brought to them in the same manner. If a person finds his heart enabled to depend upon Christ, and a willingness to devote himself to his service, yielding himself to the Lord; upon the whole scope and authority of the gospel, I think his foundation quite safe, and that he should not fear to receive comfort. We may

† Job xlii. 6. Psal. xxxviii. 4, &c. and xl. 12. and lxxv. 3. and lxxvii. 2, &c. and cx. 113. Rem. vii. 15, &c. Gal. v. 17. § 2 Pet. i. 5, &c. || Eph. i. 13. and x. 30.

be sure that Satan may, and often doth apply scripture to deluded minds, in order to secure them more and more in their delusions. See his bold attempt upon the Lord of life and glory *Matt. iv. 6.* I think that in the *2 Kings ix. 36.* and *x. 10.* little better. We are not always to depend upon particular scriptures brought to our mind, except they incline us to love Christ; for the holy spirit always leads to Jesus; if the scriptures brought to, and fastened on our mind, render our hearts tender of the glory of God, if we are, by their influence, made more humble, holy, and resigned to the will of God, and disposed to deny our self will, take up the cross and follow Christ; then we may trust that those scriptures are applied by the good spirit: Likewise if we find in ourselves this disposition upon the general scope of scripture, it may answer the same end.

Now upon the whole, these observations seem to me true, viz.

That some of the people of God have much comfort soon after regeneration; though afterward much darkness and gloominess may prevail. This observation should excite comfortable persons to be very watchful and humble.

That others of the heirs of glory may be very weak at the beginning, and continue heartless and dejected a long while; and yet be growing in grace, so that in process of time they are filled with joy and peace in believing.

That those who enjoy a comfortable measure of evidence should not despise the weak and feeble, and conclude they are graceless because their fears and doubts are so many. Those that stand should take heed lest they be left of God, and fall.

That those who are much in the

dark about their future state, and often in great fear about it, should not be over-much dejected and cast down; but lift up their heads, trust in Christ; pray to God, consider the nature of his promises, and hope for better times. Others *out of weakness were made strong*, and why not they?

That persons may be much straitened in prayer, and other religious exercises, and yet be new creatures.

That if many believers have experienced much more than I ever did, I should not from thence conclude myself an unbeliever. If I do now experience what I did not formerly, why may I not hope that I may yet experience much more than I do now? The possibility should excite and animate me to prayer, hope, believe, and the diligent use of means.

That some may well remember the time and means of their effectual calling; but the work upon others has been so gradual, that they cannot point out either: but if a person is enabled to conclude, that he is called by the grace of God, he should give the glory to the author of his salvation, and not perplex himself about times and seasons.

That every believer should pray for, and expect a clear and comfortable evidence of his interest in Christ, and more spiritual joy.

That the Holy Spirit has diverse ways to seal believers, but all, according to scripture, leading to Christ and a holy life. He that nameth the name of Christ should depart from iniquity. To the blessing of God I desire to commit this short essay. I am an unworthy

Petitioner and Expectant.

Q U E R I E S.

I. How may we distinguish between
twixt

twixt that which is moral, and that which is typical, or merely ceremonial, in the Books of *Moses*? and consequently, which of those precepts are still in force, and which are those long since abrogated?

II. Is *Matt.* xxi. 22. to be confined wholly to the faith of miracles, or doth it respect the faith of every believer? If the latter, how is it to be understood?

III. What is the real difference between true faith and mere presumption?

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*If you think the following lines worthy
a place in the Pious Thoughts of
your Magazine, Please to insert them,
and you will oblige,*

Your Humble Servant,

T. S.

On the Necessity of improving e-
very Moment of Time.

*Redeeming the time because the days
are evil.* Ephes. v. 16.

Life can little more supply,
Than just to look about us and to
die.

POPE.

Life's little stage is a small eminence
inch high, the grave above.

Night Thoughts, N. II.

HOW quick are the advances
of time! the day is gone al-
most as soon as dawned; the silent
moments slip insensibly away; no
thief steals more unperceived from
the pillaged house. Wherever we
are, however employed, time pur-
sues his incessant course. Though
we are listless and dilatory, the
great measurer of our days presses
on, still presses on, in his unwearied
career, and whirls our weeks, and

months, and years away. Is it not
then surprizingly strange, to hear
people complain of the tediousness
of their time, and how heavy it
hangs upon their hands? To see
them contriving a variety of amu-
sing artifices to accelerate its flight,
and get rid of its burthen? Why,
thoughtless mortals! need you urge
the headlong torrent? Your days
are swifter than a post, which, car-
rying dispatches of the utmost im-
portance, with unremitted speed,
scours the road. They pass away
like the flying ships which have
wind in their wings, and skim along
the watry plain.

Time when it is gone, how short
it appears; when the fond eye be-
held it in perspective it seemed an
extensive plan, but on a retrospec-
tive view, how wonderfully the
scene is altered! the landscape large
and spacious, which a warm fancy
drew, brought to the test of cool
experience, shrinks into a span, just
as the shores vanish, and mountains
dwindle to a spot, when the sailor,
surrounded by skies and ocean,
throws his last look on his native
land.

Shall we, then, be industrious to
shorten what is no longer than a
span, or to quicken the pace of
what is ever on the wing? Shall we
squander away what is unutterably
important while it lasts, and when
once departed, is altogether irrecov-
erable? Forbear the folly, forbear
the desperate extravagance! Shall
we chide, as a loiterer, the arrow
that boundeth from the string, or
sweep away diamonds as the refuse
of our houses? How parsimonious
should we be of our days? How
carefully husband our precious
hours! they go indissolubly con-
nected with happiness or misery.
Improved they are a sure pledge of
ever-

everlasting glory; wasted, they are a sad preface to never-ending confusion and anguish. On these, therefore, our eternal all depends. And will an affair of such unspeakable weight admit of a moment's delay, or admit of the least remissness? Especially since much of our appointed time is already escaped, and the remainder is all uncertainty. But suppose we had made a covenant with the grave, and were assured of reaching the age of Methuselah, how soon would even such a lease expire! let it be extended yet farther, and made co-existent with nature itself; yet how speedily will the consummation of all things commence! for yet a little while and the commissioned Archangel will lift up his hand to heaven, and swear by the Almighty name, "That time shall be no longer †." Then abused opportunities will never return, and new opportunities will never more be offered. Then should negligent mortals wish, ever so passionately, for a few moments only to be thrown back from the opening eternity, thousands of worlds would not be able to procure the grant.

What inexpressible consternation must overwhelm unthinking mortals, who have squandered their time in vice, when the general conflagration commences! That dreadful day will soon approach*, in which the Heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and all the works that are therein shall be burnt up! that mighty hand which once opened the windows from on high, and broke up the fountains of the great deep, will then unlock all the magazines of fire, and pour a second deluge

upon the earth. The vengeful flames, kindled by the breath of the Almighty, will spread themselves from the center to the circumference; nothing will withstand their impetuosity, nothing escape their rage. Magnificent palaces, and solemn temples, will be laid in ashes. Spacious cities and impregnable towers buried in one smoking mass. Not only the productions of human art, but the works of Almighty power, will be fuel for the devouring element. The everlasting mountains will melt, like the snows which cover the summits; and even the vast oceans, serve only to augment the inconceivable rapidity and fury of the blaze.

Amazing period! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius, rocks eternal
pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once
they pour'd;
Stars rush, and final ruin fiercely
drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation.

Night Thoughts, N. IX.

These are events, the greatness of which nothing finite can measure; such as will cause whatever is considerable, or momentous, in the annals of all generations, to sink into littleness and nothing. Events, big with the everlasting fates of all the living and all the dead. We must see the graves cleaving, the sea teeming, and swarms unsuspected, crowds unnumbered; yea, multitudes of thronging nations rising from both. We must see the world in flames; must stand at the dissolution of all terrestrial things, and be attendants on the burial of nature.

† Rev. x. 5, 6.

* 2 Pet. iii. 10.

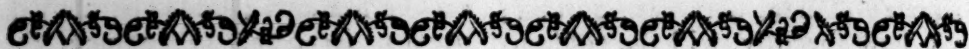
When horror universal shall descend;
And Heaven's dark concave urn all
human race.

Night Thoughts, N. VII.

We must see the vast expanse of
sky wrapped up like a scroll §, and
the incarnate God issuing from light
inaccessible, with ten thousand an-
gels to judge both men and devils.
We must see the curtain of time
drop, see all eternity disclos'd to

view, and enter upon a state of be-
ing that will never have an end.

Ought we not, therefore, to hus-
band well every moment of our
time, and take heed to our ways?
Is there an enquiry, is there a care
of greater, of equal, of comparable
importance? For otherwise how
can we stand with boldness, when
the stars of Heaven fall from their
orbs? How should we look up with
joy, and see our salvation drawing
nigh, when the hearts of millions
fail for fear.



P O E T R Y.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*As the intent of your Magazine is to
promote true religion and virtue, and
suppress vice and immorality. The
desire I have to contribute to the en-
couragement of an undertaking so
profitable to all mankind, has engag-
ed me to send you the following Poem.
I hope to see it inserted for the next
month, and the Favour will be re-
turned by some future Essay from*

Your Humble Servant,
T. S.

Advice to the Youth of Great-
Britain.

Remember now thy Creator in the Days
of thy Youth. While the evil Days come
not, nor the Years draw nigh, when thou
shalt say I have no Pleasure in them,

Ecc. xii. 1.

YE thoughtless Youths, by im-
pious passions sway'd,
God in the prime of life must be o-
bey'd;

God, the sole fountain of each good
we know,

From whose right hand eternal
blessings flow;

In him, your friend, in him alone
rejoice,

Nor dare let sports and plays attract
your choice;

But, in your vigour, in the heat of
Youth,

Fulfil his precepts and embrace the
truth.

Repent betimes, nor say with impi-
ous breath,

That youth protects us from the
hand of death.

To all life's joys now let us slack
the reins,

Whilst vigorous nature plays within
thy veins.

But above all consider whilst you
can,

How short's the date of life's un-
certain span,

And know that God requires
the early man.

That Christ redeem'd you with his
precious blood;

Then learn, while young, that sci-
ence, to be good.

The seeds of virtue, sown in early youth,

Will guide your feet into the ways of truth;

Blossom and spread around a rich perfume,

Nor time itself can ever spoil their bloom.

Thus when the mazes of the great and good,

In life's short period, you've securely trod;

When you are summon'd to resign your breath,

Smiling, you'll fall into the arms of death;

Then will your souls a crown of life receive,

And 'midst pure streams of endless pleasure live.

But if from virtue's paths you blindly run,

Your fate is just, for ever you're undone.

Ye scoffing Infidels! audacious crew!

View the bright orbs, the azure concave view;

Behold yon glorious sun, who runs on high

His radiant journey through the boundless sky:

Then check your pride, confess th' Almighty power,

Or dread the vengeance of an evil hour.

Repent and turn unto the Lord your God,

Before he strikes you with affliction's rod.

Briton's! these calls with gratitude receive,

Awake in time, turn penitent and live,

Conscience declares, that we must all surmount

The dreary tomb, and give a strict account

Of ev'ry action, every idle word,
Before the great tribunal of the Lord.

If these should fail true virtue to excite,

And men chuse darkness rather than the light;

When the loud trump shall rend the solid ground,

Then will they tremble at th' awakening sound;

Feel the convulsions of a tottering world,

See smoking mountains into ruin hurl'd;

Rending with thunder the ethereal frame,

And dreadful lightnings darting through the same;

See the firm earth lie burning at their feet

When all the elements shall melt with heat*.

See the deep ocean boil and hear it roar,

Whilst its proud billows lash the sounding shore;

Hear nature groan beneath her deadly weight,

See the dread horrors of her sickening state.

What! at that hour, can guilty mortals say,

How bear the terrors of that awful day?

Surrounded thus with such a direful ill,

Their sinful breasts what mighty pangs will fill;

Wounded with shame they know not where to fly,

When lo! their Judge descends the rending sky;

Whose sacred laws most impiously they spurn'd,

Scoff'd at religion and his Priesthood scorn'd,

* 2 Pet. iii. 10, 11, 12,

Profan'd his sabbaths, did his church
 neglect,
 And all his glorious means of grace
 reject.
 Now conscience struck! their crimes
 in black array,
 Yet unrepented, fill them with dis-
 may;
 Vain are their hopes, their ex-
 pectations vain,
 Through Jesus Christ salvation to
 obtain,
 By his pure gospel (which they lit-
 tle priz'd,
 Nay, little thought of, not to say
 despis'd,
 Whose wholesome precepts would
 have led the way,
 To the bright mansions of eternal
 day.)
 They now are judg'd: Behold! the
 sentence past,
 Trembling they stand upon the
 woful waste:
 Lo! Hell's grim tyrant, and his
 horrid train,
 With hideous howlings, fill th' af-
 frighted plain.
 See the poor wretches, slaves to
 wanton lust,
 Who in their youth too fondly put
 their trust;
 See in what agonies they groan and
 shake,
 Doom'd to be plung'd into the
 burning lake.

An HYMN for New Year's Day.

TH Y Majesty, great God, is
 known,
 Thy vast existing pow'r;
 Heav'n's kinder bounty doth alone
 Protect us every hour.

God doth his wisdom soon unfold,
 When we his works survey,
 Turn o'er a leaf, and there behold
 He crowns the rising day.
 His Sovereign wisdom's infinite,
 His power abroad he hurls,
 Goodness and mercy doth unite,
 To rule these lower worlds.
 How Providence may rule below,
 A secret from us hid,
 Nor ought we to attempt to know,
 What God has once forbid.
 In brighter robes the skies are deckt,
 Jehovah there doth shine,
 The sun doth thence its rays reflect,
 And owns a God divine.
 Morning, and evening, noon, and
 night,
 Perform th' Almighty's will,
 And every year with vast delight,
 His wise decrees fulfil.
 Time doth an equal balance bear,
 O'er-rules the life of man,
 Such the event of ev'ry year,
 Our frailty cannot scan.
 The wheels of time roll on apace,
 And to its period run,
 A minute ends the narrow race,
 We just before begun.
 The present year succeeds the past,
 Our days will soon be o'er,
 The Angel sounds his trump at last,
 That time shall be no more.
 That trumpet silent seems as yet,
 And a new year is giv'n,
 For joys renew'd, can we forget
 To praise indulgent Heaven?
 God our Creator we adore,
 (Angels inspire the song)
 Blessings allow'd us heretofore,
 Attend us all along.
 Blessings of life and time appear,
 In every season new;
 Nor can we render thro' the year,
 To God, the half his due.

PIOUS THOUGHTS.

193

Occasional LETTERS.

LETTER I.

*To Philetus on his turning aside to Folly
(after having experienced the Mani-
festation of the pardoning Love of
God) urging his Return to the Way
of Peace.*

Love may constrain,
While harsher notes are vain,
And ineffectual prove,
The heart once turn'd to move,
From Perils road :

May its magnetic charms,
Resisting Hell's alarms,
Draw each backslider near,
To God with filial fear ;

Love is the sharpest goad.

Dear Philetus,

YOURS came safe to hand,
by which I find, it is just as I
feared ; my heart misgave me
when I saw you last, that all was
not right ; your countenance, your
manner seemed to declare your in-
ward trouble. I could not help me-
ditating on Peter's case, after I left
you ; if thou hast sinned like him,
like him mayest thou repent and
find mercy. You ask my advice,
and your openness demands it ;
therefore as your friend I give it.
I do not at all wonder at your fears,
I marvel not that your rest is bro-
ken, so that you have no sleep to
your eyes, nor slumber to your
eyelids ; and as for your hard tho'ts
of God, and your wishes that your
present trouble was any way altered,
they come from you know what
quarter : 'Tis your mercy, and I re-
joice to think, that thy former way
is now thy loathing, and that thou
art ready to declare among men,
thy abhorrence of thyself, and thy
sins : You say, " Hell, from be-
neath, hath opened her mouth
" to meet thee at thy coming, and

B b

" that thou shalt never see the face
" of God in the land of the living ;
" that you have made a covenant
" with Hell, and that you shall
" surely have your portion with the
" damned." Alas ! poor wan-
derer ! I pity thee, and if what I
can do, can be of any service, I will
pray and weep for thee too ; but,
come, let us reason together, per-
haps thy wound is not mortal, tho'
I would probe it to the bottom, and
the judgment thou fearest, may not
happen unto thee : thou stilest thy-
self, " a son of Belial ;" but time
was you thought yourself a member
of Christ. Call to mind then the
tender carriage of thy Lord towards
thee, in the day of thine espousals ;
when thou, as a tender lamb, was
carried in the bosom of Immanuel ;
when, as a fond parent, he che-
rished thee, and delighted to do thee
good. How secure then, from the
storms of pride and passion, rode
the little bark of thy soul, on the
tempestuous ocean of this sea of
temptation, the world ! how free
then from the power of corruption,
and inordinate desire ! how loose
sat thy affections, on the things of
time and sense ! how little ! how
trifling ! how insignificant ! yea, as
altogether vanity, *then* appeared all
things under the sun ! a Christ's
cross was not thy burthen, but thy
glory ; and thy heart equally dead
to worldly hopes and worldly fears.
All what mortals call good and
great, appeared to thee in their
proper colours ; and while under
the guidance of so powerful a guar-
dian, thou wast helped to estimate
their value, (not as valued by others,
but by what they were really, when
brought to the test, and weighed in
the balance of the sanctuary) they
appeared as trifles, not worthy thy
regard ; as weights that would press
thee

thee down, and hinder thy progress in the divine life ; as clogs that would hinder thy walk in the delightful narrow way ; or as manacles that would lock fast thy hands, so that thou couldest not in duty stretch them out to God, nor in love to thy brother ; for as thy heart seemed formed for God, so God in Christ was thy soul's object and centre ; while all beneath the stars appeared not worth thy craving, yea, not worthy of a wish from thee. Those were days of delight and hours of joy ; for while the muck-worms of the earth boasted of those things on which their affections are fixed, thy boast was of Christ thy beloved, and the prime employment of thy day, was it not in meditating on his love to thee ?

The gay and giddy, amazed at thy conduct, marvelled at the change they saw and hated ; they wondered thou couldest no more join in thy old excess of riot, and imputed thy regard for things serious and important, to thy want of taste ; they enquired what is thy beloved more than their beloved lusts and pleasures, in which they delight, and which they are bent to gratify, though sure destruction be the reward and end ? To such as these, thy answer was heretofore ever ready, thy heart being wrapped up in love, thou couldest say of Christ, *He is chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely*, and of his ways, (such was thy delight in them) thou couldst say, *they are all ways of pleasantness and all his paths peace* ; for present and eternal peace is, and will be, the sure reward of such whose delight is in the ways of peace. Thus was it with thee in months past, when alone to Christ thy desire was, and to the remembrance of his name, and the lan-

guage of thy heart, *whom have I in Heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire in comparison of thee*. Then thou wast not afraid of shame nor reproach, of heat nor cold ; no difficulty deterred thee from following thy Lord, though it had been where the nipping frost chains fast the rivers to their shores, and where the mountains are covered with unfulfilled snow, or where the scorching sun burns up the green herbage, proclaiming universal dearth.

This was thy resolution, to go where Christ went, and lodge where he lodged, to make his people thy people, and their God thy God : Then the candle of the Lord shone bright in thy soul, and by that light thou didst walk through darkness, experiencing the sustaining, as well as the guardian power of his arm, whose arm is Almighty ; for underneath thee his everlasting arm was, and to thee his care extended, in this wilderness, which care thou couldest not but admire. To him thou swore fealty, determined to be on the Lord's side alone ; nay, thou wast near ready to cry out to thy fellows, *Come see my zeal for the Lord of hosts* ; the danger attending the way, did not affright, but rather animated thee to follow on to know the Lord ; thy chariot wheels ran swiftly, and thy soul once was like the chariots of Aminadab. But oh ! Philetus, Philetus, how art thou changed ! alas ! alas ! thy silver is become dross, and thy fine gold dim. I would fain ask the cause, why thou art ashamed of the cross of thy once dear master.

Him whom thou more than life did love and prize,
And he who sav'd thee from thine enemies.

Why then is the precious in Sion,
the

the only son of his mother, now slighted by thee? Time was, when if he once knocked, thy bowels yearned, and thy heart went out after him, while thy best affections joined the invitation, *come in thou altogether lowly*; but now he may tarry without, till his head is wet with the dew, and his locks hang pendant with the drops of night; while all the answer he can get from thee, is this shameful wicked excuse; I have put off my coat, how shall I put it on, I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them? Oh! unkind treatment to the best of friends! thou hadst better have come naked, than have pleaded so idle an excuse; nor regarding the defiling of thy feet, seeing he that cleanseth, cleanseth every wit. Hath thy beloved no charms! hath he no beauty left, that thou shouldest desire him! If his visage is marred, it is thou hast done it, or it was done for thee; but I rather fear, some rival, some base lust hath beguiled thee, and with thy consent (O treacherous) has assumed thy master's place, in thy heart; thou art therefore defiled and spoiled by thieves, robbed of thy comforts and thy Lord; nay, and hast given up thyself to work vanity before him. This, and more than this, hath been the language of thy late conduct, and 'tis no marvel thou art assailed by doubts and distressing fears of being again led away captive entirely, seeing thou hast not properly prized thy liberty, nor, before all others, preferred thy all-powerful deliverer. How shall he pardon thee for this! how wilt thou answer thy slighted Lord for this thy ingratitude! what shall be done unto thee for all thine adulteries, when thy God shall come in judgment and advert all thy misdoings! Indeed, I mark with

pleasure, that part of yours, where you wish, "your head was water, "and your eyes fountains of tears, "and that you could see yourself "properly, that so you might repent aright, and not rest short of "a proper restoration, if there be "hope." To heighten therefore thy guilt and thy sorrow, remember, remember, thy backslidings are many; call to mind, Oh! wanderer, if thou canst, how oft thy compassionate Redeemer hath sought thee out, and disentangled thee from the briers and thorns, the snares thy enemy privily laid for thy soul! How many times hath thy kind Shepherd left the ninety and nine to seek for thee? For thee, before others, as if thou alone wast worthy of his regard, and alone his peculiar charge! tell, if thou canst, how oft thou hast been laid on his shoulder, and brought back to the fold, to the joy of angels in glory, who sang *Hallelujahs* for joy at thy return; yea, and thine own heart was ready to break with the alternate passions of grief and joy; *grief*, when thou lookedst back on the forbidden paths in which thou hast wandered, to the grief of God's holy spirit, and the wounding of thy own conscience; *joy*, when thy then present was compared with thy past condition; late a wanderer on the mountains of sin and error, which terminate in death; now a home brought sheep to the fold of Christ, —all thy past follies were forgiven, yea forgotten, and thou a worthless creature, once more in the bosom of thy Shepherd, now became thy joys predominant, which appeared in mingling thy songs with saints below, and joining with those who, past danger, sing *Hallelujah*! salvation, glory, honour and power to him that loved them, and washed them

them from their sins in his blood; and as none eye pitied thy distress when thou sawest thy folly, so no stranger intermeddled in thy joy, when thy raptured soul cried (on surveying the stupendous mystery of love) Oh! the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the unsearchable riches of the grace of Christ! Yet, since all this, thou hast almost forgotten him that bought thee, thou hast not regarded all his statutes to do them, and it is the omission of thy duty, is the chief source of thy present darkness, and which caused thy complaints in our last meeting; and now what remaineth, but that he, who is jealous of his honour, should vindicate the same against thee. Hear ye therefore the words of the Lord, thus saith the Lord, *Behold I will bring destruction, and blasting on all thy pleasant things in which thou delighted; thy lovers shall all go into captivity, they shall be ashamed and confounded, who were partners in thy adulteries; yea, the Lord shall smite and utterly destroy them, even all thy sins, for his eye shall not pity, nor his hand spare, until he hath made a full end, for not one shall escape; but as for thee, for the present, thou shalt be a witness to the overthrow of those (and a joyful one too) with whom thou wast lately delighted, and be ashamed of thy naughtiness before a sin-slaying God; yea, thou shalt be clothed with thy shame, and covered with confusion, as with a garment; thou shalt go on mourning, and say, I am ashamed to lift up my face, because of my sins; for with weeping and with supplications he shall lead thee, and thou shalt drink large draughts of the bitter waters of Mirah §; thy cup shall be mingled with gall, and thy bread*

shall be as wormwood, for the hand of the Lord is against thee, because of all thy abominations; thus shall it be done unto thee since thou hast dishonoured thy God. Yet, again, hear the word of the Lord, Thou shalt be spared, for the Lord, even the Lord that redeemeth his children from captivity, hath declared there is hope in thy end; his bowels yearn towards thee; how shall I give thee up Ephraim! how shall I give thee up into the hands of thy foes! thee whom I loved, before the mountains were formed, or the hills were brought forth; thee whom I love, and will love for ever! Such, my dear Philetus, is the language of thy God towards thee; he that scatters thy foes shall gather thee. By this time thou art crying out, O! amazing grace! O! compassions truly divine! O love where is thy depth! past the fathom of of mortal plummet! This and more thou mayest say truly, for thy transgressions shall be all forgiven, thy iniquities pardoned, yea, thy backslidings shall be all forgotten, tho' many times for thy folly thou shalt say, ah me! On this plea then, I urge thy return unto thy Lord; oh may his love constrain thee: lift up thy heart, and say, draw me, and further know, to his glory, and thy comfort, his compassion fails not; for though thy sins were as scarlet they shall be as snow, he will melt them away by the fire of his love; nay, though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool, fair, and white, for he hath a robe to cover thee, on which there is no spot; look unto him then, whom ye have pierced, and mourn; behold ye the lamb of God! behold him whose arms are stretched out, all the day long, to receive returning prodigals! Harken unto him who

said, and still saith, *I, even I, am he who blottereth out all thy transgressions, for my name's sake, and will not remember thy sin.* Hearken unto him who alone hath a right in thee, who loved and called, taught and healed thee; yea, and led thee by the hand, as his own son, though thou knewest not as yet thy friend. Hearken unto him, whose love is like himself, eternal; with loving kindness he draws thee, he condescends to exhort thee himself. Return unto me, O backsliding child, I will heal your backslidings, and love thee freely; and Oh! that thou wouldst hearken diligently and return, thy helper is near. Return—return for thy life, that thy soul may prosper: Return to him who was thy first, and is still thy only husband; for thy maker is thy husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name: then shall it be with thee, as in the day of thine espousals, the day of the gladness of thy heart; then, and not till then, thou wilt experience a happy frame of mind; a pleasure to which thou art a stranger now; a pleasure which nothing can exceed, save that more tranquil, that infinitely more happy state, where the very occasions of sin shall not be found, and where it will be impossible to backslide: for there thy wicked heart shall cease to trouble thee, and thy sin-sick soul (in breathing the untainted air of the New Jerusalem) experience perfect health; for there is no more night, because the sun of righteousness shines ever in full splendour, without an intervening cloud; there shall be no more death, but life for ever bloom there; the inhabitants sorrow no more, but incessantly sing songs, the most transporting and delighting to him that was, and is, that was dead but is now alive

for ever; and who leads his purchase from the streams below, to fountains of living waters above. That thou mayest drink of these waters, at the fountain head, is the prayer of many; but of none more than him, who is, with the greatest sincerity, Yours, &c.

Ryegate, Dec. 16, 1762. T. C.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE,

Gentlemen,

I return you thanks, for favouring me with a place, in a former Number, for my thoughts on the Advocateship of Christ in Heaven: By inserting the following letter to your worthy correspondent, who favoured me with an answer on that subject, you will further oblige,

Your constant Reader,

J. D.

Dear Sir,

I Return you my hearty thanks for taking my thoughts in consideration, and for that mild and tender manner with which you have handled them: I have prayed over your letter, and hope, have received some spiritual information from it. What I am ignorant of, may the spirit of all grace be pleased to teach me: but as the wisest of men says, *In the multitude of counsellors there is safety*, I humbly conceive, when believers meet with difficulties in their spiritual race, that next to the word of God, it is their duty to consult their godly and judicious friends; from this consideration, I have wrote you the following letter, believing you will answer it, it being occasioned by a paragraph in yours that has given me some uneasiness: It stands thus, “I humbly think we ought not to
“ dif-

“disrobe his person (that is Christ)
 “of this office, which is faithful
 “in the execution of, &c” This,
 Sir, viz, for a believer to disrobe
 his dear Redeemer, is a very
 heavy charge; for this cause, I ap-
 prehend it to be of some importance
 to have good satisfaction, how far
 it is necessary to the being or well-
 being of a Christian, to be firmly
 persuaded of the doctrine of our
 Lord’s advocateship or intercession
 in Heaven. It appears to me that
 a person cannot be in a state of sal-
 vation unless he believes the funda-
 mental doctrines of the gospel; such
 as, our Lord Jesus being truly and
 properly God co-equal, co-essential,
 and co-eternal with the Father.—
 That the scriptures are the word of
 God, and our only rule of faith and
 practice, for I look upon a deist to
 be half an atheist, those who deny
 the word of God, will soon deny
 the God of the word.—The doc-
 trine of original sin, or total deprav-
 ation of our nature by the fall;
 for if a man is not thoroughly con-
 vinced of his mortal sickness by sin,
 he will never see the need he has of
 Christ the great Physician of the
 soul. I will also add, as a funda-
 mental, a sound faith on the righte-
 ousness of Christ alone, imputed of
 God, by which he is justified before
 God without any works of the law.
 I humbly think also that there are
 other doctrines which are needful
 to our well being as Christians,
 such as the doctrines of election—
 the everlasting unchangeable love
 of God in Christ to his people from
 all eternity, with that most com-
 fortable doctrine, the final perse-
 verance of the Saints that they can-
 not fall away from grace, and others
 that I could mention. Now I can-
 not see that a person can be in a
 state of salvation without believing

the former, nor a comfortable Chris-
 tian without the knowledge of the
 latter. But that I may bring this
 down to the case in hand, viz. the
 advocateship of Christ in Heaven,
 as observed before, I would ask,
 how far does the disbelief of this
 doctrine affect a person either in his
 being, or well-being as a Christian,
 or his union, or communion as a
 church member? Your solution of
 this question, I imagine may be of
 spiritual service to others as well as
 me.

Other thoughts on this subject
 having occurred to my mind, altho’
 they may appear somewhat new,
 yet I think they deserve notice, viz.
 Whether or not the Old Testament
 Saints in the Antediluvian world,
 or before and after the giving of
 the law, until the coming of Christ,
 had any need of, or had an advoca-
 teship in Heaven? (I would just
 observe what you hint at, that our
 Lord was an advocate for his peo-
 ple of old, when they were to be
 returned from captivity, &c.) That
 they were all saved by faith in the
 Messiah to come is certain, altho’
 many of their views were dark and
 obscure. There is no doubt but
 that our first parents understood that
 promise in the garden, viz. The
 seed of the woman shall bruise the
 serpent’s head; for Eve said, on
 bringing forth her first child, *I have
 got a man from the Lord*, or as the
 learned and useful Dr. Gill observes
 on that text, “Some render it *I
 have got a man, the Lord*, the
 “promised seed that should bruise
 “the serpent’s head. By this it ap-
 “pears that she took *that seed* to be
 “a divine person, the true God,
 “even Jehovah, that should be-
 “come man, altho’ she must have
 “been ignorant of the mystery of
 “his incarnation, or his taking
 “flesh

"flesh of a virgin." And I apprehend that the Lord having respect unto Abel, and his offering, when he had none to Cain ; was, that the former was offered in faith of the Christ to come, when the latter was not. Our blessed Lord tells the Jews, *Your Father Abraham rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it and was glad* : and many godly divines are of opinion that the Old Testament matrons being so desirous of having children, was, that they might be the mother of the Messiah, or at least that he might arise from their seed. I believe, Sir, we shall agree in those points, and that all the sacrifices, offerings, burnt offerings, and shedding of blood under the law, without which there was no remission of sin, all pointed at a Christ to come, although none but the spiritual Israel had faith to see it: so, I would observe, that many of the Old Testament Saints were so dark that some knew nothing of his incarnation, others knew nothing of his sufferings, and indeed the whole body of the Jewish nation (a few only excepted) seem to be disappointed in the manner of our Lord's appearing on earth. They expected him as a powerful King to deliver them from the Roman's yoke, and in this they were sadly mistaken ; nay, the disciples themselves were ignorant, and had imbibed the notion of a temporal

kingdom, and with those beclouded views of a Saviour to come they all died in faith. I would ask again, had they an advocate in Heaven to plead for them under that dark dispensation or not ? I assure you I do not propose those questions for controversy, but for spiritual edification, and shall be glad to have it proved by texts of scripture. I will conclude, praying that the God of Gods, and Lord of Lords, would graciously be pleased to grant that as Ministers and private Christians, each of us may adorn our Christian profession, that we may stand fast in one spirit, with one mind, striving together for the faith of the gospel, may we always depend upon a whole Christ for a whole salvation, trusting alone in his righteousness to justify us, and his blood to cleanse us from all sin. And the best way to prove our justification, is by sanctification, an imputed righteousness by imparted holiness, until we arrive at that place where our knowledge of divine things shall be perfect ; we shall then be all we can desire, and all that our God would have us to be ; and what will crown all our happiness, *we shall be ever with the Lord.*

I am, dear Sir,

Yours in our Lord Jesus Christ,

J. D.

POETRY.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*If you think this Hymn worthy of a
place in your useful Magazine, by
inserting it you will much oblige,
your constant reader,*

J. P.

The Saint's Triumph.

C O M E my soul, and let us
raise,

To the Lord, a song of praise,
He is only worthy, who
Thee redeem'd from endless woe ;
See ! my soul, with wonder see,
Jesus dies to ransom thee !
Thy condemning sins he bore,
Cleans'd thee in his heart-spent gore ;
Thee accepts to reign above ;
Praise, my soul, redeeming love !

May that power, which did redeem,
Sanctify me still to him ;
What ! my soul, should thee divert,
From thy Saviour's loving heart.
Cease, fond world, my heart to gain,
Thy delusive joys are vain,
Riches, honour, all adieu,
I eternal bliss pursue.
Nothing else I'd seek to prove,
But my dying Saviour's love.

May his free and boundless grace,
Fill my soul with love and praise ;
Join with me ye ransom'd throng,
And assist my feeble song ;
Join, ye powers above, to bless
Christ my strength, and righteousness.

And, when this frail life is o'er,
We, on wings of love will soar,
Join the blessed choir above,
Ever sing redeeming love.

'Till that blessed morn appear,
Jesus be thou ever near !
May I ne'er from thee depart,
Nor thy presence from my heart,
'Till my soul unprison'd flee
To possession Lord of thee,

Free'd from sin for e'er to rest,
With my dear Redeemer blest ;
There to chant in rapt'rous lay,
Boundless love, in endless day.

A Word for the Tempted to the
Tempter.

*Resist the Devil and he will fly from
you. Jam. iv. 7.*

B U S Y Tempter, hence away,
Strive no more my soul to
move ;

Kept by grace, no more I'll stray,
From the centre of my love.

Cease thy accusations bold,
Horrid, blasphemous and foul,
'Gainst the shepherd of his fold,
Israel ; shepherd of my soul.

Say not liar, he no more
Visit with salvation will,
Boundless love, eternal power,
Far surpasses thine in skill.

He the tempted doth sustain,
Can and will support the weak,
And his work in them maintain,
Mercy give to them that seek.

Hater of the ransom'd race,
Mischiefs only thy delight ;
Stranger to the God of grace,
Say, the cause of all thy spite ?

Seest thou with an envious eye,
Man exalted on thy fall ;
Lo, they sit enthron'd on high,
In their head, and ever shall.

Why dost stalk abroad and roar,
'Gainst the ransom'd from the
grave ;

Hate thou mayest, but can't devour,
One whom Jesus dy'd to save.

Roar on still, the God of might,
Keeps thee fast within thy chain ;
Sure's thy doom, eternal night,
Thine to dwell in endless pain,

Now thy kingdom totters ; soon
Its foundation shall be raz'd,

" So the taper dies at noon"
 'Fore the sun's meridian blaze.

For the glorious word of light,
 Shall thy kingdom dark destroy,
 So once from his tow'ring height,
 * Dagon fell, to Israel's joy.

All thy vot'ries, who like thee,
 Hate the simple truth, and scorn
 Him that hung upon the tree,
 Shall, like thee, be quite forlorn.

Get thee gone, perfidious fiend !
 All my former works I hate ;
 Jesus is the sinners friend,
 Late I come, though not too late.

Say I've been, and am too vile,
 And that mercy won't receive,
 One so black, and so defil'd ;
 What thou say'st I won't believe.

Curst fiend, I hate thy charms,
 All thy power I defy ;
 Wrested from thy pris'ning charms,
 I for grace to Jesus fly.

Say, I've broke the law of God,
 Sinn'd against both light and love ;
 Say, for me God keeps his rod,
 Say, I shall not dwell above.

Say, my sins have been too great,
 Say, I've sinn'd away the day
 Of grace ; and that 'tis too late
 For me now to learn to pray.

Say, no mercy is in store,
 Say, that God won't hear me cry ;
 Say, close shut is mercy's door,
 And that I shall surely die.

Say, with Peter I deny'd,
 And, with Judas vile, betray'd
 Him that once for sinners dy'd,
 And their compleat ransom paid.

Say, with Pilate I condemn'd,
 (Listening to the rabble strife † ;)
 Say, with wicked Jews I kill'd †,
 Christ the Lord of endless life.

Say, I scourg'd and crown'd with
 thorn,
 Say, I nail'd him to the tree ;

Pierc'd his precious side in scorn,
 Yet, I'll say he dy'd for me.

Charge on me what else thy skill
 Can suggest, that I have done ;
 I the charge confess, but will
 All thy ways for ever shun.

Shame I take, but not from thee ;
 Sorrow for my sin, I learn,
 By his grace, who set me free,
 Blessed change I now discern.

Once thy captive at thy will,
 Led to evil now no more
 Pleasure find in ways of ill,
 Ill to run on mercy's score.

Tempter and accuser too,
 Basely vile in all thy arts ;
 Drawn away to sin by you,
 Now condemn'd infernal part.

Part infernal, this thine act,
 Author of the ill alone,
 Those that follow in thy track,
 Thou'lt accuse before the throne.

Cease to talk to me of gold,
 Ease and happiness, and joy ;
 Here the rich in sin grow bold,
 Creature comforts ever cloy.

Are they good ! and thine to give,
 Whence thy warrant to dispense ?
 Folly's sons may thee believe,
 But I trust Omnipotence.

Vile deceiver how dost dare,
 Call this lower world thy own ?
 And, to draw within thy snare,
 Proffer'st bold, thy slaves a crown.

Yet I'll not deny thy power,
 Mammon of unrighteousness ;
 Hast'ning onward is the hour,
 That shall finish thy distress.

Curst reptile ! subtle foe !
 Thou the curse shalt ever bear,
 Doom'd to everlasting woe,
 Thine the mischief of the snare.

Dust's the serpent's proper food, †
 Take it, choak thee ¶, 'tis thy
 own ;

* 1 Sam. v. 4. † Mark. xv. 4. † Acts iii. 15. ¶ Gen. iii. 14. ¶ Vide
 Herbert's Poem, stiled L—Envoy, page 192.

Thou shalt have none other good,
 Ever bearing Jesu's frown.
 While, triumphant o'er thine hate,
 Happiness shall be their end ;
 Who, alone on Jesus wait,
 Trusting him the sinner's friend.
Ryegate, Surry, T. C.

TO the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
 MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*If you think the following Emblem
 worthy of a Place in your Magazine,
 by inserting it you will greatly oblige
 your constant Reader,*

Wolverhampton.

E. F.

AN EMBLEM.

LOOK here, and mark, her
 sickly birds to feed,
 How freely this kind Pelican doth
 bleed !
 See ! how, when other salves could
 not be found,
 To cure their sorrows, she herself
 doth wound :
 Then when this holy Emblem thou
 shalt see,
 Lift up thy soul to him, who dy'd
 for thee.
 For this our Hieroglyphic would
 express,
 That Pelican, which, in the wilder-
 ness
 Of this vast world, was left, as all
 alone,
 Our miserable nature to bemoan ;
 And in whose eyes, the tears of pity
 flood,
 When he beheld his own unthank-
 ful brood,
 His favours and his mercies still
 condemn,
 When, with his wings, he would
 have brooded them,

And fought their endless peace to
 have confirm'd,
 Though to procure his ruin they
 were arm'd :
 To be their food, himself he freely
 gave ;
 His heart was pierc'd, that he their
 souls might save,
 Because they disobey'd the sacred
 will,
 He did the law of righteousness
 fulfil ;
 And to that end, though guiltless
 he had been,
 Was offered, for our universal sin.
 Let me, O God ! for ever fix mine
 eyes,
 Upon the merit of that sacrifice ;
 Let me retain a due commemora-
 tion
 Of those dear mercies, and that
 bloody passion,
 Which here is meant ; and by true
 faith still feed,
 Upon the drops this Pelican did
 bleed ;
 Yea let me firm unto thy law abide,
 And ever love that flock, for which
 he dy'd.

*Our Pelican by bleeding thus,
 Fulfill'd the law, and cured us.*

On Christ, the Believer's Rose.

Cant. ii. 1.

AMidst a world of sin and fears,
 A blooming spring, and wass-
 ing years ;
 Whatever things my joy oppose,
 Christ is my all-sufficient rose.

The world may tarnish'd good pre-
 sent,
 And on it carnal minds be bent ;
 In fading arms enwrap'd it goes,
 While Christ's to me a charming
 rose.

Time

Time courts my thoughts, and takes
 my heart,
 And makes my inward soul to
 smart ;
 Here flesh would fain take her re-
 pose,
 'Till Christ appears, th' reviving
 rose.

Empty delights attracts the mind,
 But solid joys, and more refin'd,
 With richest dress I aim to clothe,
 Contain'd in Christ, the fragrant
 rose.

The globe with all its gaudy shews,
 That claims so much the wanton
 muse ;
 Can ne'er of real good dispose,
 As 'tis in Christ, my quick'ning
 rose.

What strokes of art can draw the
 line,
 Or pencil make that beauty shine
 So full, which all its best compose,
 As 'tis in Christ, my heavenly rose.

Can Angels brightness here outvie,
 Or rather bear a semblance nigh,
 Mere trash—Oh ! wond'rous to sup-
 pose,
 To Christ, my never-fading rose.

Guilt, in its mountainous display,
 My conscience eats and breeds a
 fray ;

But when e'er I speak in verse or
 prose,
 Christ is my temp'ring cooling rose.
 Troubles and wars I find within,
 Depress'd and clogg'd with loads of
 sin ;

But though environ'd round with
 woes,
 Christ is my fair and comely rose.

Naked and vile from Adam came,
 Decrepit, blind, and torn, and
 lame,

Yet sound, and cloath'd with shoes
 and hose

By Christ my ornamental rose.

Could I unwearied fly and move,
 And join in song like tribes above,
 Yet what's their notes ! yea what
 are those

To Christ my chearing, lively rose.

Tho' mortals, dying flowers chuse,
 I've verdure here I cannot loose ;
 Its scent may fright its daring foes,
 Yet 'tis Christ, my beauteous rose.

It yields a look, not pale and faint,
 But cheers the heart of every Saint ;
 'Twixt fainting fears, doth inter-
 pose,

'Tis Christ, my rich, my standing
 rose.

Not Sol, with all its scorching heat,
 Can shut, nor bind its influence
 sweet ;

Could life and heart be cold and
 froze,

Christ is my all-prevailing rose.

Could I the loudest sonnets sing,
 And was my soul just taking wing ;
 I from the Spirit would depose,
 Christ is my soul's eternal rose.

Moorfields.

W. D.

An Hymn on the Nativity of CHRIST.

JOY to the tenants of the earth,
 Let all Creation rise,
 At our divine Redeemer's birth,
 In songs of sweet surprize.

Shepherds lift up your longing eyes,
 Nor dare to be afraid,
 Behold ! the Monarch of the skies,
 Within a manger laid.

Jesus, whom Angels still adore,
 And Saints rejoice to sing,

To

To pay the finner's dreadful score,
Descends on balmy wing.

Gabriel, commission'd by his God,
Declares the Saviour Man :
Angels resound the news abroad,
And thus their joys began.

Glory to One who rules above,
Let peace the nations fill,
Mortals shall taste their Saviour's
love,
And nearken to his will.

Wake, e'ery breathing creature,
wake
To melody and mirth ;
Let rocks the general joy partake,
And praise surround the earth.

To the EDITORS of the SPIRITUAL
MAGAZINE.

Gentlemen,

*If you think the following Verses wor-
thy of your Notice, by inserting them
you will much oblige your constant
Reader and Wellwisher,*

Birmingham,

October 17, 1762.

S. F.

The Comfortable Reflection.

WHILE some are striving to be
rich,
And other pleasures take ;

I'll fix my meditation where,
I can be truly great.

On Jesus Christ the Lord of life,
Who bought me with his blood,
Who gave himself a sacrifice,
To an incensed God.

How matchless was the love of God,
In sending of his Son,
To save a race of finners, who
By law were quite undone.
How matchless the love of Christ
our Lord,

Who suffer'd in our stead ;
And like a mighty conqueror,
Arose and left the dead.

Thus he a triumph made o'er death,
And shook the powers of Hell ;
Thus he redeem'd our captive souls,
In conquering when he fell.

Now he's ascended up on high,
Before his Father's throne ;
Pleading the merits of his death,
For all that to him come.

Here finners read his promise then,
" Whoever will may come ;
And he that cometh through his
name,

Shall never be undone.
From hence let finners courage take,
And draw near the throne of
grace,

From hence let saints for ever bring,
The tribute of their praise.

10 JU 68

The End of the Second Volume.



THE CONTENTS OF THE

Second Volume of MISCELLANIES.

 Morning's Excursion in the Country improved, Letter III. page 1 Contemplations on the last ingatherings by SHILOH. 9 A diligent Attention on the Throne of Grace, the Believer's Duty and Privilege 11 Poetic Thoughts on Christmas Day 13 ———— on the Passion of Christ <i>ib.</i> ———— on the Exaltation of Christ 14 ———— on John xx. 27, 28. <i>ib.</i> ———— on the Love of God in all his Persons <i>ib.</i> A Song of Praise for our late Success in war 15 Prayer and Praise, a Hymn <i>ib.</i> Communion with God sweet, but often interrupted by sin, a Hymn 16 On Creation, Providence and Grace, a Hymn <i>ib.</i> The Wish, a Poem <i>ib.</i> Confidence under Temptation, a Stanza <i>ib.</i> A Morning's Excursion, &c. Letter IV. 17 The pious Soul's Covenant with God, and Review of that Covenant 24	A Poem on the Spiritual Reign of Christ 26 An Evening Ode 29 The Believer's ardent Desire, a Poem 31 Verses on the late Declaration of War with Spain <i>ib.</i> A Poetic Paraphrase on Psal. 51 <i>ib.</i> The Spiritual Staff 33 Query, "How far the Master of a Family should concern himself about their Welfare," page 199, vol. I. answered. 35 Query, "Whether a Person may be born again, and, for many Years, fear he is not, &c." page 199, vol. I. answered. 40 Query, What Advice can be given to a Person distressed with tears, &c. proposed, with a letter to a Friend 45 Different Queries proposed 47, 48 A Morning's Excursion, &c. Letter V. 49 Reflections on the Passion of Christ 54 ———— on the Advocateship of Christ 58 How far a Believer's Desire for present comfort may be extended, consistent with a View to the Glory of God considered, in a Letter to a Friend 59 The Complaint, a Poem 61 Advice to Amynta, a Poem, 63 A Morn-
---	---

C O N T E N T S.

Page	Page
A Morning's Excursion, &c. Letter VI. 65	The Language of a Backslider, on comparing former Times with present, a Poem 107
A Letter on the State of a separate Spirit 69	A Poetic Paradoxical Enigma 109
Query concerning the Justification of a Sinner, answered 73	Serious Poetic Thoughts on walking thro' a burying Ground 110
Another Answer to the above Query 75	The ambitious Saint, or Reflections on the Joys of a future State, a Hymn 111
Query, "What Sight and Sense of "Sin is necessary to Christian "Experience," answered 76	A Morning Hymn <i>ib.</i>
Verfes on the Excellency of the Knowledge of Christ 77	On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Jones, a Poem 112
A Hymn <i>ib.</i>	A Letter on the Importance of Diligence, or Remissness in the Lord's Service 113
A Hymn, to a Friend on his late Disappointments, 78	— on the Advocateship of Christ 115
The Riphidim Combat, a Poetic Paraphrase on Exod. xvii. 8. <i>ib.</i>	Query concerning Interest in Christ, Vol. I. Page 179, answered 118
Death's Warrant and the Soul's Welcome, a Poem 79	Query concerning Family Prayer, Vol. I. Page 200, answered 119
A Poem on the Judgment-Day 80	The Ploughman's Wish 121
Thoughts on Love with the genuine Effects of it 81	A Song to creating Wisdom 123
A Letter on the Lord's Presence with his People in Trouble 83	A Hymn, Mercy and Truth met together 124
— on the Joy prepared for Zion's Mourners 85	— Old Things are passed away <i>ib.</i>
— on the superlative Gain of the Service of Christ 86	— The Language of a sensible Soul in Darkness <i>ib.</i>
— to a Friend in Affliction 87	— The chequered life of the real Christian 125
Query, "What Advice can be "given to a Person distressed "with Fears, Doubts, &c." answered 90	The Bat or Rattle Mouse, an Ode <i>ib.</i>
Query concerning Pardon and Acceptance, proposed 94	A Poem on the Death of a favourite Bird 126
Happiness not to be found below, a Poetic Essay <i>ib.</i>	A Song of Praise for Mercies and Priviledges restored 127
Verfes on Man's Mortality 95	Verfes on a future State 128
A Morning's Excursion, &c. Letter VII 97	A Morning's Excursion, &c. Letter VIII. 129
A Third Answer to the Query concerning the Justification of a Sinner 101	A Letter on a Believer's Safety, amidst all his Spiritual Enemies 134
A Second Answer to Query, What Advice can be given to one distressed with fears, &c. 103	Query concerning the Knowledge of a Persons Justification, &c. page 94, answered 136
The Complaint, a Poem, continued from Page 63 105	A Hymn 143
	— on the fall of Man and his Restoration <i>ib.</i>
	A Hymn

C O N T E N T S.

A Hymn on the Vanity of Creature Joys 144 —— By a Young Gentleman of twelve Years of Age <i>ib.</i> Answers to four Queries proposed, Page 48, Vol. II, by R——a, 145 Query, How shall a Person know he aims at the Glory of God in his Actions, proposed 148 Extract out of the Life of Owen Stockton 149 Longing for Glory, a Hymn, 151 Desires after Christ, &c. a Hymn <i>ib.</i> An Hymn 152 Verses taken from a blank Leaf in Pope's Abeldard and Heloise <i>ib.</i> A short but true Account of a Ploughman's Conversion 153 A Poetic Paraphrase on the 12th Chapter of Isaiah 165 Verses on Recovery from Sicknefs 166 A Poetic Paraphrase on the 54th Chapter of Isaiah 167 Pfalms the 1st versified <i>ib.</i> A Third Answer to Query, What Advice can be given to one distressed with Fears, &c. 169 A short Dissertation on Psal. lxxxix. 30, 34. 172	The Schoolmaster's Memorandum 173 Query, When and wherein Believer's may be said to grieve the Spirit, proposed 176 A Morning's Excursion, &c. Letter IX. 177. A Supplement to an Answer concerning the Knowledge of Justification, &c. Page 136, Vol. II. 182 Several Queries proposed 187 Thoughts on the Necessity of Improving Time 188 Advice to the Youth of Great-Britain, a Poem 190 A Hymn for New Year's Day 192 A Letter to Philetus, on his turning aside to Folly, urging his return to the Way of Peace 193 A Letter from J. D. to A. D. concerning Christ's Advocateship, with a Query 197 The Saints Triumph, a Hymn 200 A Word from the Tempted to the Tempter <i>ib.</i> An Emblem 202 On Christ the Believers Rose <i>ib.</i> An Hymn on the Nativity of Christ 203 The comfortable Reflection 304
---	---

The End of the Contents.

10 JU 68

